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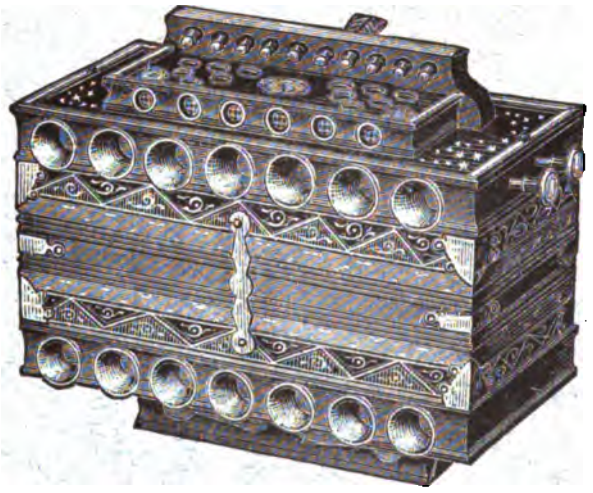

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TO THE YOUNG SAILORS OF AMERICA.

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."
—SHAKESPEARE. SONNET LV.

"For the tired slave, *song* lifts the languid oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the hardest clime."

In presenting to the public this new collection of old songs of the sea, we venture, by way of apology—if one were needed—to refer to the article in Hammersly's Naval Encyclopedia, entitled NAVAL SONGS.

"Lyrical poetry," the writer observes, "is the most ancient and enduring method of instructing the young and of keeping alive the history and traditions of a nation."

With every intelligent people there is a natural curiosity to know something of past events, and of those who have rendered themselves illustrious. When, therefore, books were scarce and libraries unknown, metrical composition became a necessity. Those who could compose or recite high themes in pleasing numbers were held in great esteem, not simply that their verses pleased the ear, but because they instructed the heart and mind, and stimulated the memory to retain all that was good, and noble, and worthy of emulation in the past. These verses were not only repeated at high festivals and great banquets, but also beneath the vine and the fig tree, and in the seclusion of home. The earliest lays that caught the infant ear told of the glories of other days. Thus was handed down from father to son the history of a race.

Of all the works of man, Song is the most enduring. The great Assyrian Empire has crumbled into dust—Nineveh and Babylon; Tadmor and Baalbec, have suffered Time's remorseless doom, and yet the Song of Moses, telling how the Lord delivered his people out of the hands of Pharaoh's hosts, is as fresh to-day as when Miriam, and all the daughters of Israel, raised their dark Jewish eyes to heaven, and to the sounding timbrels sang praises to their fathers' God.

The Sacred Songs of David have carried hope and comfort to the hearts of thousands upon thousands; and the "Song of Songs," so old that its authorship is unknown, has told, and will for ages continue to tell, of the ineffable pleasures of pure and faithful love.

The wrath of Achilles, the devotion of Patroclus, the noble actions of Hector, the love of Andromache, all embalmed in immortal verse, have served to inspire countless generations of youths to deeds of daring.

From the days when the Argonauts rowed in unison to the charmed melodies of Orpheus, the sailors of Ancient Greece ceased not to enliven with song the labors of the oar. They chanted hymns on going into battle, and sang loud pæans in honor of victory.

Macaulay tells us that Cato, the Censor, in speaking of the ballad poetry of Ancient Rome—unhappily lost—said that many ages before his time there were ballads in praise of illustrious men, which it was the fashion for the guests, at banquets, to sing in turn while the piper played (like Phemios in the Odyssey, or Cadwallader in the halls of the Kings of Powys). "Where," Cicero mournfully asks, "are those old verses now?" Valerius Maximus observes, that the Ancient Roman ballads were probably of more benefit to the young than all the lectures of the Athenian schools, and that to the influence of the national poetry were to be ascribed the virtues of such men as Camillus and Fabricius. This observation certainly lends weight to the oft-quoted remark of Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, who said, "I knew a very wise man who believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the *ballads*, he need not care who should make the *laws* of a nation."

We have the authority of Tacitus for saying that songs were the only memorials of the past which the Ancient Germans possessed. The brave actions of the Ancient Gauls were commemorated by their bards, and the Ancient Skalds sang in Runic rhymes the deeds of the sons of the fjords.

"The exploits of Athelstane were sung by the Anglo-Saxons; those of Canute, by the Danes. The chants of the Welsh harpers preserved, through ages of darkness, a memory of Arthur, and the long struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit."

The wild sea robbers of the age of Alfred and Canute were not insensible to the pleasures of song. The Sagas and poems in the old Danish are numerous, but are filled with the cruel traits of savage life. There is a wild interest clinging to these barbarians as they ride amidst the stormy seas, intent on plunder, chanting their fierce war songs, and wrought up to a constant madness. Their poetry has kept them ever before the minds of later generations, and the North Seas still ring with the savage shouts of the Norse warriors and the strange music of their verse.*

*Eugene Lawrence: Primer of Mediæval Literature.

It was these same Normans, toned down by Christianity, who marched on Hastings and to victory, chanting the Hymn of Roland:

"Taillefer, qui moult bien chantoit
Sur un cheval, qui tôt alloit
Durant ceux allant chantant,
D'Oliver et de Roland,
De Kalemagne et des vassals
Qui moururent à Roncesvalles."

So sang old Robert Wace, the poet of the Normans, at the Court of Henry I.

The *Marseillaise* fired the national heart of modern France; and the impulsive Irish of to-day may be wrought up to a frenzy of patriotism, or toned down to a tearful sorrow for the past, by the strains of Erin's wild and varied harp.

The sea victories achieved by the heroes of modern times have not lacked poets to celebrate them in verse, and the sailor, with all that pertains to his perilous life and to his home on the trackless deep, has been sung by minstrels of all degrees.

"The Battle of the Baltic" will tell of "Nelson and the North" long after St. Paul's shall have fallen into ruin, while the melodies of Charles Dibdin, Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Gay, David Garrick, and others of more or less note that have long been familiar to all who are fond of the sea, will live as long as the English language lasts. But the poet *par excellence* of the English navy was Dibdin.

What was said of the influence of the ballads of ancient Rome in forming the character of the Roman youths is certainly applicable to the sea songs of Charles Dibdin. He not only sang of England's naval heroes and their victories, but also of the humble sailor and the sailor's life—of his loyalty to his flag, his courage and his devotion to duty. Most of his sea songs, indeed, are pervaded by a wholesome moral tone and an elevation of principle that could not but exert the happiest influence upon the young.

His biographer remarks that Dibdin's pictures of the sailor's life, "though highly colored and embellished," are true to reality in their essential features. The sailor is there as he lives—in his courage, generosity, simplicity of heart, unworldliness, warmth of affection, love of present enjoyment and thoughtlessness of to-morrow.

These features, it is true, are elevated and refined, and united with a delicacy of sentiment and firmness of principle beyond what are met with in the realities of life.

The faults of the sailor, too, are there—his reckless profusion and proneness to intemperate revelry; but these, though deprived of their gross and degrading colors, are still so represented as to serve as beacons to be avoided.

It is the embellished truth of Dibdin's pictures which has made them act so powerfully on the class they represent. In *Jack Ratline* or *Tom Bowline*, the sailor recognizes a brother sailor—a being like himself, but nobler and better than himself, whom he would gladly resemble more fully, while he feels himself capable of doing so. High and generous sentiments, expressed and acted on in circumstances and modes of life similar to his own, from engaging his approval and sympathy, come at last to be his own habitual thoughts and principles of conduct. The image of his favorite hero stands between him and the allurements to sensual indulgences. He, too, has his faithful girl or tender wife—his Poll or his Nancy, whom he thinks upon during the lonely watches of the night. His courage is no longer a brute instinct, sustained by a blind infatuation. He is calm in the midst of battle, remembering that there is an overruling Providence, and yet prepared, should such be the will of Heaven, to die bravely in his country's cause."

While it is freely admitted that the sailor of to-day is not the sailor of Dibdin's day, yet there is a great deal that is common to the character of both; and in Dibdin's songs there is that touch of Nature which makes us all akin. "Poor Jack" says:

"* * * let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

What more touching tribute to the memory of a departed shipmate than the lines to Tom Bowling? He was:

"The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

The virtues of another tar are told of Tom Tackle, who

"Was noble, was true to his word;
If merit brought titles, Tom might be a lord;
How gayly his bark through life's ocean would sail!
Truth furnished the rigging, and Honor the gale."

And so of Tom Transon, "a seaman sound to the backbone," and scores of others.

The great influence of Dibdin's songs may be estimated from the fact, that in 1803 the British government engaged him to write a series of songs, "*to keep alive the national feelings against the French.*" His biographer adds: "His engagement ceased with the war *he thus assisted in bringing to a glorious close.*"

Another instance of *official recognition* of the influence of Song may not be out of place. The peace with France, in 1805, threw thousands of British sailors out of employment, and no adequate means seem to have been adopted by the government for their care. Numerous ballads were composed and sung in their behalf, in order to give definite shape to the popular sympathy which their sufferings excited. Among the most noted of these was one entitled "The Neglected Tar," beginning:

"I sing the British seaman's praise,
A theme renowned in story;
It well deserves more polished lays,
Oh! 'tis your boast and glory.
When mad brained war spreads death around,
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the nation's found,
The bulwarks are neglected.
Then Oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit,
And when again you're plunged in war,
He'll show his daring spirit."

* * * * * * * * *

The fifth stanza runs as follows:

"Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be thus neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him disregarded!
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded?"

* * * * * * * * * *

This song is said to have had such an effect upon the seamen of the fleet, that an order was actually issued by the British Admiralty prohibiting its being sung in the navy!

It was at one time generally believed that Dibdin was the author, and that in consequence of having written it, his pension was stopped by order of the government. But this was a mistake. It was written by Edward Rushton, of Liverpool.

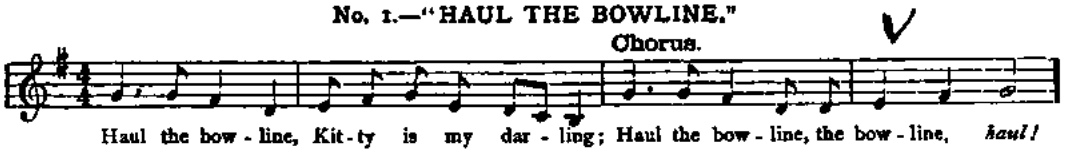
While Dibdin's songs of victory were at the height of their popularity, the infant navy of the United States suddenly found itself confronted by ships fresh from the glories of Trafalgar. When, therefore, the news spread over the country that the *Constitution* had captured the *Guerriere*, an English frigate of about the same rating, there was scarcely any bounds to the popular enthusiasm. Songs were composed in honor of the event, and were sung at public dinners, public meetings and throughout the navy. Hence "The *Constitution* and *Guerriere*," set to the old tune, "A Landlady of France, she lov'd an Officer so gay," became then, and remains to this day, a great favorite. "The *United States* and *Macedonian*," "The *Hornet*; or, Victory Number Five," and others of a like character followed, which, together with the many made famous in the preceding war for Independence, and yet popular throughout the country, completed the people's enthusiasm for the little navy which proclaimed and upheld "*Free Trade and Sailors' Rights!*"

This collection has been undertaken to revive the old songs which commemorate our early naval victories, and to cultivate in our young sailors not only a love for the sea, but also that devotion to their flag which distinguished those who laid the foundation of our naval renown.

* * * * * *

In an exceedingly interesting book, entitled "On board the Rocket,"* by Captain Robert C. Adams, there is such an excellent dissertation on "*Shanties*" (probably from the French word, *chanter*, to sing), that we take the liberty of reproducing it here. He designates them as "working songs:" "These working songs," he observes, "may be divided into three sets:

"First, those used where a few strong pulls are needed, as in boarding a tack, hauling aft a sheet or tautening a weather brace. 'Haul the bowline' is a favorite for this purpose. The *shanty man*, as the solo singer is called, standing up 'beforehand,' as high above the rest of the crew as he can reach, sings with as many quirks, variations and quavers as his ingenuity and ability can attempt, '*Haul the bowline, Kitty is my darling;*' then all hands join in the chorus, '*Haul the bowline, the bowline haul!*' shouting the last word with great energy, and suiting action to it by a combined pull, which must once be witnessed by one who desires an exemplification of 'a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.' This seldom fails to make the ropes 'come home.'

No. 1.—"HAUL THE BOWLINE."

"Then the song is repeated with a slight change in words, 'Haul the bowline, the clipper ship's a rolling,' etc., and next time, perhaps, 'Haul the bowline, our bully mate is growling.'

"Great latitude is allowed in the words, and the shanty man exercises his own discretion. If he be a man of little comprehension or versatility, he will say the same words over and over, but if he possesses some wit, he will insert a phrase alluding to some peculiarity of the ship, or event of the time, which will cause mouths to open wider and eyes to roll gleefully, while a lively pull follows that rouses the sheet home and elicits the mate's order, '*Belay!*' A good shanty man is highly prized both by officers and crew. His leadership saves many a dry pull,

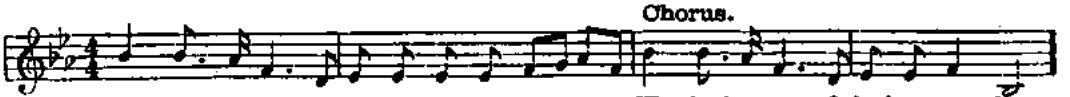
* D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

and his vocal effort is believed to secure so much physical force that he is sometimes allowed to spare his own exertions and reserve all his energies for the inspiring shanty.

"Another common song is:

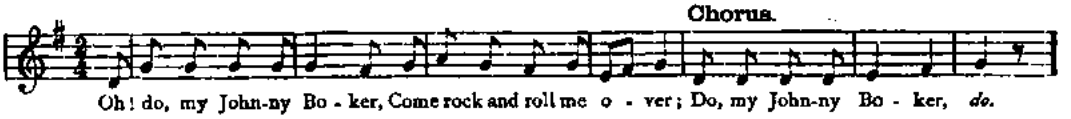
No. 2.—"HAUL AWAY, JOE."

Chorus.



"And another:

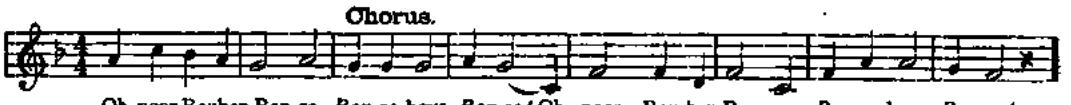
No. 3.—"JOHNNY BOKER."

Chorus.

"In both of these the emphasis and the pull come at the last word of the chorus, '*Joe*' and '*do*,' and as they end the strain, put a severe strain on the rope.

"In the second set of working songs, I would place those that are used in long hoists, or where so large a number of pulls is required that more frequent exertion must be used than is called for by the first set, lest too much time be occupied. The topsail halyards call most frequently for these songs. One of the most universal, and, to my ear, the most musical of the songs, is 'Reuben Ranzo.' A good shanty man who, with fitting pathos, recounts the sorrows of 'poor Reuben,' never fails to send the topsail to the masthead at quick notice, nor to create a passing interest in the listener to the touching melody:

No. 4.—"REUBEN RANZO."

Chorus.



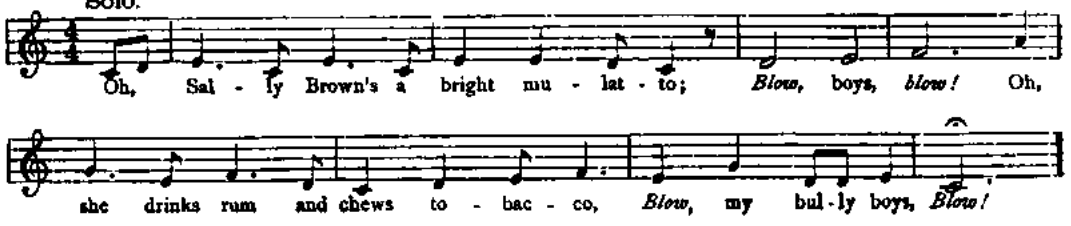
"Oh, Reuben was no sailor,
CHORUS, and repeat with chorus.
He shipped on board of a whaler,
CHORUS, etc.
He could not do his duty,
CHORUS, etc.
The captain was a bad man,
CHORUS, etc.
He put him in the rigging,
CHORUS, etc.
He gave him six and thirty,
CHORUS, etc.

Oh! poor Reuben Ranzo,
CHORUS, etc.

"In this song the pulls are given at the first word, 'Ranzo,' in the chorus; sometimes at its next occurrence in addition.

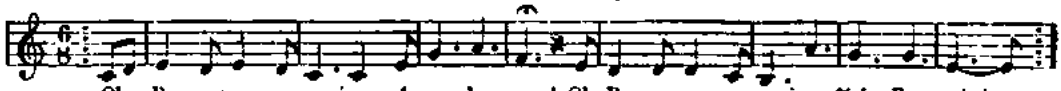
"Of all the heroines of deck song, Sally Brown's name is most frequently uttered, and a lively pull always attends it. She figures in several of these songs; one has as its chorus, 'Shantyman and Sally Brown,' but it is used more frequently, I think, in connection with the song:

No. 5.—"BLOW, MY BULLY BOYS, BLOW."

Solo.

"Oh, Sally Brown's a Creole lady,
CHORUS, and repeat with CHORUS.
Oh, Sally Brown, I long to see you,
CHORUS, etc.
Oh, Sally Brown, I'll ne'er deceive you,
CHORUS, etc.

"It will be noticed that neither rhyme nor sentiment has much place in these songs. Each line is usually repeated twice, even if there be a rhyme impending, for the shantyman's stock must be carefully husbanded.

"A favorite and frequently used song, in which Bonaparte's fortunes are portrayed in a manner startling to the historian, as well as to those who may have the fortune to hear it sung at any time, is—

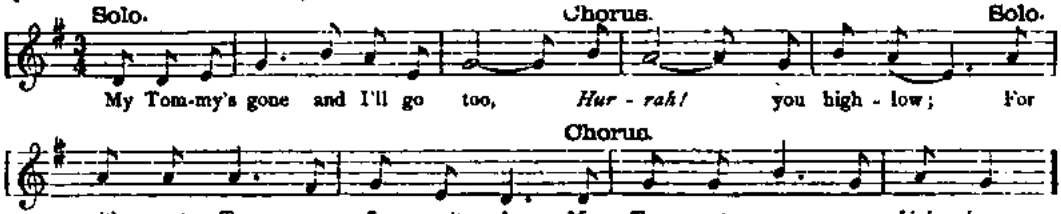
No. 6.—"JOHN FRANÇOIS."

* Pronounced Franswoy.

"Oh, Boney went to Roo-shy,
Chorus.
Oh, Boney went to Proo-shy,
Chorus.
He died at Saint Helena,
Chorus.

He crossed the Rocky Mountains,
Chorus.
He made a mistake at Waterloo,
Chorus.

"Where Tommy actually proceeded to when he went 'a high-low,' nobody knows, but the fact is related with continual gusto nevertheless:

No. 7.—"MY TOMMY'S GONE A HIGH-LOW."

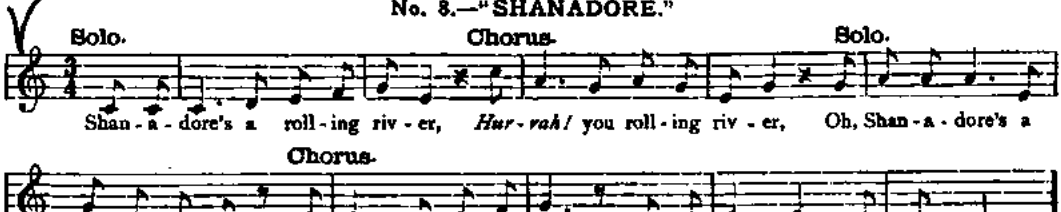

Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
My Tom-my's gone and I'll go too, Hur - rah! you high - low; For
Chorus.
with - out Tom - my I can't do. My Tom - my's gone a high - low.

"My Tommy's gone on the eastern shore,
Chorus.
My Tommy's gone to Baltimore,
Chorus.

"A person who knows a little of geography can send Tommy around the world according to his own discretion.

"One of the best illustrations of the absolute nothingness that characterizes the words of these songs, is given by the utterances attending the melody called 'Shanadore,' which probably means *Shenandoah*, a river in Virginia. I have often heard such confusing statements as the following:

No. 8.—"SHANADORE."


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
Shan - a - dore's a roll - ing riv - er, Hur - rah! you roll - ing riv - er, Oh, Shan - a - dore's a
Chorus.
roll - ing riv - er, Ah Hah, I'm bound a - way, O'er the wild Mis - sou - ri.

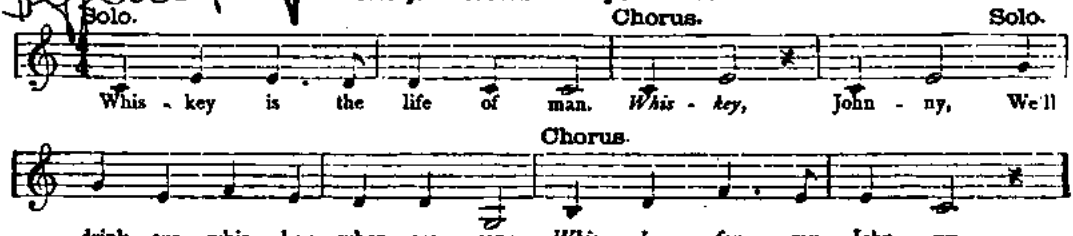
"Shanadore's a packet sailor,
Chorus.
Shanadore's a bright mulatto,
Chorus.

Shanadore, I long to hear you,
Chorus.

and so the song goes on, according to the ingenuity of the impromptu composer.

Sailors are not total abstainers as a rule, and one would suspect that a song like 'Whiskey Johnny' might find frequent utterance:

No. 9.—"WHISKEY JOHNNY."

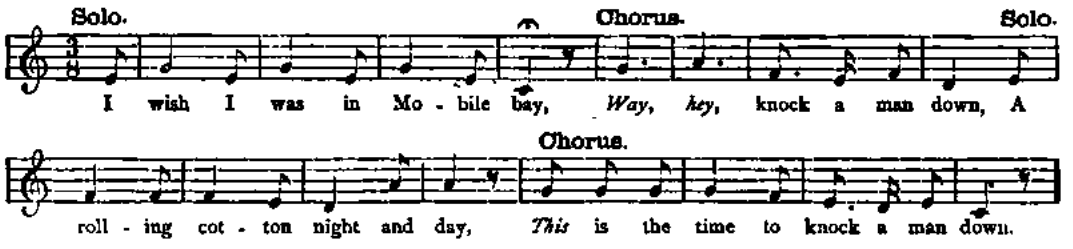

Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
Whis - key is the life of man. Whis - key, John - ny, We'll
Chorus.
drink our whis - key when we can: Whis - key for my John - ny.

"I drink whiskey, and my wife drinks gin,
Chorus.
And the way she drinks it is a sin,
Chorus.
I and my wife cannot agree,
Chorus.
For she drinks whiskey in her tea,
Chorus.

I had a girl, her name was Lisa,
Chorus.
She put whiskey in her pies,
Chorus.
Whiskey's gone and I'll go too,
Chorus.
For without whiskey I can't do,
Chorus.

"Another popular song is:

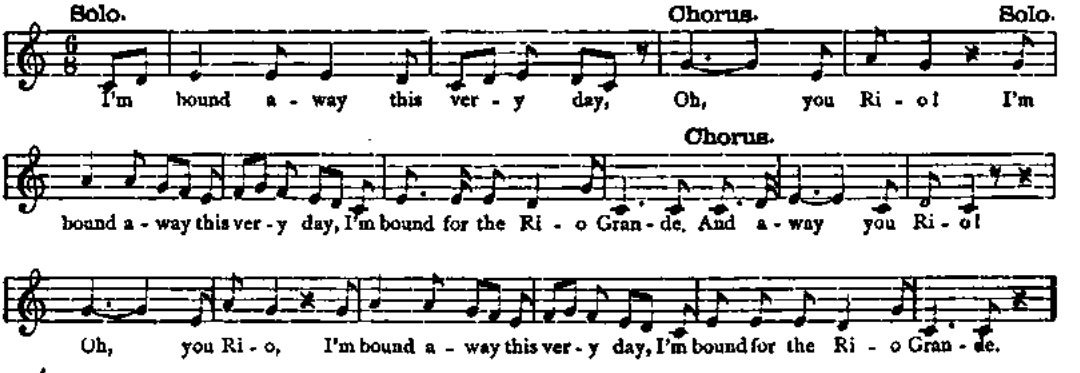
No. 10.—"KNOCK A MAN DOWN."


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
I wish I was in Mo - bile bay, Way, hey, knock a man down, A
Chorus.
roll - ing cot - ton night and day, This is the time to knock a man down.

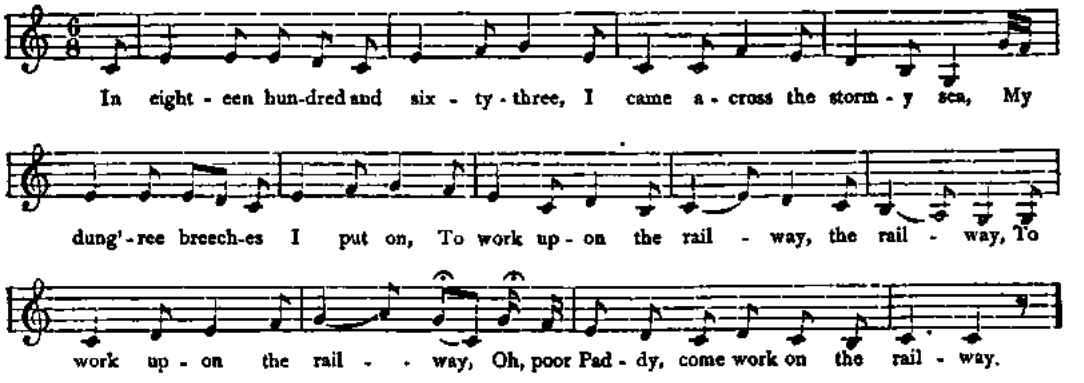
"The words already quoted will enable a person to sing this and nearly all the songs of this set. He can wish he was in every known port in the world, to whose name he can find a rhyme. If New Orleans be selected, he would add 'Where Jackson gave the British beans.' At 'Boston city,' his desire would be 'a walking with my lovely Kitty.' At 'New York town,' he would be 'a walking Broadway up and down,' and at Liverpool he would finish his education, 'a going to a Yankee school.'

"The third set of working songs comprises those used at the pumps, capstan, and windlass, where continuous force is applied, instead of the pulls at intervals, as when hauling on ropes. Many of the second set of songs are used on such occasions, but there are a few peculiar to this use, and of such are the following:

No. 11.—"RIO GRANDE."


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
I'm bound a - way this ver - y day, Oh, you Ri - o! I'm
Chorus.
bound a - way this ver - y day, I'm bound for the Ri - o Gran - de. And a - way you Ri - o!
Oh, you Ri - o, I'm bound a - way this ver - y day, I'm bound for the Ri - o Gran - de.

No. 12.—"PADDY, COME WORK ON THE RAILWAY."


In eight - een hun-dred and six - ty - three, I came a - cross the storm - y sea, My
dung' - ree breech-es I put on, To work up - on the rail - way, the rail - way, To
work up - on the rail - - way, Oh, poor Pad - dy, come work on the rail - way.

"Many other songs might be named, some of which, peculiar to the Liverpool packets, are of a rowdy nature.

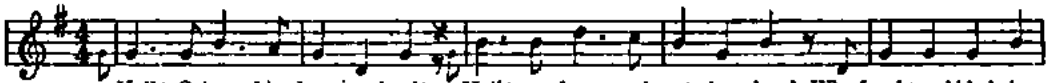
"One cannot but regret that a more rational set of words has not been introduced to this service of song."

We cannot conclude this brief sketch without expressing our satisfaction with the results of the efforts of Professor D. P. Horton, of Brooklyn, in teaching many of our naval apprentices to sing the songs of the old navy. It was his enthusiasm, tempered by judgment, and guided by tact, which went so far toward reviving the true spirit of the sea song that had so nearly disappeared from our forecastles.

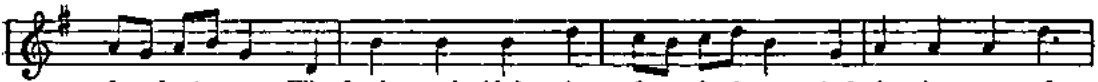
LIBRARY. U.S.S. MINNESOTA

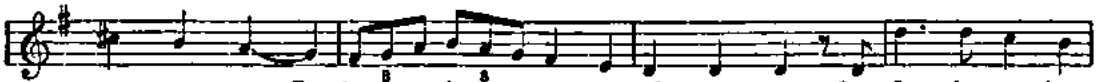
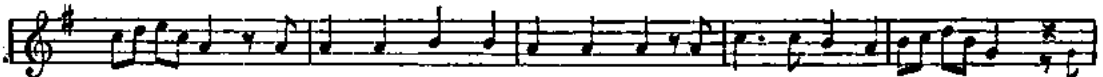
NAVAL SONGS.

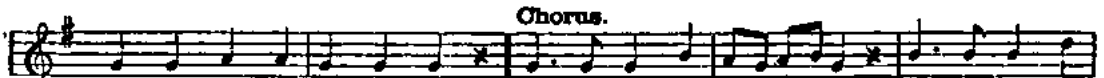
HAIL COLUMBIA.



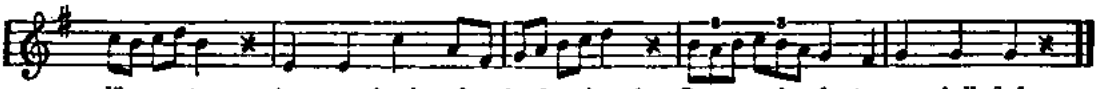
1 Hail! Colum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in
2 Immor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! Defend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let no rude foe with
3 Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash - ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
4 Behold the chief, who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the



1 free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
2 im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand In - vade the shrine where
3 loud ap - plause! Ring thro' the world with loud ap - lause! Let ev' - ry clime to
4 storm will beat! The rock on which the storm will beat! But armed in vir - tue,

1 war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won; Let In - de - pen - dence
2 sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well - earned prize; While of - fering peace, sin -
3 free - dom dear List - en with a joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with
4 firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink - ing

1 be your boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, Ev - er grateful for the prize,
2 - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice may pre-vail, And
3 steady pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, or guides with ease The
4 in dis-may, When gloom ob-scured Co - lum - bia's day, His stead - y mind, from changes free, Re -

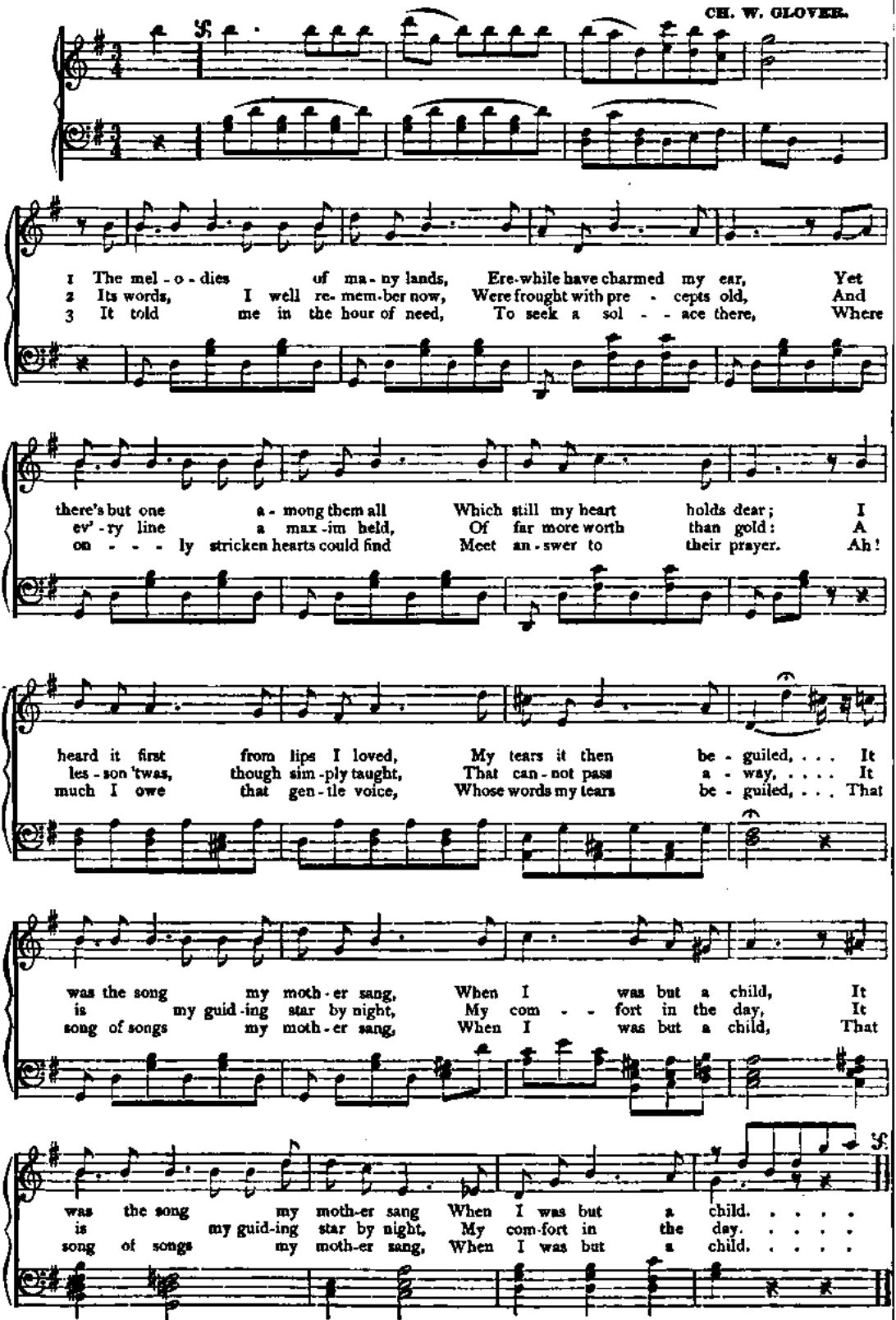
Chorus.

1 Let its al - tar reach the skies.
2 ev' - ry scheme of bond - age fail.
3 hap - pier time of hon - est peace.
4 - solved on death or lib - er - ty.

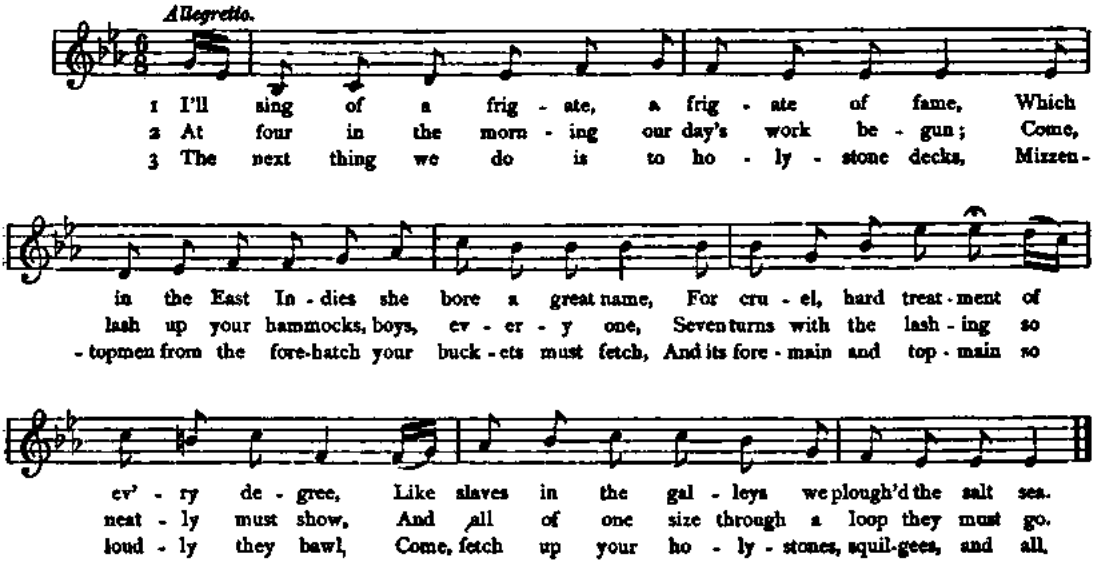
Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rallying round our



lib - er - ty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

THE MELODIES OF MANY LANDS.

CH. W. GLOVER.

1 The mel - o - dies of ma - ny lands, Ere-while have charmed my ear, Yet
2 Its words, I well re- mem-ber now, Were frought with pre - cepts old, And
3 It told me in the hour of need, To seek a sol - - ace there, Where
there's but one a - mong them all Which still my heart holds dear; I
ev' - ry line a max -im held, Of far more worth than gold: A
on - - - ly stricken hearts could find Meet an - swer to their prayer. Ah!
heard it first from lips I loved, My tears it then be - guiled, . . . It
les - son 'twas, though sim - ply taught, That can - not pass a - way, ... It
much I owe that gen - tle voice, Whose words my tears be - guiled, . . . That
was the song my moth - er sang, When I was but a child, It
is my guid -ing star by night, My com - - fort in the day, It
song of songs my moth - er sang, When I was but a child, That
was the song my moth-er sang When I was but a child. . . . .
is my guid-ing star by night, My com-fort in the day. . . . .
song of songs my moth-er sang, When I was but a child. . . . .

THE FLASH FRIGATE.

Allegretto.
1 I'll sing of a frig - ate, a frig - ate of fame, Which
2 At four in the morn - ing our day's work be - gun; Come,
3 The next thing we do is to ho - ly - stone decks, Mizzen-
in the East In - dies she bore a great name, For cru - el, hard treat - ment of
lash up your hammocks, boys, ev - er - y one, Seven turns with the lash - ing so
- topmen from the fore-hatch your buck - ets must fetch, And its fore - main and top - main so
ev' - ry de - gree, Like slaves in the gal - leys we plough'd the salt sea.
neat - ly must show, And all of one size through a loop they must go.
loud - ly they bawl, Come, fetch up your ho - ly - stones, squil-gees, and all.

4

The|decks being scrubbed and the|rigging coiled down,
It is|now clean your bright work, which is|found all around,
Your|gun-caps and aprons so|neatly must shine,
And in|white frocks and trowsers you|must all toe a line.

5

The|next thing we hear is "all|hands to make sail,"
For|under topgallant sails she|must not remain.
Oh, your|royals and your skysails and your|moon-sails so high,
At the|sound of the call your sky-|scrapers must fly.

6

But|now, my brave boys, comes the|best of the fun:
"All|hands about ship and reef|topsails," in one.
Oh, it's|"lay aloft topmen" as the|*hellum* goes down,
And it's|"clew down your topsails" as the|mainyard swings round."

7

"Trice|up and lay out, take two|snug reefs in one;"
And|all in one moment this|work must be done.
Then|man your head braces, topsail-|halliards, and all,
And|hoist away topsails as you|let go and haul.

8

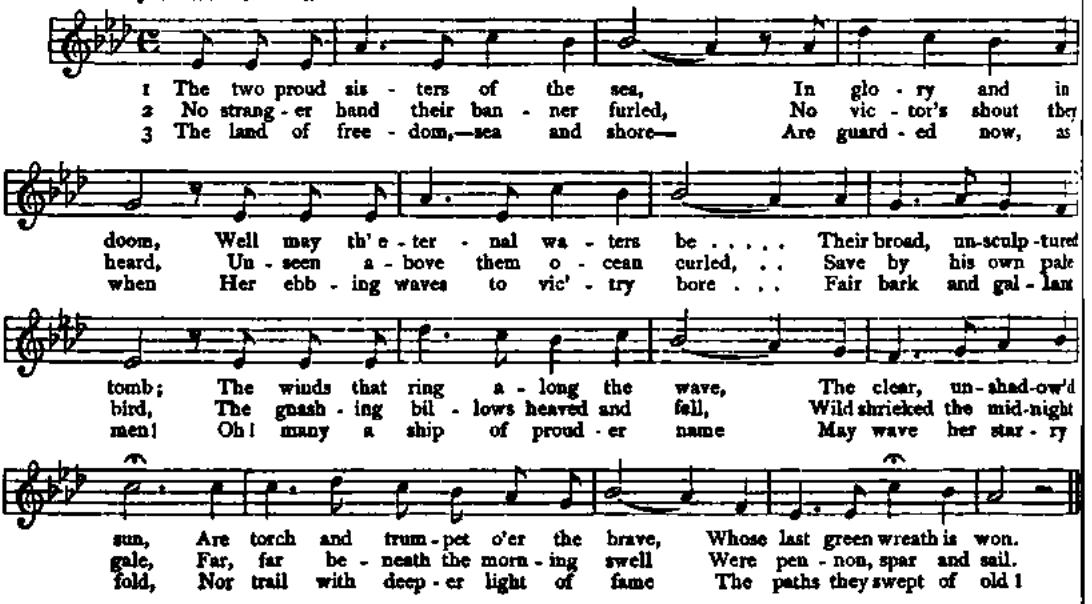
Our|second lieutenant, you|all know him well,
He|comes up on deck and|cuts a great swell.
Oh, it's|bear a hand here, boys, and it's|bear a hand there,
And|in the lee gangway he|serves out our share.*

9

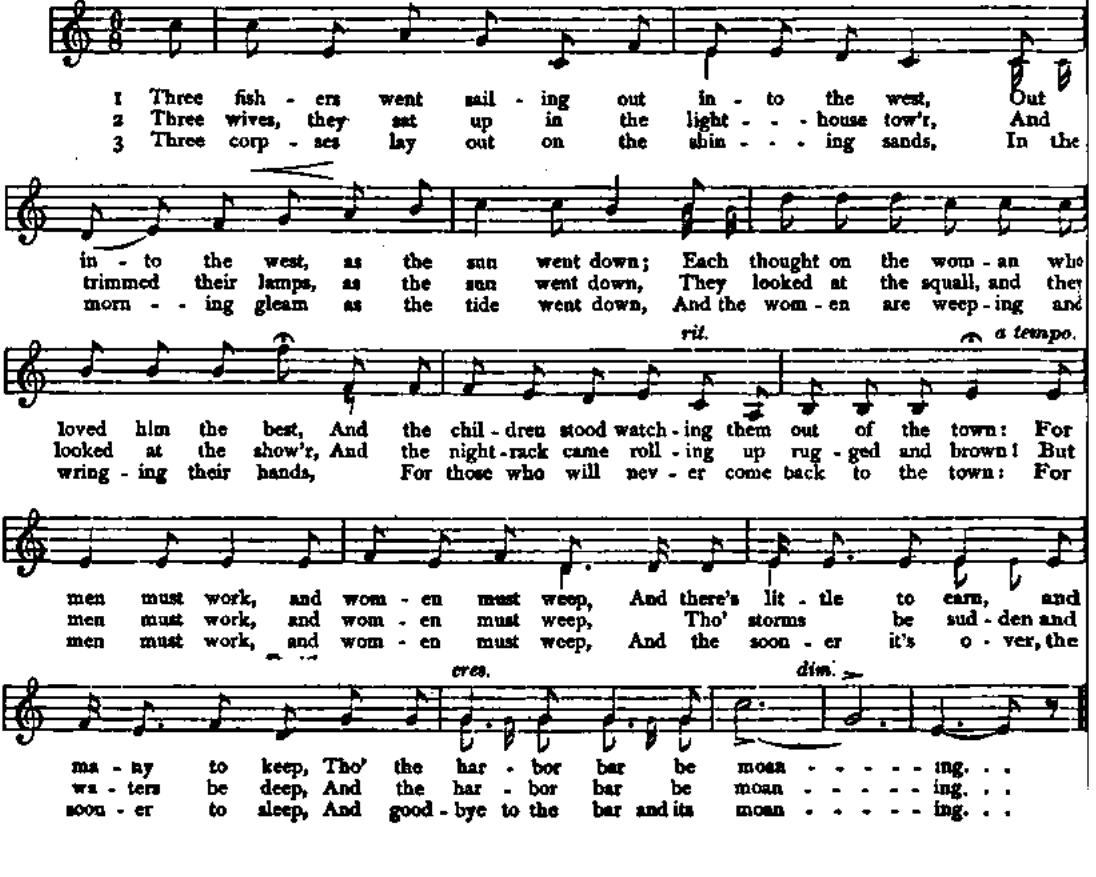
Now,|all you bold seamen who|plough the salt sea,
Be-|ware of this frigate wher-|ever she be,
For they'll|beat you and bang you till you|ain't worth a d—n,
And|send you an invalid to your|own native land.

* Of the colt.

THE TWO PROUD SISTERS OF THE SEA.

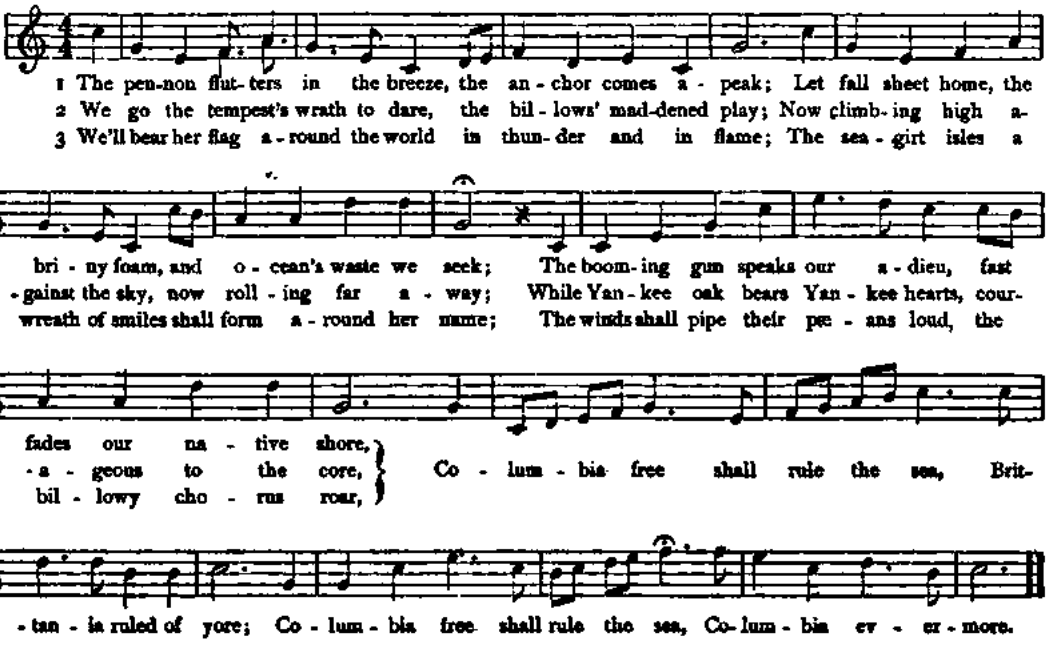
Words by O. W. HOLMES.

1 The two proud sis - ters of the sea, In glo - ry and in
2 No strang - er hand their ban - ner furled, No vic - tor's shout they
3 The land of free - dom,—sea and shore— Are guard - ed now, as
doom, Well may th' e - ter - nal wa - ters be . . . . . Their broad, un-sculp-tured
heard, Un - seen a - bove them o - cean curled, . . Save by his own pale
when Her ebb - ing waves to vic' - try bore . . . Fair bark and gal - lant
tomb; The winds that ring a - long the wave, The clear, un-shad-ow'd
bird, The gnash - ing bil - lows heaved and fell, Wild shrieked the mid-night
men! Oh! many a ship of proud - er name May wave her star - ry
sun, Are torch and trum - pet o'er the brave, Whose last green wreath is won.
gale, Far, far be - neath the morn - ing swell Were pen - non, spar and sail.
fold, Nor trail with deep - er light of fame The paths they swept of old!

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

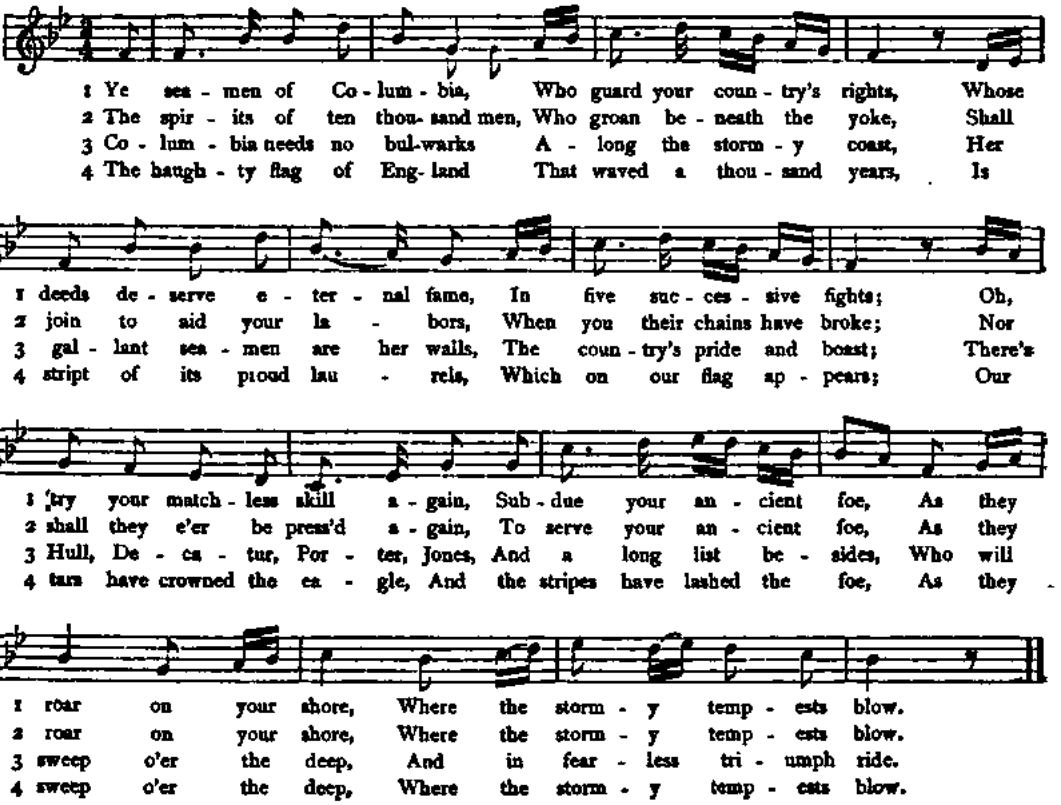
Music by J. HULLAH.

Andantino.
1 Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out
2 Three wives, they sat up in the light - - - house tow'r, And
3 Three corp - ses lay out on the shin - - - ing sands, In the
in - to the west, as the sun went down; Each thought on the wom - an who
trimmed their lamps, as the sun went down, They looked at the squall, and they
morn - - ing gleam as the tide went down, And the wom - en are weep - ing and
rit.
a tempo.
loved him the best, And the chil - dren stood watch - ing them out of the town: For
looked at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll - ing up rug - ged and brown! But
wring - ing their hands, For those who will nev - er come back to the town: For
men must work, and wom - en must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn, and
men must work, and wom - en must weep, Tho' storms be sud - den and
men must work, and wom - en must weep, And the soon - er it's o - ver, the
cres.
dim.
ma - ny to keep, Tho' the har - bor bar be moan - - - - - ing. . .
wa - ters be deep, And the har - bor bar be moan - - - - - ing. . .
soon - er to sleep, And good - bye to the bar and its moan - - - - - ing. . .

COLUMBIA RULES THE SEA.

Music by HENRY TUCKER. Words by J. D. CANNING.

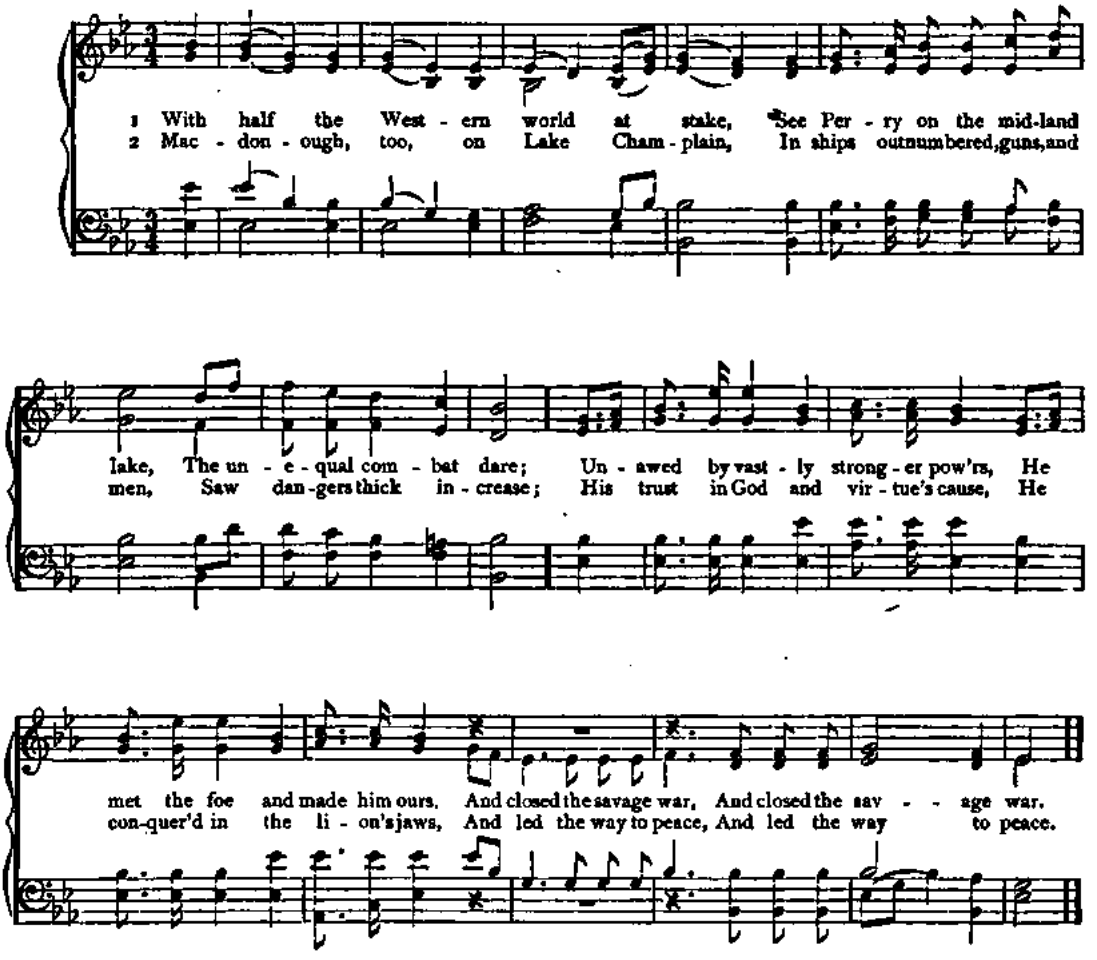

1 The pen-non flut-ters in the breeze, the an-chor comes a-peak; Let fall sheet home, the
2 We go the tempest's wrath to dare, the bil-lows' mad-dened play; Now climb-ing high a-
3 We'll bear her flag a-round the world in thun-der and in flame; The sea-girt isles a
bri-ny foam, and o-cean's waste we seek; The boom-ing gun speaks our a-dieu, fast
-gainst the sky, now roll-ing far a-way; While Yan-kee oak bears Yan-kee hearts, cour-
wreath of smiles shall form a-round her name; The winds shall pipe their pe-ans loud, the
fades our na-tive shore,
-a-geous to the core,
bil-lowy cho-rus roar,
Co-lum-bia free shall rule the sea, Brit-
-tan-ia ruled of yore; Co-lum-bia free shall rule the sea, Co-lum-bia ev-er-more.

YE SEAMEN OF COLUMBIA.

1813

1 Ye sea-men of Co-lum-bia, Who guard your coun-try's rights, Whose
2 The spir-its of ten thou-sand men, Who groan be-neath the yoke, Shall
3 Co-lum-bia needs no bul-warks A-long the storm-y coast, Her
4 The haugh-ty flag of Eng-land That waved a thou-sand years, Is
1 deeds de-serve e-ter-nal fame, In five suc-ces-sive fights; Oh,
2 join to aid your la-bors, When you their chains have broke; Nor
3 gal-lant sea-men are her walls, The coun-try's pride and boast; There's
4 stript of its proud lau-rels, Which on our flag ap-pears; Our
1 try your match-less skill a-gain, Sub-due your an-cient foe, As they
2 shall they e'er be press'd a-gain, To serve your an-cient foe, As they
3 Hull, De-ca-tur, Por-ter, Jones, And a long list be-sides, Who will
4 tars have crowned the ea-gle, And the stripes have lashed the foe, As they
1 roar on your shore, Where the storm-y temp-ests blow.
2 roar on your shore, Where the storm-y temp-ests blow.
3 sweep o'er the deep, And in fear-less tri-umph ride.
4 sweep o'er the deep, Where the storm-y temp-ests blow.

SEA AND LAND VICTORIES.

From "The Naval Songster," being a collection of Naval Victories and other excellent songs.

Printed by T. WHITE, Charlestown, 1815.

1 With half the West - ern world at stake, See Per - ry on the mid-land
2 Mac - don - ough, too, on Lake Cham - plain, In ships outnumbered, guns, and
lake, The un - e - qual com - bat dare; Un - awed by vast - ly strong - er pow'rs, He
men, Saw dan - gers thick in - crease; His trust in God and vir - tue's cause, He
met the foe and made him ours, And closed the savage war, And closed the sav - - age war.
con-quer'd in the li - on's jaws, And led the way to peace, And led the way to peace.

3 To sing each valiant hero's name
Whose deeds have swelled the files of fame,
Requires immortal powers;
Columbia's warriors never yield
To equal force by sea or field,
Her Eagle never cowers.

4 Long as Niagara's cataract roars,
Or Erie laves our Northern shores,
Great Brown, thy fame shall rise;
Outnumber'd by a veteran host
Of conquering heroes, Britain's boast—
Conquest was there thy prize.

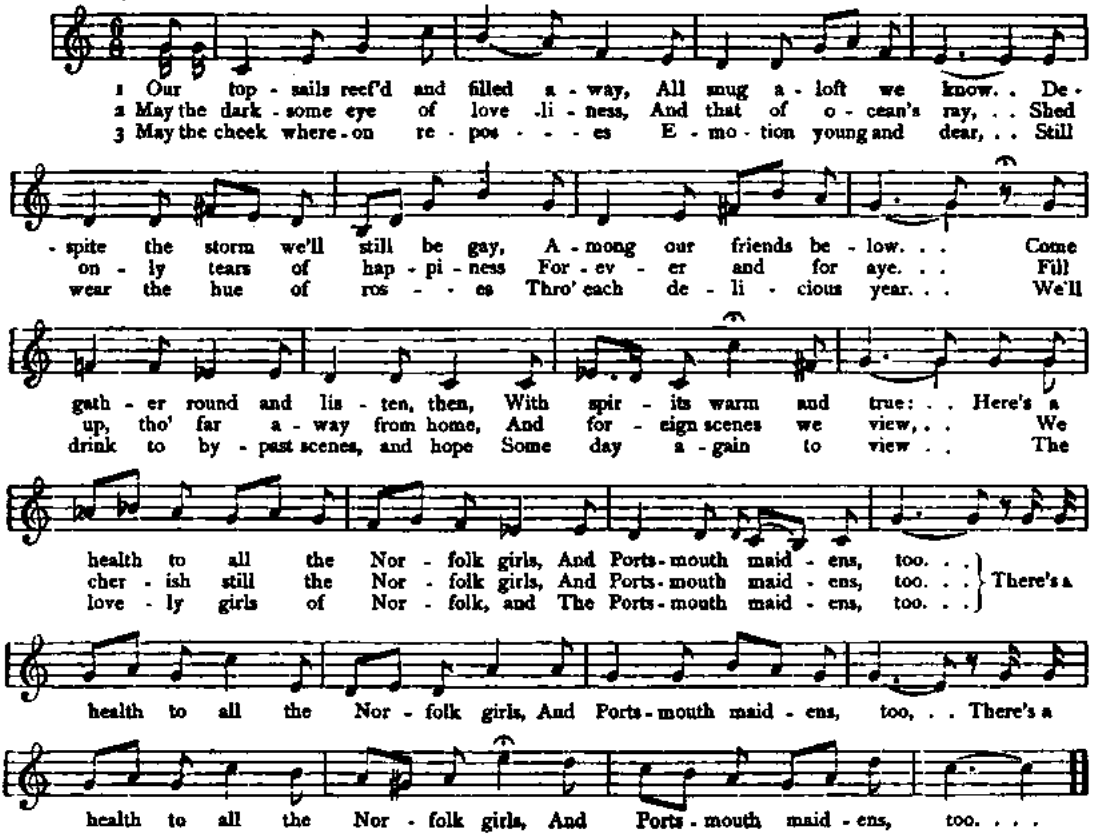
5 At Plattsburg, see the Spartan band,
Where gallant Macomb held command,
The unequal host oppose;
Provost confounded, vanquished flies,
Convinced that numbers won't suffice
Where Freemen are the foes.

6 Our songs to noblest strains we'll raise
While we attempt thy matchless praise,
Carolina's godlike son;
While Mississippi rolls his flood,
Or Freedmen's hearts move patriot's blood,
The palm shall be thine own.

7 At Orleans—lo! a savage band,
In countless numbers gain the strand,
"Beauty and spoil" the word—
There Jackson with his fearless few,
The invincibles by thousands slew,
And dire destruction poured.

8 O Britain! when the tale is told
Of Jackson's deeds by fame enrolled,
Should grief and madness rise,
Remember God, the avenger, reigns,
Who witnessed Havre's smoking plains,
And Hampton's female cries.

THE NORFOLK GIRLS.

By W. F. SPICER, U. S. Navy.

1 Our top - sails reef'd and filled a - way, All snug a - loft we know. . De -
2 May the dark - some eye of love .li - ness, And that of o - cean's ray, . . Shed
3 May the cheek where - on re - pos - - - es E - mo - tion young and dear, . . Still
- spite the storm we'll still be gay, A - mong our friends be - low. . . Come
on - ly tears of hap - pi - ness For - ev - er and for aye. . . Fill
wear the hue of ros - - es Thro' each de - li - cious year. . . We'll
gath - er round and lis - ten, then, With spir - its warm and true: . . Here's a
up, tho' far a - way from home, And for - eign scenes we view, . . We
drink to by - past scenes, and hope Some day a - gain to view . . The
health to all the Nor - folk girls, And Ports - mouth maid - ens, too. . .
cher - ish still the Nor - folk girls, And Ports - mouth maid - ens, too. . .
love - ly girls of Nor - folk, and The Ports - mouth maid - ens, too. . .
There's a
health to all the Nor - folk girls, And Ports - mouth maid - ens, too, . . There's a
health to all the Nor - folk girls, And Ports - mouth maid - ens, too. . . .

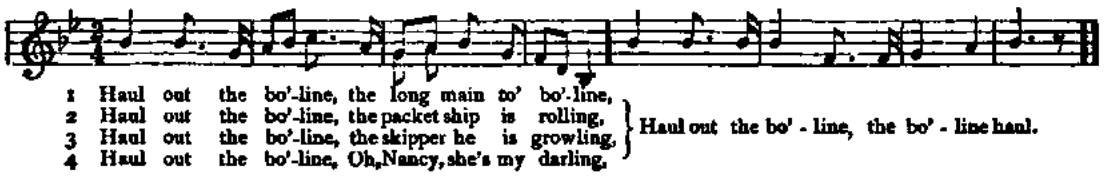
4 And | if we never | backward go,
Borne | home on ocean's | breast,
But | find among the | caves below
A | sailor's place of | rest;
Still | ere we close our | eyes and pass
Be- | neath the depths of | blue,
We'll | think of all the | Norfolk girls,
And | Portsmouth maidens, | too.

5 Should the | foe appear be- | fore us,
To our | guns we'll fondly | cling,
While our | stars are gleaming | o'er us,
Shall their | notes of freedom | ring.
While | life's warm stream is | flowing,
Our | eager pulses | through,
We'll | fight for home, the | Norfolk girls,
And | Portsmouth maidens, | too.

6 Fill | up, fill up, yet | once again,
Be- | fore we say good- | night,
From | every glass its | sweetness drain,
To | friendship's steady | light.
May | peace around our | kindred dwell,
All | beings loved and | true,
The | lovely girls of | Norfolk,
And the | Portsmouth maidens, | too.

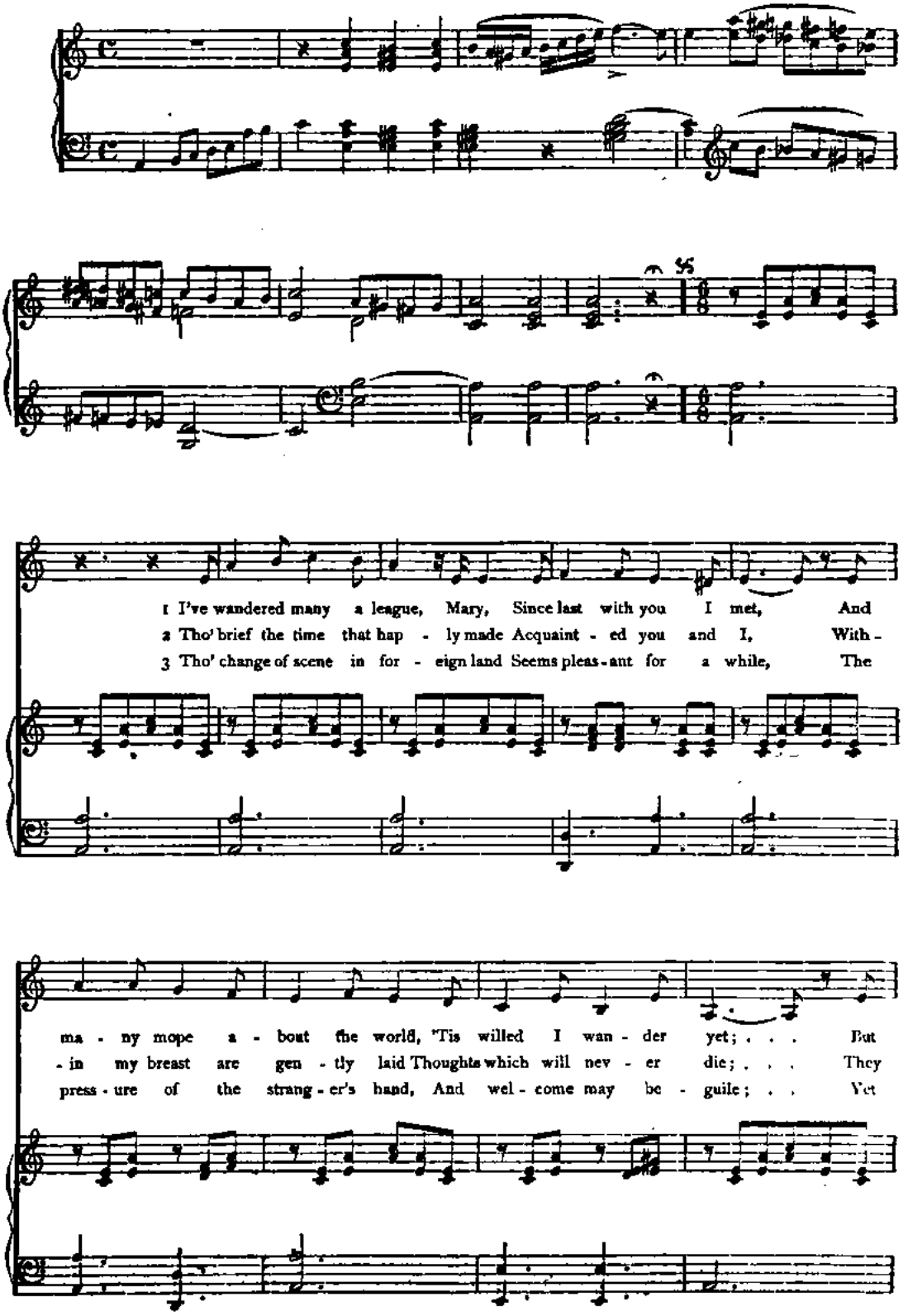
7 Good- | night, good-night, our | pillows now
With | pleasant thoughts we'll | press,
And | dream some hand rests | on our brow,
Its | slumbering to | bless.
A- | mid delightful | reveries
That | fancy brings to | view,
Per- | haps we'll meet the | Norfolk girls,
And | Portsmouth maidens, | too.

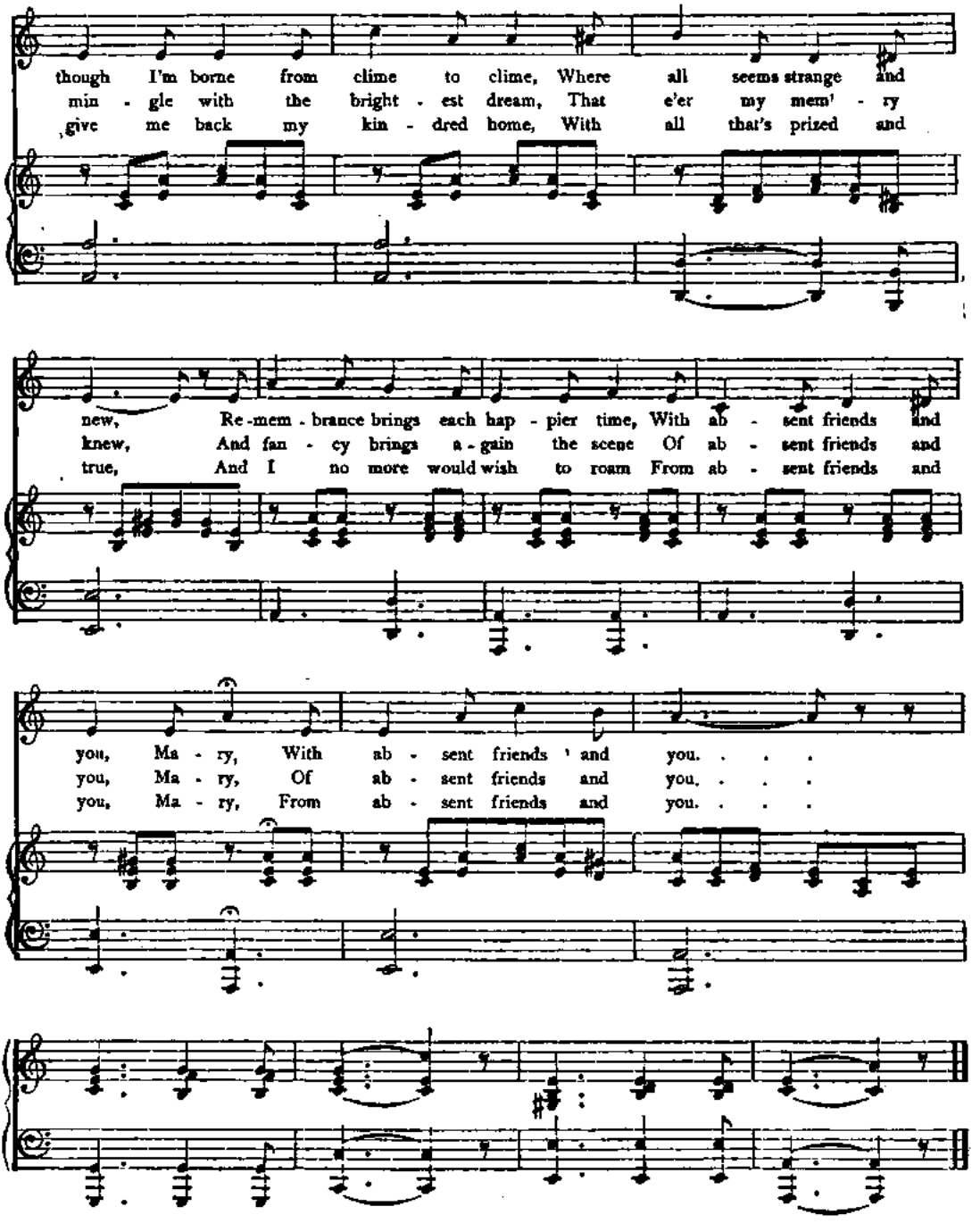
HAUL OUT THE BO'LINE. (Chantey Song.)


1 Haul out the bo'-line, the long main to' bo'-line,
2 Haul out the bo'-line, the packet ship is rolling,
3 Haul out the bo'-line, the skipper he is growling,
4 Haul out the bo'-line, Oh, Nancy, she's my darling,
Haul out the bo' - line, the bo' - line haul.

ABSENT FRIENDS AND YOU, MARY.

Commodore SPICER, U. S. Navy.

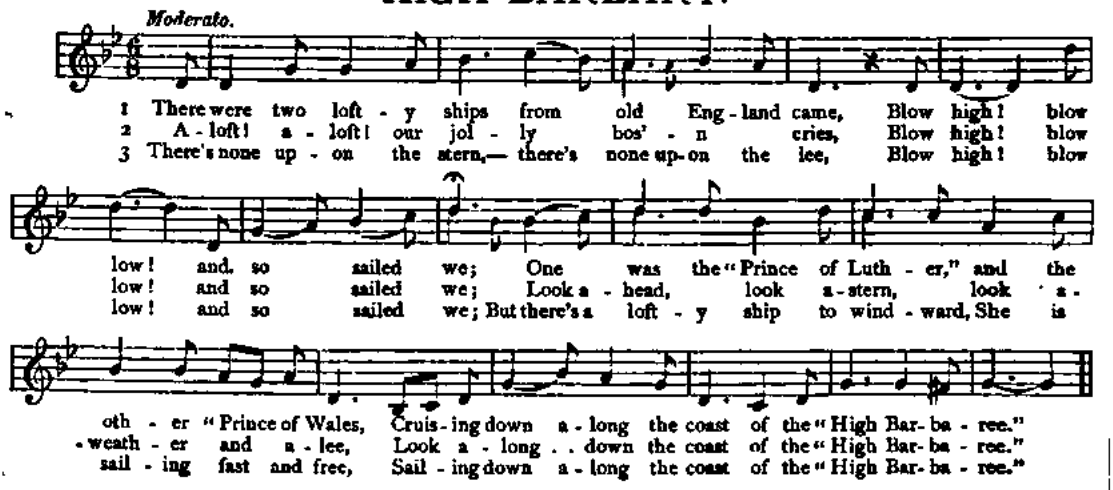

1 I've wandered many a league, Mary, Since last with you I met, And
2 Tho' brief the time that hap - ly made Acquaint - ed you and I, With -
3 Tho' change of scene in for - eign land Seems pleas - ant for a while, The
ma - ny mope a - bout the world, 'Tis willed I wan - der yet; . . . But
- in my breast are gen - tly laid Thoughts which will nev - er die; . . . They
press - ure of the strang - er's hand, And wel - come may be - guile; . . . Yet

Absent Friends and You, Mary.—Concluded.

though I'm borne from clime to clime, Where all seems strange and
min - gle with the bright - est dream, That e'er my mem' - ry
give me back my kin - dred home, With all that's prized and
new, Re-mem - brance brings each hap - pier time, With ab - sent friends and
knew, And fan - cy brings a - gain the scene Of ab - sent friends and
true, And I no more would wish to roam From ab - sent friends and
you, Ma - ry, With ab - sent friends and you. . . .
you, Ma - ry, Of ab - sent friends and you. . . .
you, Ma - ry, From ab - sent friends and you. . . .

4 Another year has yet its way
Of cheerlessness to flee,
E're homeward bound my barque shall stray
In gladness o'er the sea;
Yet while 'neath stranger skies I cruise,
And joys be e'er so few,
A solace still 'twill be to muse
Of absent friends and you, Mary,
Of absent friends and you.

5 And now, my gentle friend, good-bye,
Calm blessings light your way,
Life's moments pass without a sigh,
Hope never knew decay;
And sometimes, while in joyousness,
The past flits by your view,
Remember one who often thinks
Of absent friends and you, Mary,
Of absent friends and you.

HIGH BARBARY.


Moderato.
1 There were two loft - y ships from old Eng - land came, Blow high! blow
2 A - loft! a - loft! our jol - ly bos' - n cries, Blow high! blow
3 There's none up - on the stern,— there's none up - on the lee, Blow high! blow
low! and so sailed we; One was the "Prince of Luth - er," and the
low! and so sailed we; Look a - head, look a - stern, look a -
low! and so sailed we; But there's a loft - y ship to wind - ward, She is
oth - er "Prince of Wales, Cruis - ing down a - long the coast of the "High Bar - ba - ree."
- weath - er and a - lee, Look a - long . . down the coast of the "High Bar - ba - ree."
sail - ing fast and free, Sail - ing down a - long the coast of the "High Bar - ba - ree."

4

"Oh!|hail her, oh!|hail her!" our|gallant captain|cried,
Blow|high! blow|low! and|so sailed|we;
"Are|you a man-of-|war or a|privateer?" said|he,
Cruising|down along the|coast of the|"High Barba-|ree."

5

"Oh!|I am no man-of-|war,—no|privateer," said|she,
Blow|high! blow|low! and|so sailed|we;
"But|I am a salt-sea|Pirate, a-|looking for my|fee!"
Cruising|down along the|coast of the|"High Barba-|ree."

6

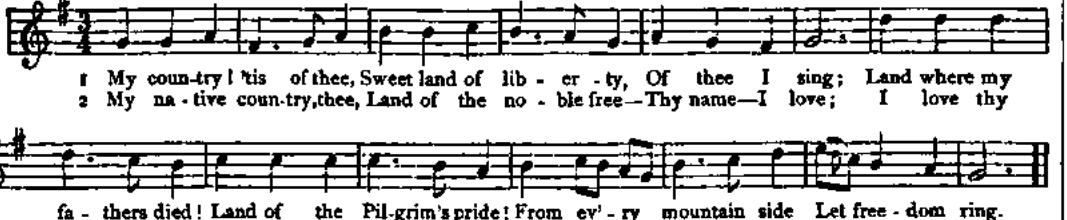
'Twas|broadside to|broadside a|long time they|lay,
Blow|high! blow|low! and|so sailed|we;
Un-|til the "Prince of|Luther," shot the|Pirate's masts a-|way,
Cruising|down along the|coast of the|"High Barba-|ree."

7

"Oh,|quarter! oh,|quarter!" these|pirates did|cry,
Blow|high! blow|low! and|so sailed|we;
But the|quarters that we|gave them—we|sunk them in the|sea,
Cruising|down along the|coast of the|"High Barba-|ree."

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

English.


1 My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2 My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free—Thy name—I love; I love thy
fa - thers died! Land of the Pil-grim's pride! From ev' - ry mountain side Let free - dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

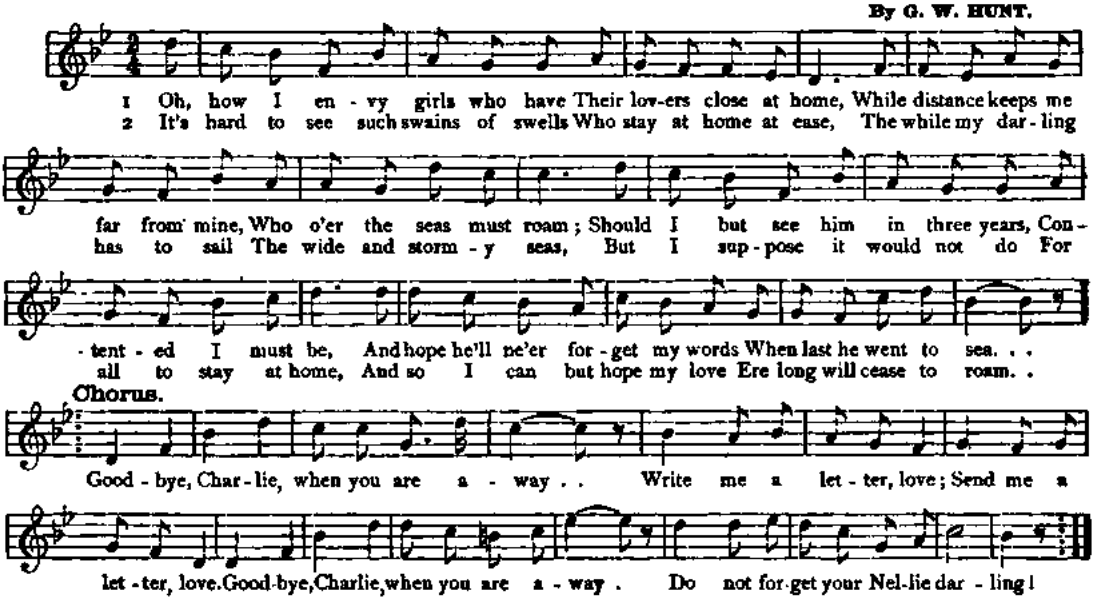
4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

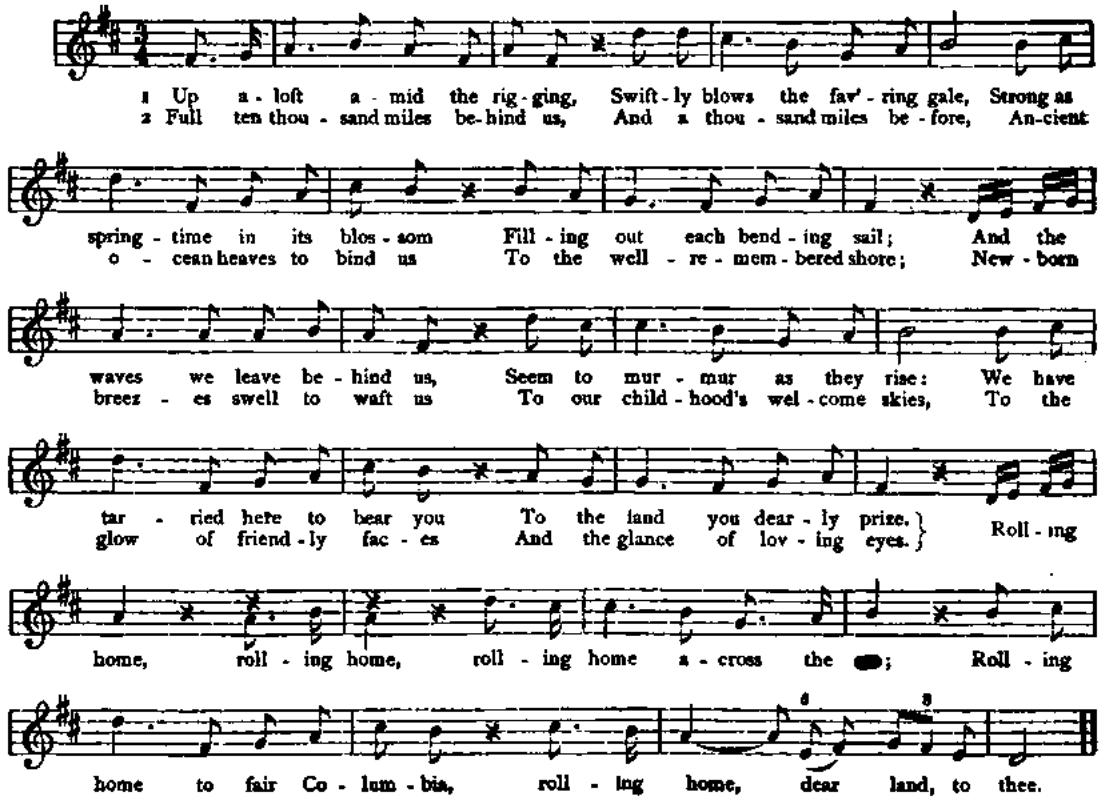
GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE;

OR,

DO NOT FORGET YOUR NELLY DARLING.

By G. W. HUNT.


1 Oh, how I en - vy girls who have Their lov-ers close at home, While distance keeps me
2 It's hard to see such swains of swells Who stay at home at ease, The while my dar - ling
far from mine, Who o'er the seas must roam; Should I but see him in three years, Con -
has to sail The wide and storm - y seas, But I sup - pose it would not do For
- tent - ed I must be, And hope he'll ne'er for - get my words When last he went to sea. . .
all to stay at home, And so I can but hope my love Ere long will cease to roam. .
Chorus.
Good - bye, Char - lie, when you are a - way . . Write me a let - ter, love; Send me a
let - ter, love. Good-bye, Charlie, when you are a - way . Do not for-get your Nel-lie dar - ling!

ROLLING HOME.

1 Up a - loft a - mid the rig - ging, Swift - ly blows the fav' - ring gale, Strong as
2 Full ten thou - sand miles be - hind us, And a thou - sand miles be - fore, An - cient
spring - time in its blos - som Fill - ing out each bend - ing sail; And the
o - cean heaves to bind us To the well - re - mem - bered shore; New - born
waves we leave be - hind us, Seem to mur - mur as they rise: We have
breez - es swell to waft us To our child - hood's wel - come skies, To the
tar - ried here to bear you To the land you dear - ly prize.
glow of friend - ly fac - es And the glance of lov - ing eyes.
Roll - ing
home, roll - ing home, roll - ing home a - cross the sea; Roll - ing
home to fair Co - lum - bia, roll - ing home, dear land, to thee.

TOM BOWLING.

DIBDIN.

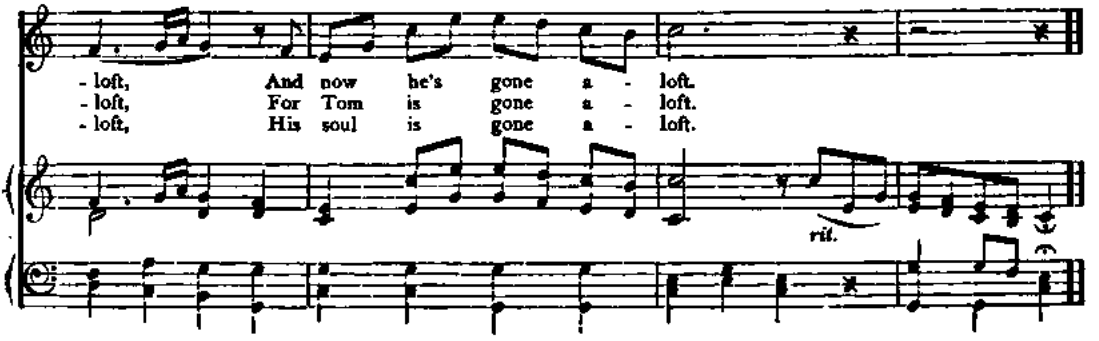
Moderato.

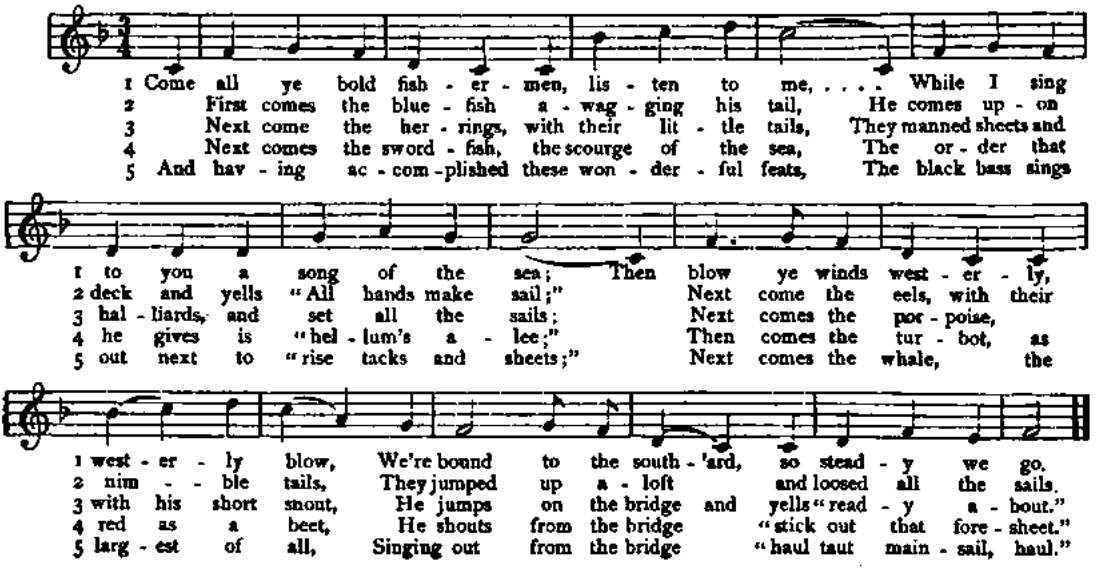
1 Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowl - ing, The dar - ling of our
2 Tom nev - er from his word de - part - ed, His vir - tues were so
3 Yet shall poor Tom find pleas - ant weath - er, When He, who all com - -

crew, No more he'll hear the tem - pest howl - ing, For death has broach'd him
rare, His friends were ma - ny and true-heart - ed, His Poll was kind and
- mands Shall give, to call life's crew to - geth - er, The word to pipe all

to. His form was of the man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and
fair; And then he'd sing so blithe and jol - ly, Ah! many's the time and
hands. Thus Death, who kings and tars de - spatch-es, In vain Tom's life has

soft; Faith - ful be - low he did his du - ty, And now he's gone a -
oft; But mirth is turned to mel - an - chol - y, For Tom is gone a -
doff'd; For tho' his bod - y's un - der hatch - es, His soul is gone a -

TOM BOWLING. Concluded.

SONG OF THE FISHES.


1 Come all ye bold fish - er - men, lis - ten to me, ... While I sing
2 First comes the blue - fish a - wag - ging his tail, He comes up - on
3 Next come the her - rings, with their lit - tle tails, They manned sheets and
4 Next comes the sword - fish, the scourge of the sea, The or - der that
5 And hav - ing ac - com - plished these won - der - ful feats, The black bass sings
1 to you a song of the sea; Then blow ye winds west - er - ly,
2 deck and yells "All hands make sail;" Next come the eels, with their
3 hal - liards, and set all the sails; Next comes the por - poise,
4 he gives is "hel - lum's a - lee;" Then comes the tur - bot, as
5 out next to "rise tacks and sheets;" Next comes the whale, the
1 west - er - ly blow, We're bound to the south - 'ard, so stead - y we go.
2 nim - - ble tails, They jumped up a - loft and loosed all the sails.
3 with his short snout, He jumps on the bridge and yells "read - y a - bout."
4 red as a beet, He shouts from the bridge "stick out that fore - sheet."
5 larg - est of all, Singing out from the bridge "haul taut main - sail, haul."

6

|Then comes the|mackerel, |with his striped|back,
He|flopped on the|bridge and yelled: |"board the main|tack;"
|Next comes the|sprat, the|smallest of|all,
He|sings out: "Haul|well taut, |let go and|haul."

7

|Then comes the|cat-fish, with|his chuckle-|head,
Out in the|main chains for a|"heave of the|lead;"
|Next comes the|flounder, quite|fresh from the|ground,
Crying|"damn your eyes!|chuckle-head, |mind where you|sound!"

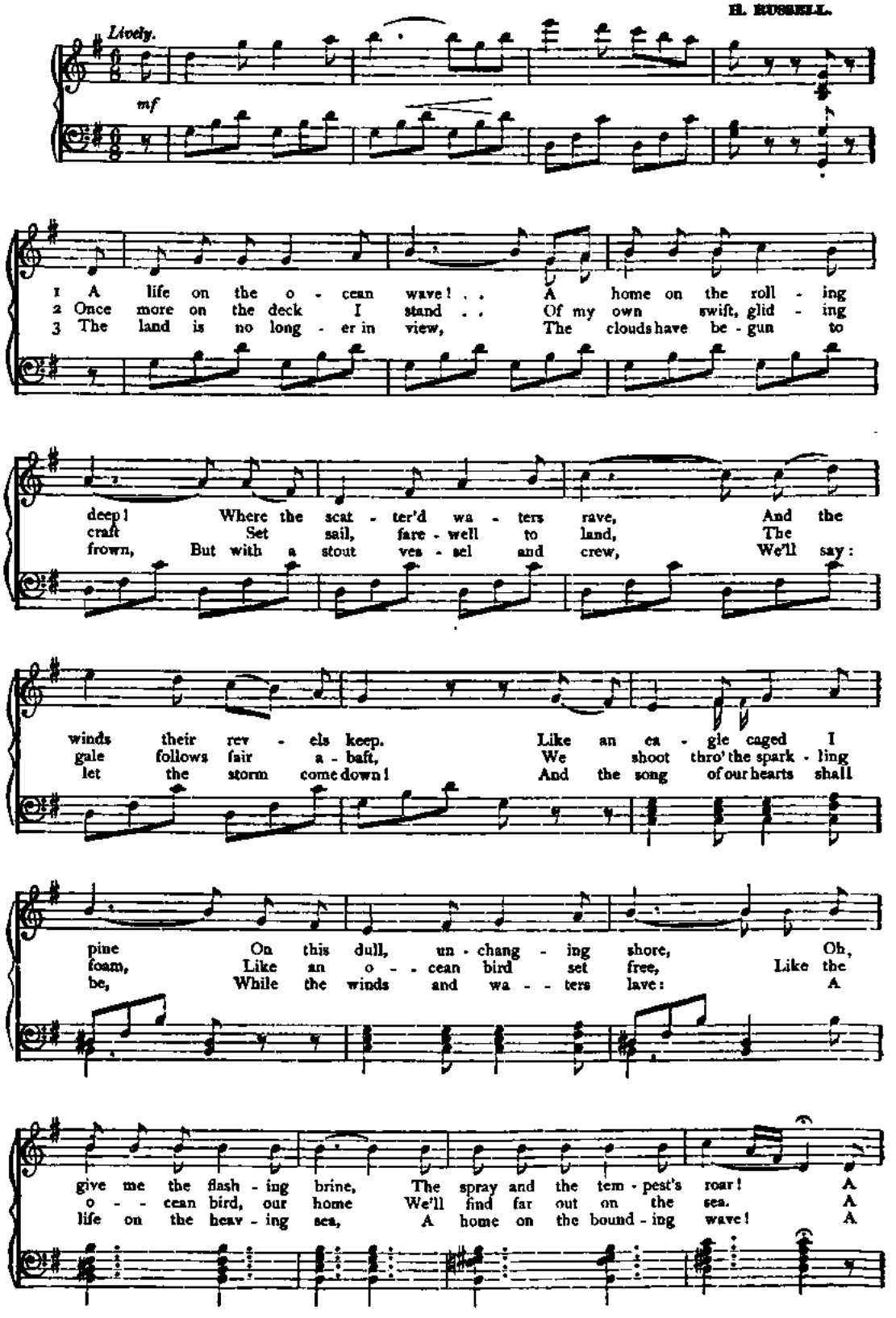
8

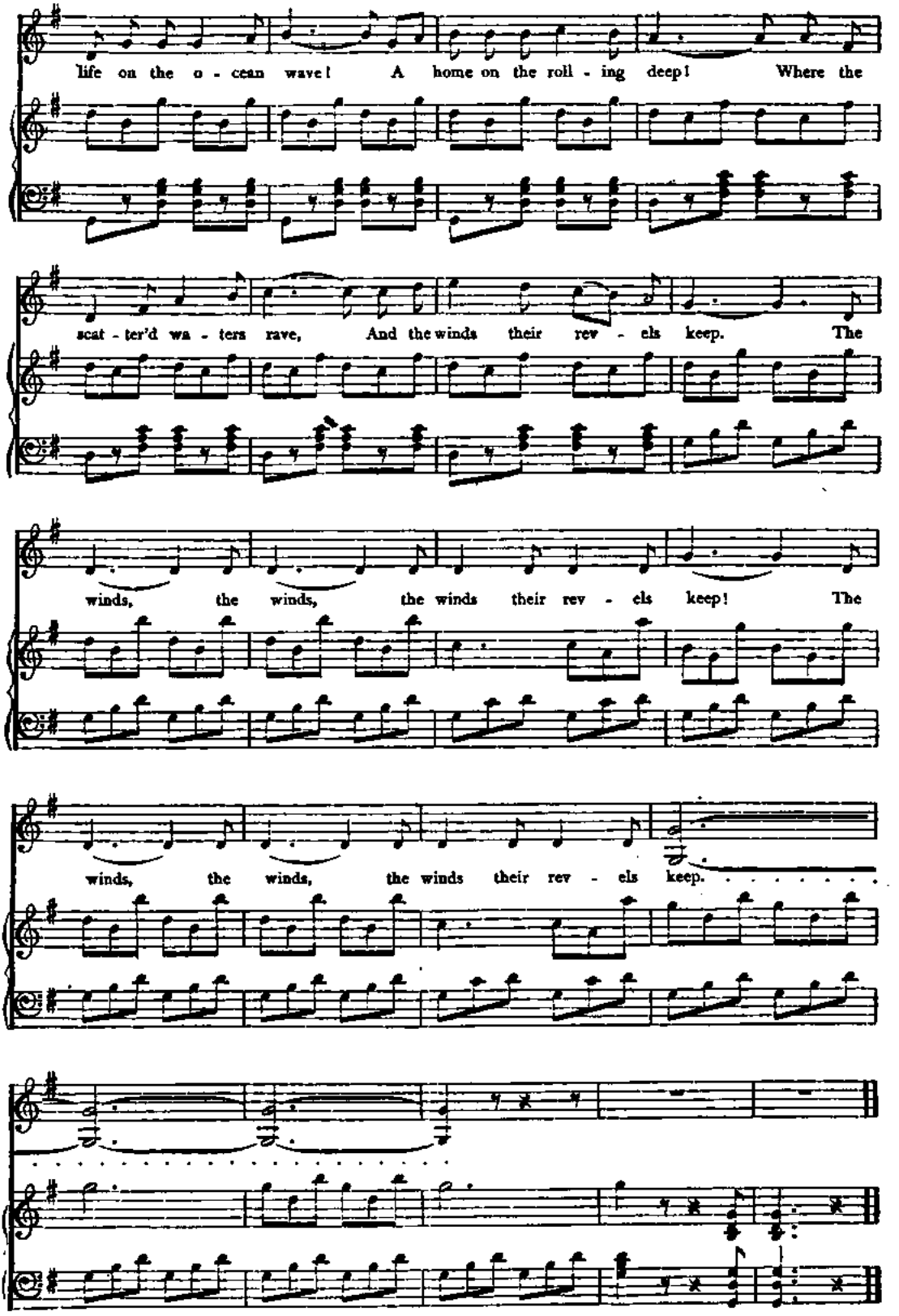
A-|long came the|dolphin, |flapping his|tail,
He|yelled to the|boatswain to|"reef his fore-|sail;"
A-|long came the|shark with his|three rows of|teeth,
He|flops on the|fore-yard and|"takes a snug|reef."

9

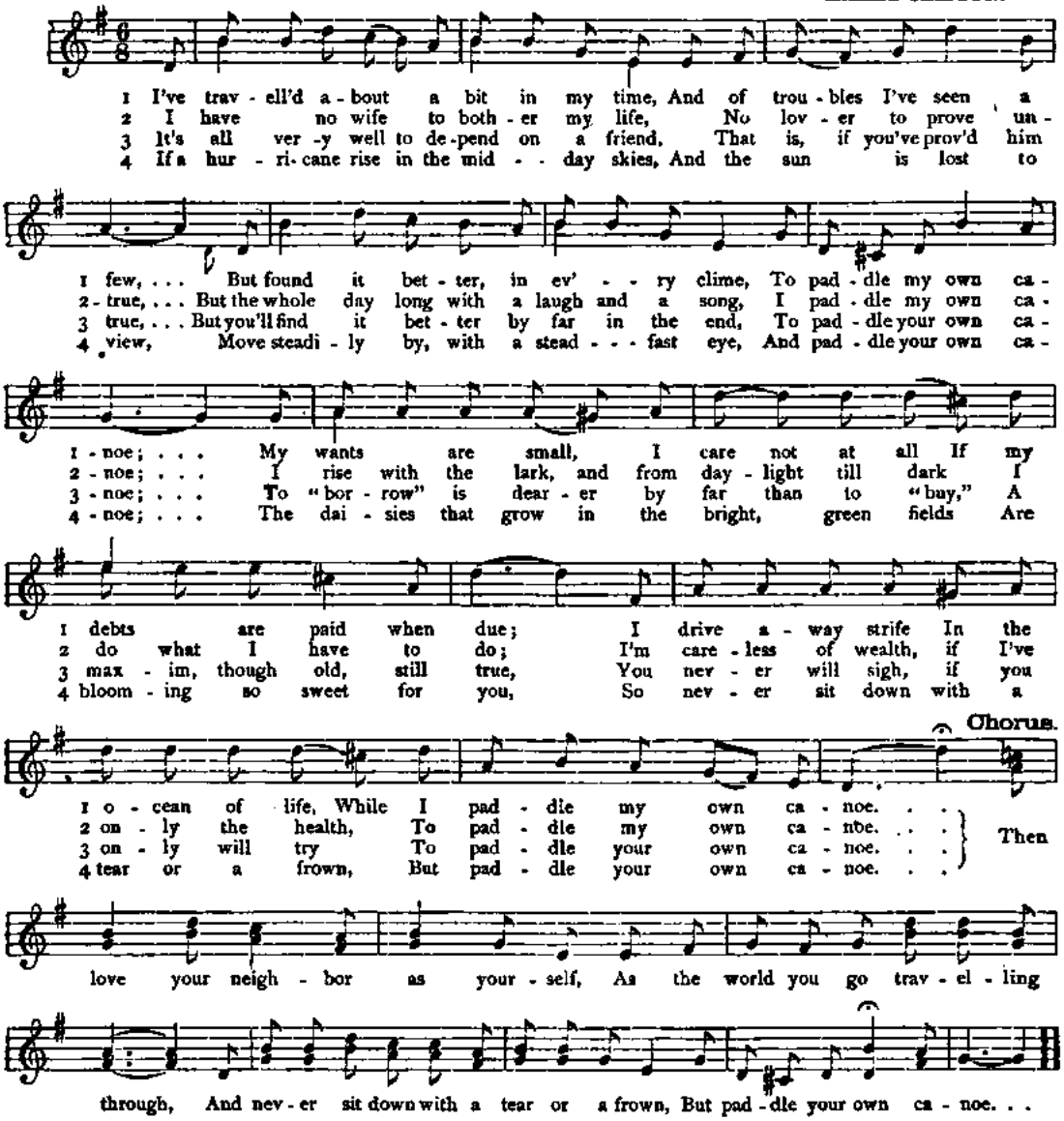
|Up jumps the|fisherman, |stalwart and|grim,
And|with his big|net he|scooped them all|in.
Then|blow ye winds|westerly, |westerly|blow,
We're|bound to the|south'ard, so|steady we|go.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

H. RUSSELL.

Lively.
mf
1 A life on the o - cean wave! . . A home on the roll - ing
2 Once more on the deck I stand . . Of my own swift, glid - ing
3 The land is no long - er in view, The clouds have be - gun to
deep! Where the scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, And the
craft Set sail, fare - well to land, The
frown, But with a stout ves - sel and crew, We'll say:
winds their rev - els keep. Like an ea - gle caged I
gale follows fair a - baft, We shoot thro' the spark - ling
let the storm come down! And the song of our hearts shall
pine On this dull, un - chang - ing shore, Oh,
foam, Like an o - - cean bird set free, Like the
be, While the winds and wa - - ters lave: A
give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem - pest's roar! A
o - - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea. A
life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing wave! A

A Life on the Ocean Wave.—Concluded.

life on the o - cean wave! A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the
scat - ter'd wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep. The
winds, the winds, the winds their rev - els keep! The
winds, the winds, the winds their rev - els keep.

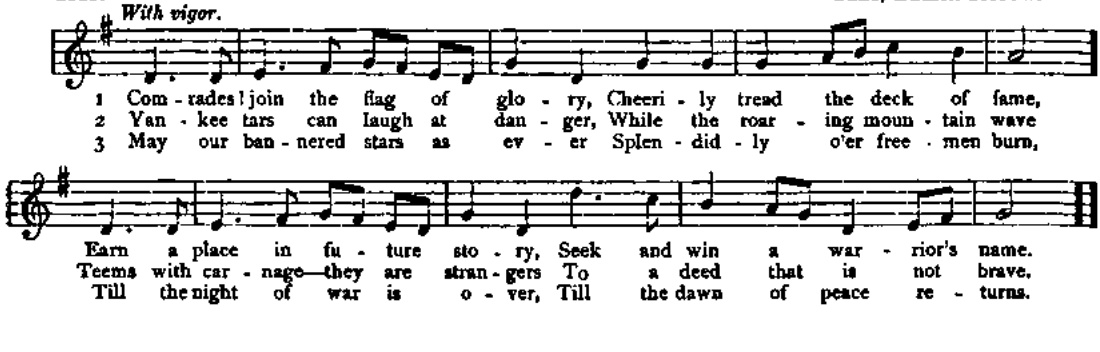
PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

HARRY CLIFTON.

1 I've trav - ell'd a - bout a bit in my time, And of trou - bles I've seen a
2 I have no wife to both - er my life, No lov - er to prove un -
3 It's all ver - y well to de - pend on a friend, That is, if you've prov'd him
4 If a hur - ri - cane rise in the mid - - day skies, And the sun is lost to
1 few, . . . But found it bet - ter, in ev' - - ry clime, To pad - dle my own ca -
2 - true, . . . But the whole day long with a laugh and a song, I pad - dle my own ca -
3 true, . . . But you'll find it bet - ter by far in the end, To pad - dle your own ca -
4 view, Move steadi - ly by, with a stead - - - fast eye, And pad - dle your own ca -
1 - noe; . . . My wants are small, I care not at all If my
2 - noe; . . . I rise with the lark, and from day - light till dark I
3 - noe; . . . To "bor - row" is dear - er by far than to "buy," A
4 - noe; . . . The dai - sies that grow in the bright, green fields Are
1 debts are paid when due; I drive a - way strife In the
2 do what I have to do; I'm care - less of wealth, if I've
3 max - im, though old, still true, You nev - er will sigh, if you
4 bloom - ing so sweet for you, So nev - er sit down with a
Chorus.
1 o - cean of life, While I pad - dle my own ca - noe. . .
2 on - ly the health, To pad - dle my own ca - noe. . .
3 on - ly will try To pad - dle your own ca - noe. . .
4 tear or a frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe. . .
Then
love your neigh - bor as your - self, As the world you go trav - el - ling
through, And nev - er sit down with a tear or a frown, But pad - dle your own ca - noe. . .

COMRADES, JOIN THE FLAG OF GLORY.

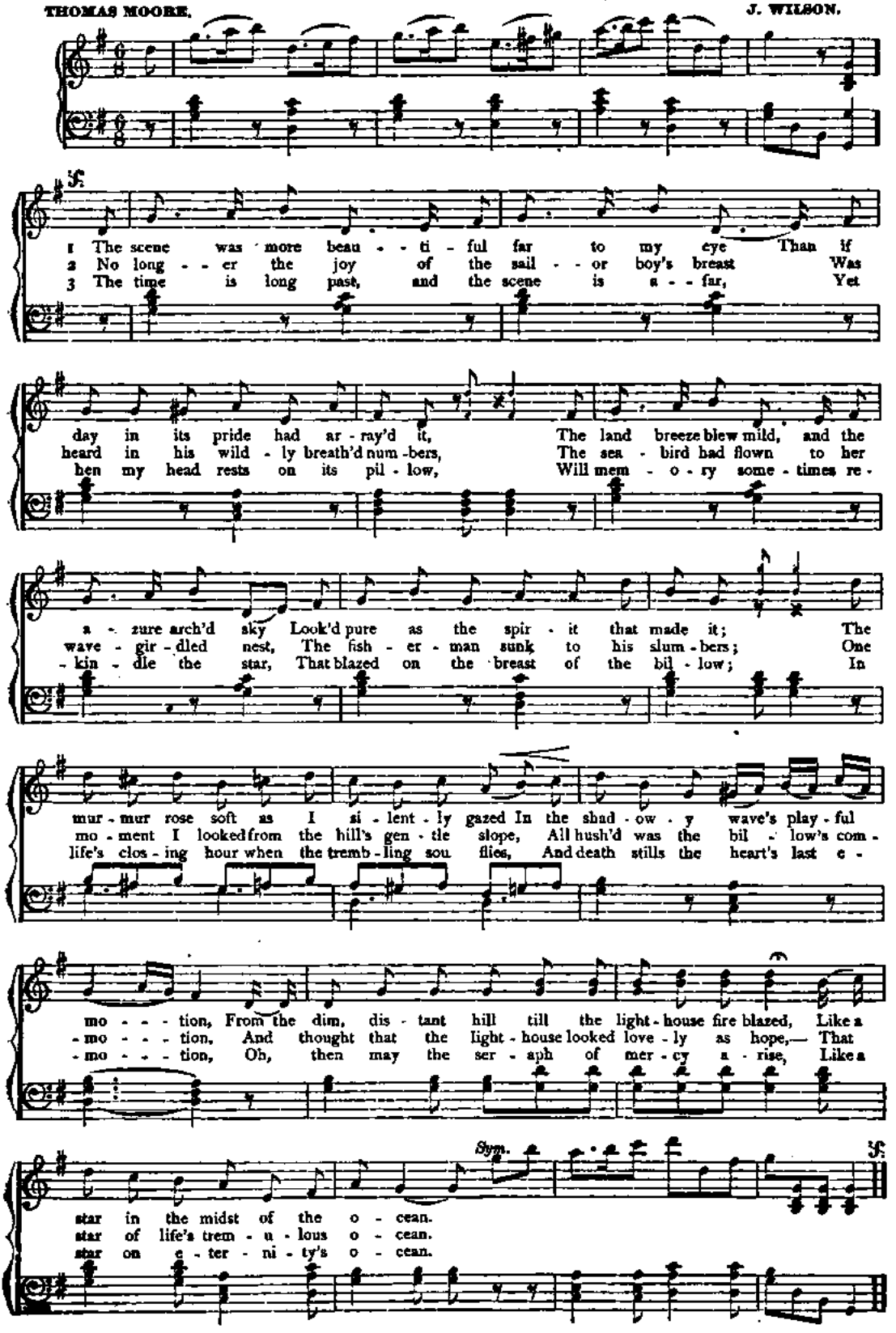
1813. Tune, Banish Sorrow.

With vigor.


1 Com - rades! join the flag of glo - ry, Cheeri - ly tread the deck of fame,
2 Yan - kee tars can laugh at dan - ger, While the roar - ing moun - tain wave
3 May our ban - nered stars as ev - er Splen - did - ly o'er free - men burn,
Earn a place in fu - ture sto - ry, Seek and win a war - rior's name.
Teems with car - nage—they are stran - gers To a deed that is not brave.
Till the night of war is o - ver, Till the dawn of peace re - turns.

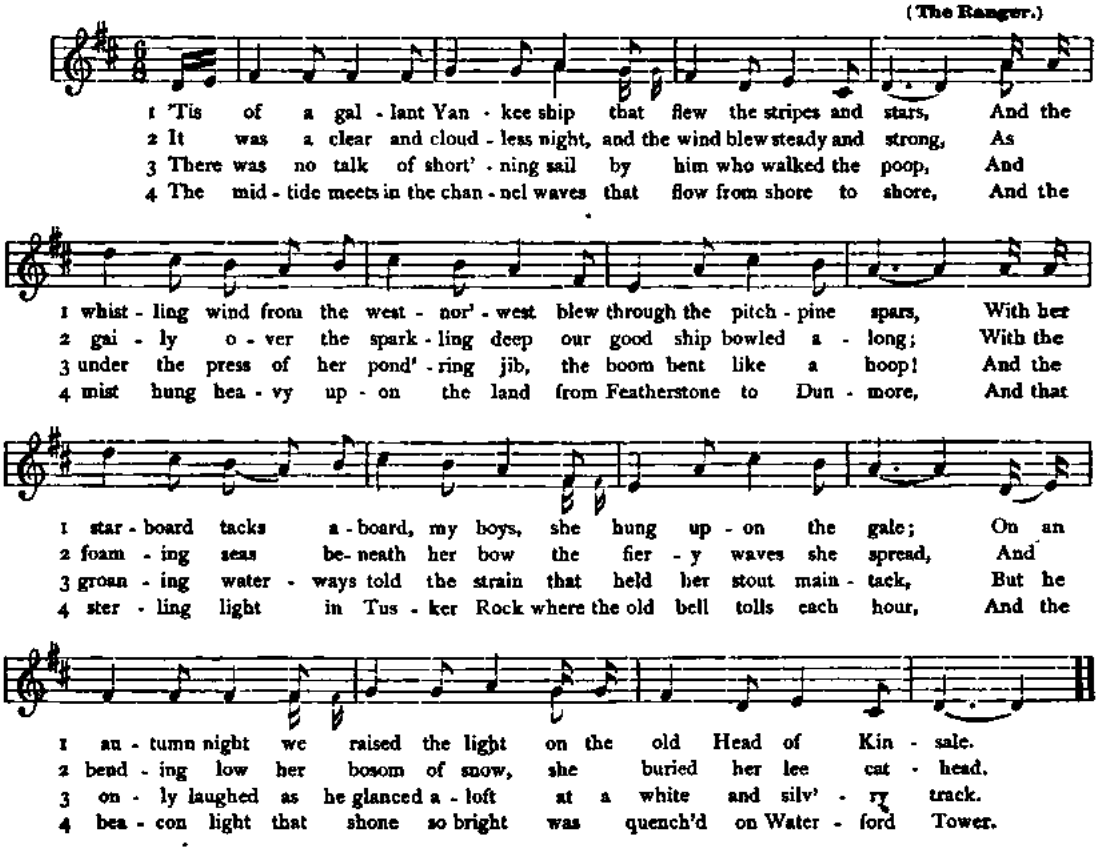
THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THOMAS MOORE. J. WILSON.


1 The scene was more beau - - ti - ful far to my eye Than if
2 No long - - er the joy of the sail - - or boy's breast Was
3 The time is long past, and the scene is a - - far, Yet
day in its pride had ar - ray'd it, The land breeze blew mild, and the
heard in his wild - ly breath'd num - bers, The sea - bird had flown to her
hen my head rests on its pil - low, Will mem - o - ry some - times re -
a - zure arch'd sky Look'd pure as the spir - it that made it; The
wave - gir - dled nest, The fish - er - man sunk to his slum - bers; One
- kin - dle the star, That blazed on the breast of the bil - low; In
mur - mur rose soft as I si - lent - ly gazed In the shad - ow - y wave's play - ful
mo - ment I looked from the hill's gen - tle slope, All hush'd was the bil - low's com -
life's clos - ing hour when the tremb - ling sou flies, And death stills the heart's last e -
mo - - - tion, From the dim, dis - tant hill till the light - house fire blazed, Like a
- mo - - - tion, And thought that the light - house looked love - ly as hope,— That
- mo - - - tion, Oh, then may the ser - aph of mer - cy a - rise, Like a
Sym.
star in the midst of the o - cean.
star of life's trem - u - lous o - cean.
star on e - ter - ni - ty's o - cean.

THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR.

Description of the daring bravery of Captain JOHN PAUL JONES, in his cruise in the Irish channel in 1778.

(The Ranger.)

1 'Tis of a gal - lant Yan - kee ship that flew the stripes and stars, And the
2 It was a clear and cloud - less night, and the wind blew steady and strong, As
3 There was no talk of short' - ning sail by him who walked the poop, And
4 The mid - tide meets in the chan - nel waves that flow from shore to shore, And the
1 whist - ling wind from the west - nor' - west blew through the pitch - pine spars, With her
2 gai - ly o - ver the spark - ling deep our good ship bowled a - long; With the
3 under the press of her pond' - ring jib, the boom bent like a hoop! And the
4 mist hung hea - vy up - on the land from Featherstone to Dun - more, And that
1 star - board tacks a - board, my boys, she hung up - on the gale; On an
2 foam - ing seas be - neath her bow the fier - y waves she spread, And
3 groan - ing water - ways told the strain that held her stout main - tack, But he
4 ster - ling light in Tus - ker Rock where the old bell tolls each hour, And the
1 au - tumn night we raised the light on the old Head of Kin - sale.
2 bend - ing low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cat - head.
3 on - ly laughed as he glanced a - loft at a white and silv' - ry track.
4 bea - con light that shone so bright was quench'd on Water - ford Tower.

5

The | nightly robes our | good ship wore were | her three topsails | set
Her | spanker and her | standing jib—the | courses being | fast;
"Now, | lay aloft! my | heroes bold, let | not a moment | pass!"
And | royals and top- | gallant sails were | quickly on each | mast.

6

What | looms upon our | starboard bow? What | hangs upon the | breeze?
'Tis | time our good ship | hauled her wind a- | breast the old Sal- | tee's,
For | by her ponderous | press of sail and | by her consorts | four
We | saw our morning | visitor was a | British man-of- | war.

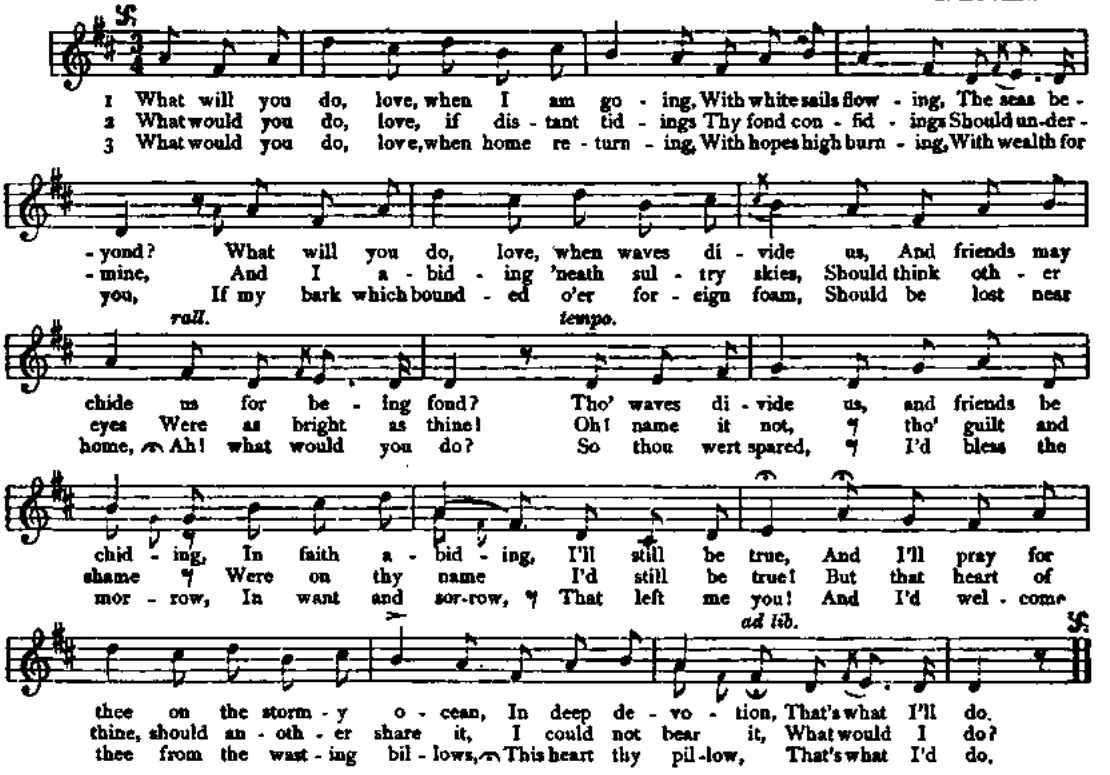
7

Up | spake our noble | Captain then, as a | shot ahead of us | past—
"Haul | snug your flowing | courses! lay your | topsail to the | mast!"
Those | Englishmen gave three | loud hurrahs from the | deck of their covered | ark,
And we | answered back by a | solid broadside from the | decks of our patriot | bark.

8

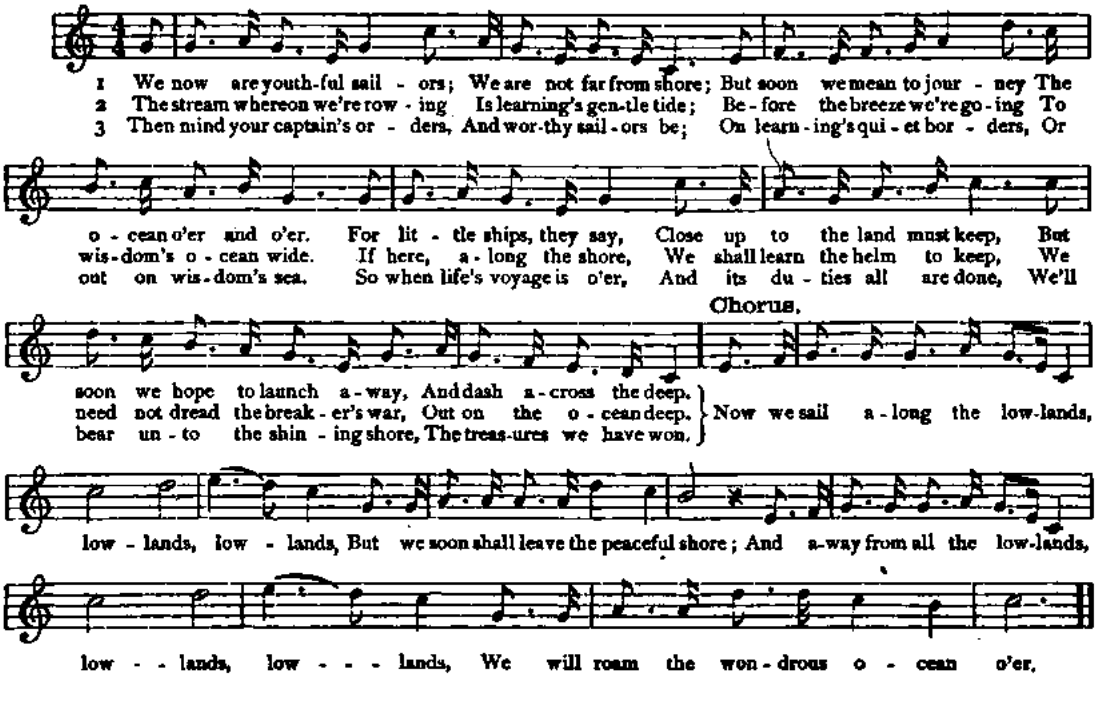
"Out | booms! out booms!" our | skipper cried, out | booms and give her | sheet,
And the | swiftest keel that | was ever launched shot a- | head of the British | fleet,
And a- | midst a thundering | shower of shot with | stun'-sails hoisting | away,
Down the | North Channel Paul | Jones did steer just | at the break of | day.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

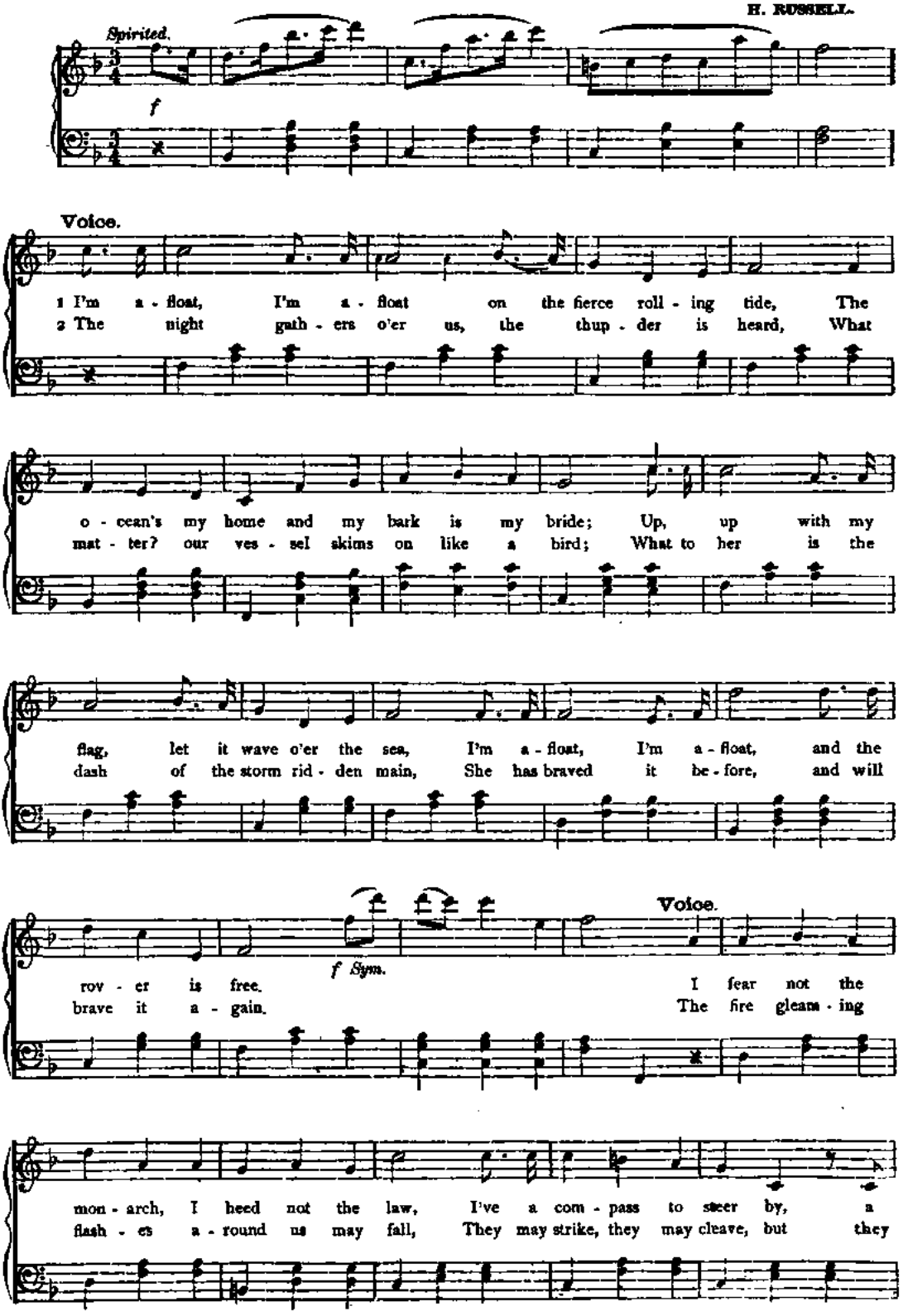
S. LOVER.

1 What will you do, love, when I am go - ing, With white sails flow - ing, The seas be -
2 What would you do, love, if dis - tant tid - ings Thy fond con - fid - ings Should un-der -
3 What would you do, love, when home re - turn - ing, With hopes high burn - ing, With wealth for
- yond? What will you do, love, when waves di - vide us, And friends may
- mine, And I a - bid - ing 'neath sul - try skies, Should think oth - er
you, If my bark which bound - ed o'er for - eign foam, Should be lost near
rall.
tempo.
chide us for be - ing fond? Tho' waves di - vide us, and friends be
eyes Were as bright as thine! Oh! name it not, tho' guilt and
home, Ah! what would you do? So thou wert spared, I'd bless the
chid - ing, In faith a - bid - ing, I'll still be true, And I'll pray for
shame Were on thy name I'd still be true! But that heart of
mor - row, In want and sor-row, That left me you! And I'd wel - come
ad lib.
thee on the storm - y o - cean, In deep de - vo - tion, That's what I'll do.
thine, should an - oth - er share it, I could not bear it, What would I do?
thee from the wast - ing bil - lows, This heart thy pil-low, That's what I'd do.

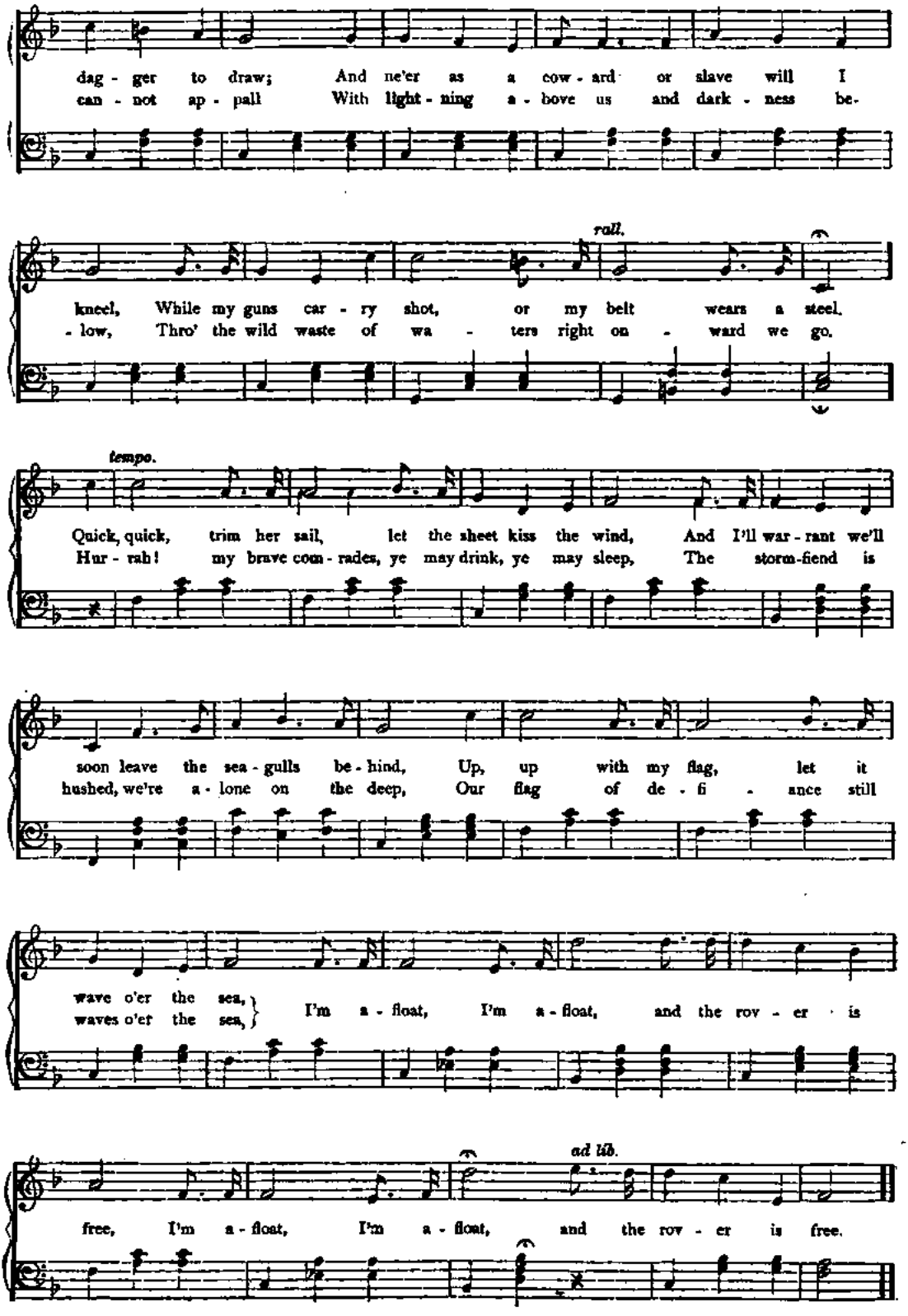
SAILING BY THE LOWLANDS.

Words by M. B. C. S.

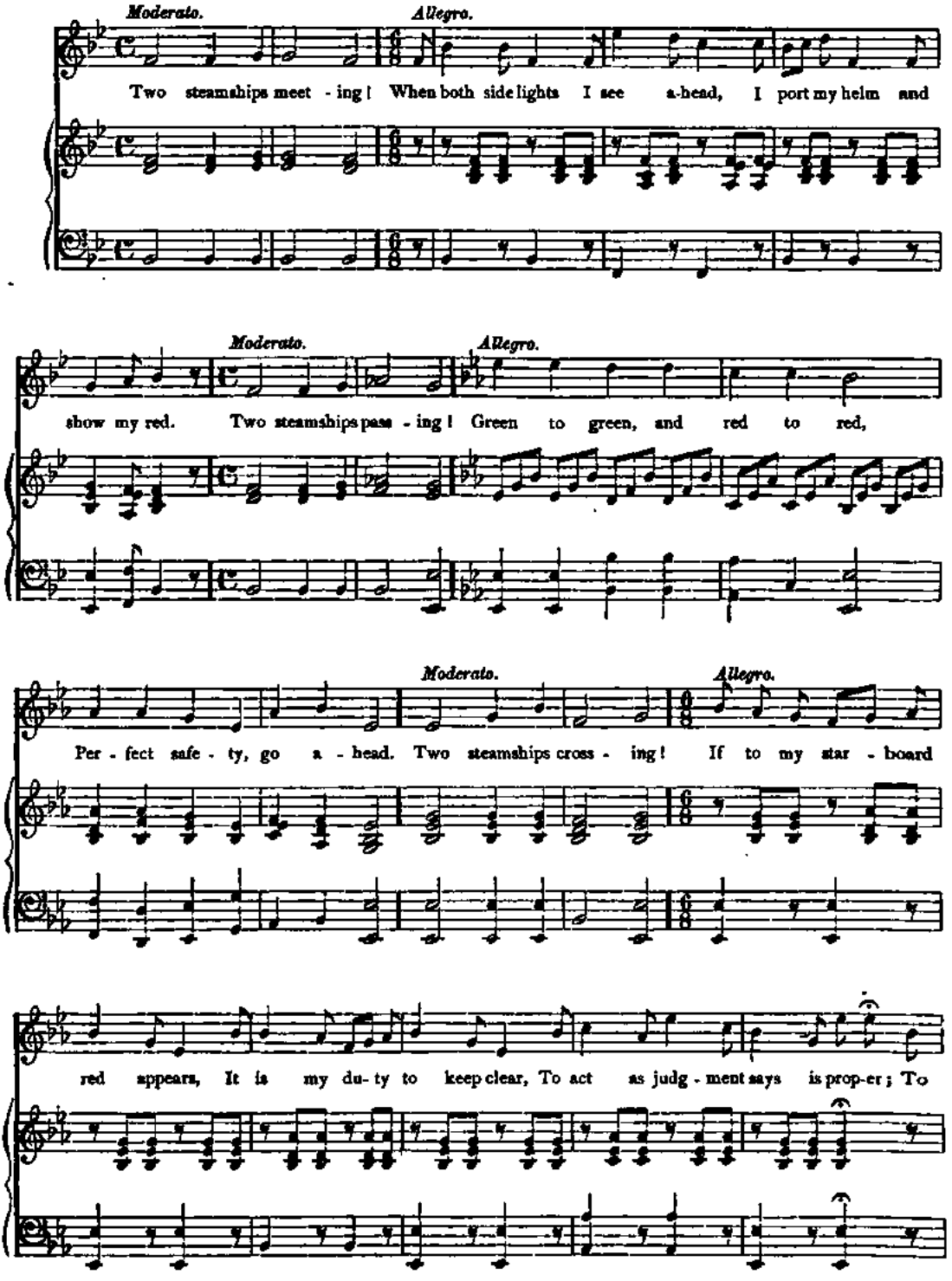

1 We now are youth-ful sail - ors; We are not far from shore; But soon we mean to jour - ney The
2 The stream whereon we're row - ing Is learning's gen-tle tide; Be - fore the breeze we're go - ing To
3 Then mind your captain's or - ders, And wor-thy sail - ors be; On learn - ing's qui - et bor - ders, Or
o - cean o'er and o'er. For lit - tle ships, they say, Close up to the land must keep, But
wis-dom's o - cean wide. If here, a - long the shore, We shall learn the helm to keep, We
out on wis-dom's sea. So when life's voyage is o'er, And its du - ties all are done, We'll
Chorus.
soon we hope to launch a - way, And dash a - cross the deep.
need not dread the break - er's war, Out on the o - cean deep.
bear un - to the shin - ing shore, The treas-ures we have won.
Now we sail a - long the low-lands,
low - lands, low - lands, But we soon shall leave the peaceful shore; And a-way from all the low-lands,
low - - lands, low - - - lands, We will roam the won - drous o - cean o'er.

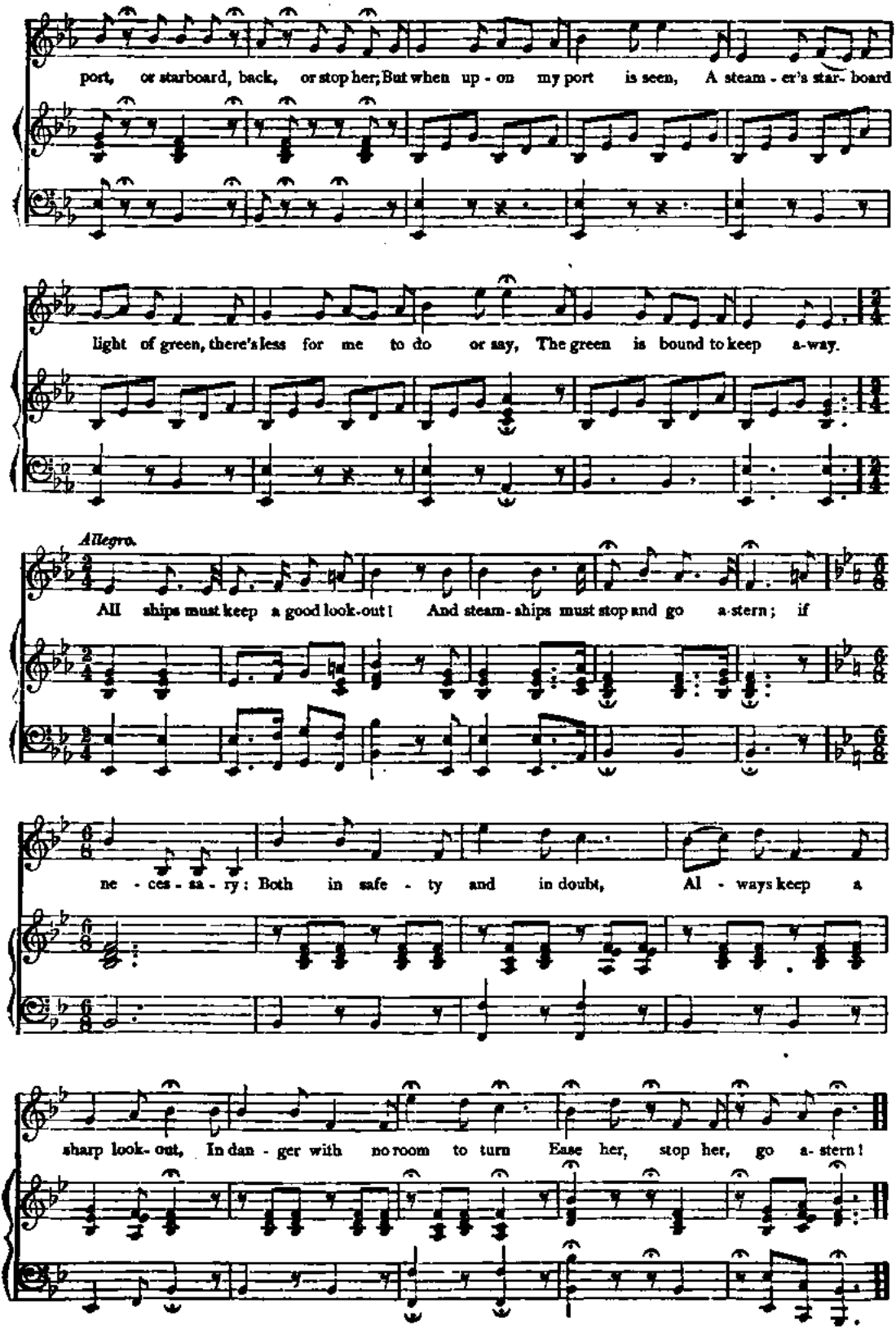
I'M AFLOAT.

H. RUSSELL.

Spirited.
f
Voice.
1 I'm a - float, I'm a - float on the fierce roll - ing tide, The
2 The night gath - ers o'er us, the thup - der is heard, What
o - cean's my home and my bark is my bride; Up, up with my
mat - ter? our ves - sel skims on like a bird; What to her is the
flag, let it wave o'er the sea, I'm a - float, I'm a - float, and the
dash of the storm rid - den main, She has braved it be - fore, and will
f Sym.
Voice.
rov - er is free. I fear not the
brave it a - gain. The fire gleam - ing
mon - arch, I heed not the law, I've a com - pass to steer by, a
flash - es a - round us may fall, They may strike, they may cleave, but they

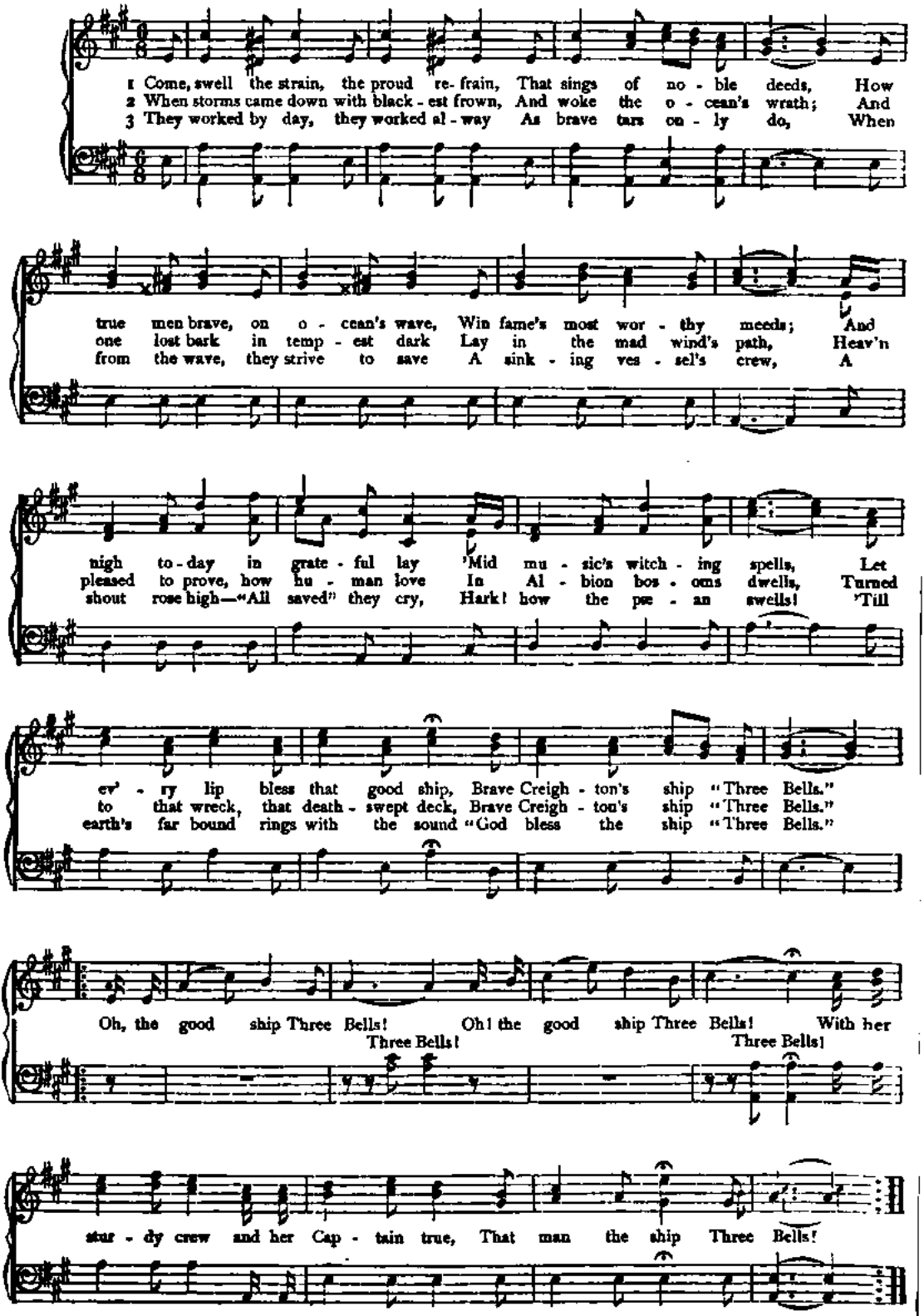
I'm Afloat.—Concluded.

dag - ger to draw; And ne'er as a cow - ard or slave will I
can - not ap - pall With light - ning a - bove us and dark - ness be-
rall.
kneel, While my guns car - ry shot, or my belt wears a steel.
- low, Thro' the wild waste of wa - ters right on - ward we go.
tempo.
Quick, quick, trim her sail, let the sheet kiss the wind, And I'll war - rant we'll
Hur - rah! my brave com - rades, ye may drink, ye may sleep, The storm-fiend is
soon leave the sea - gulls be - hind, Up, up with my flag, let it
hushed, we're a - lone on the deep, Our flag of de - fi - ance still
wave o'er the sea,
waves o'er the sea,
I'm a - float, I'm a - float, and the rov - er is
ad lib.
free, I'm a - float, I'm a - float, and the rov - er is free.

RULES OF THE ROAD, AT SEA.

Two close hauled ships upon the sea,
To one safe rule do both agree,
The starboard tack must keep his luff,
The port bear off.

Moderato.
Allegro.
Two steamships meet - ing! When both side lights I see a-head, I port my helm and
Moderato.
Allegro.
show my red. Two steamships pass - ing! Green to green, and red to red,
Moderato.
Allegro.
Per - fect safe - ty, go a - head. Two steamships cross - ing! If to my star - board
red appears, It is my du- ty to keep clear, To act as judg - ment says is prop-er; To

Rules of the Road, at Sea.—Concluded.

port, or starboard, back, or stop her; But when up - on my port is seen, A steam - er's star- board
light of green, there's less for me to do or say, The green is bound to keep a-way.
Allegro.
All ships must keep a good look-out! And steam-ships must stop and go a-stern; if
ne - ces - sa - ry: Both in safe - ty and in doubt, Al - ways keep a
sharp look- out, In dan - ger with no room to turn Ease her, stop her, go a- stern!

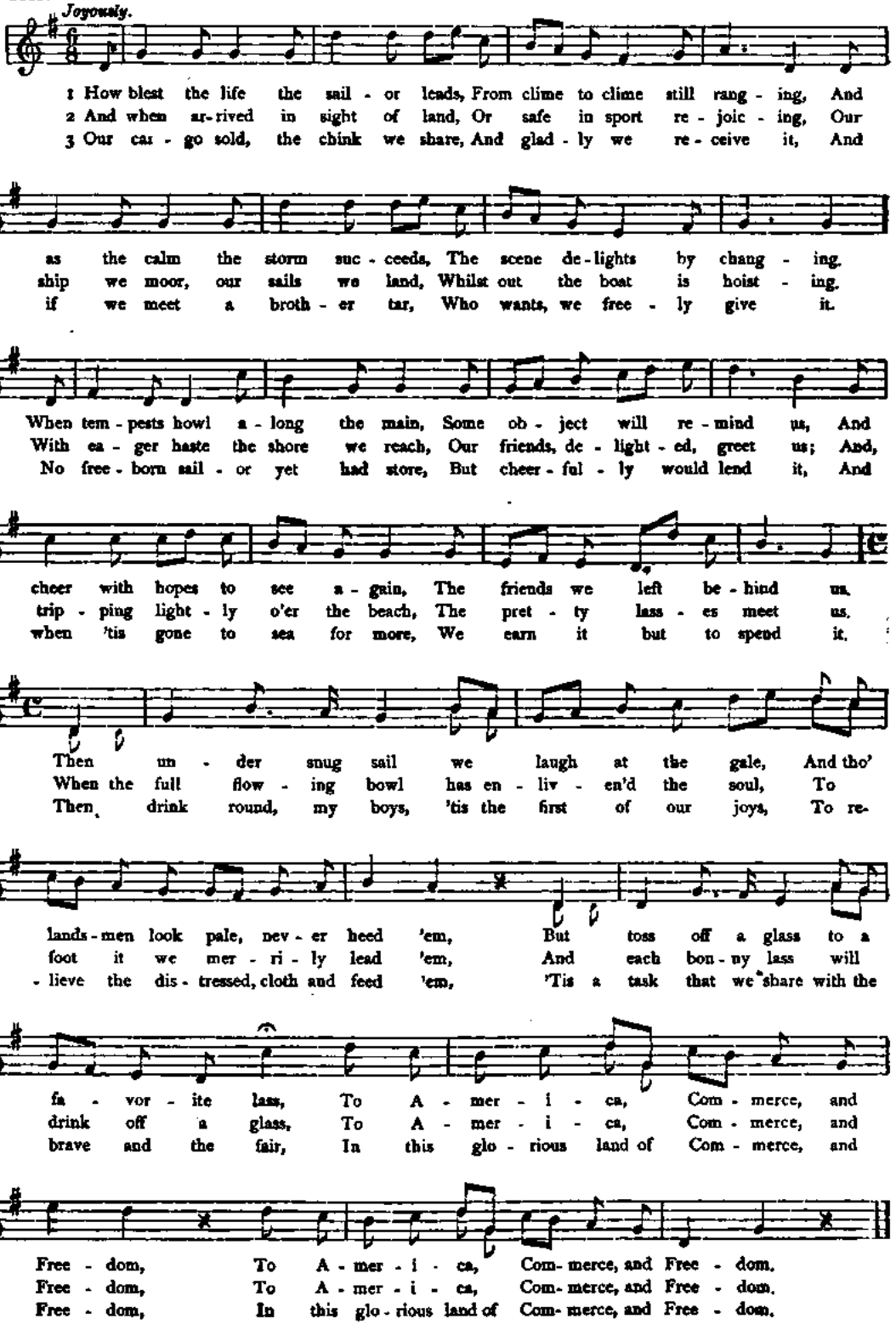
THREE BELLS.

Arranged by D. P. HORTON. C. JARVIS.

1 Come, swell the strain, the proud re-frain, That sings of no-ble deeds, How
2 When storms came down with black-est frown, And woke the o-cean's wrath; And
3 They worked by day, they worked al-way As brave tars on-ly do, When
true men brave, on o-cean's wave, Win fame's most wor-thy meeds; And
one lost bark in temp-est dark Lay in the mad wind's path, Heav'n
from the wave, they strive to save A sink-ing ves-sel's crew, A
nigh to-day in grate-ful lay 'Mid mu-sic's witch-ing spells, Let
pleased to prove, how hu-man love In Al-bion bos-oms dwells, Turned
shout rose high—"All saved" they cry, Hark! how the pe-an swells! 'Till
ev'-ry lip bless that good ship, Brave Creigh-ton's ship "Three Bells."
to that wreck, that death-swept deck, Brave Creigh-ton's ship "Three Bells."
earth's far bound rings with the sound "God bless the ship "Three Bells."
Oh, the good ship Three Bells! Oh! the good ship Three Bells! With her
Three Bells! Three Bells!
stur-dy crew and her Cap-tain true, That man the ship Three Bells!

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

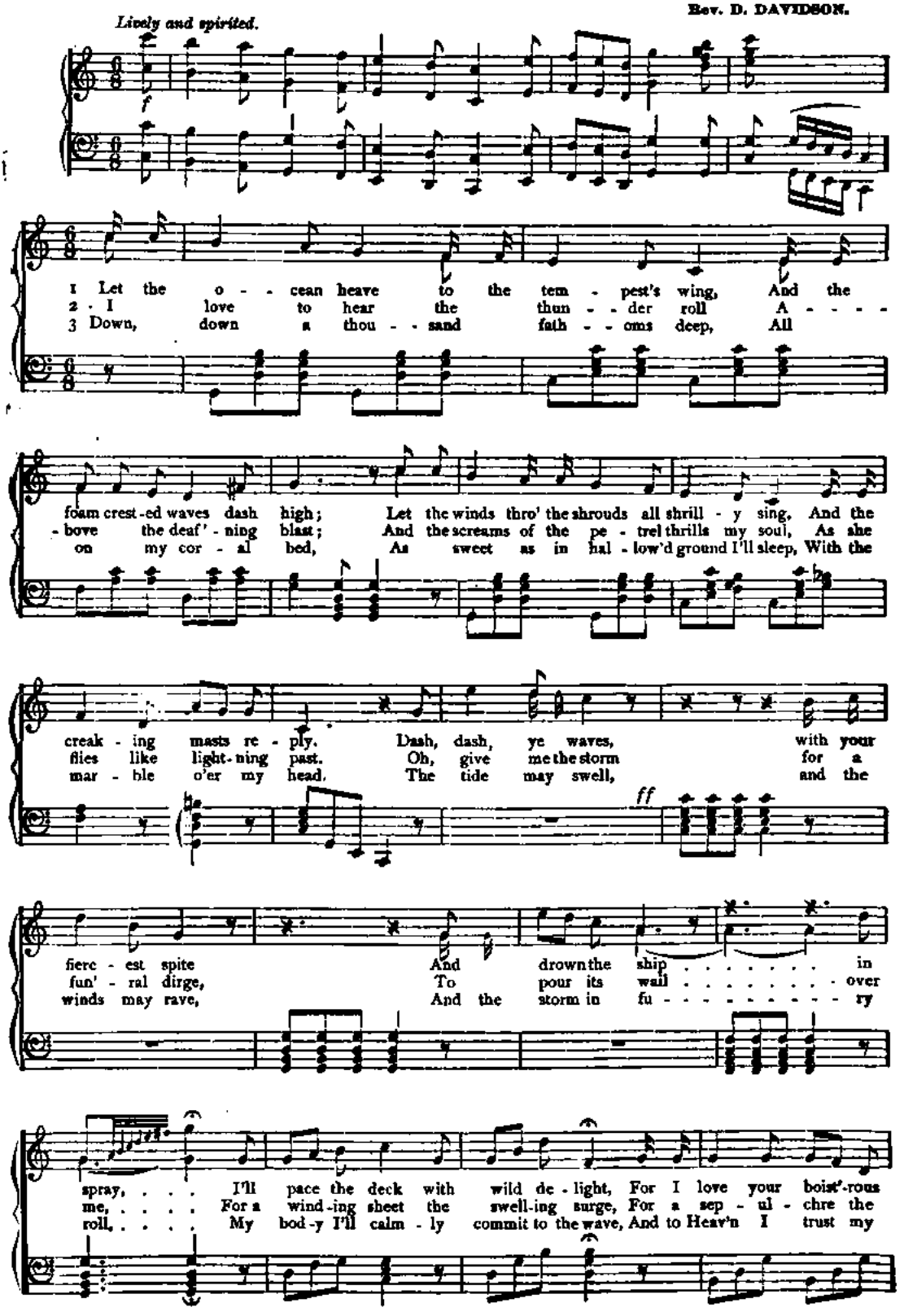
From the "BOSTON MUSICAL MISCELLANY."

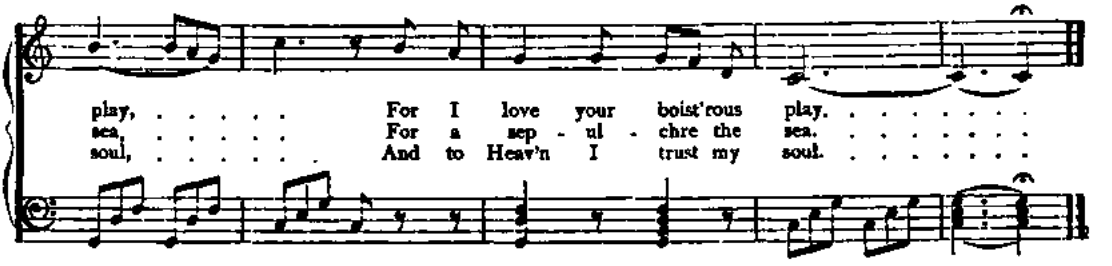
1815.

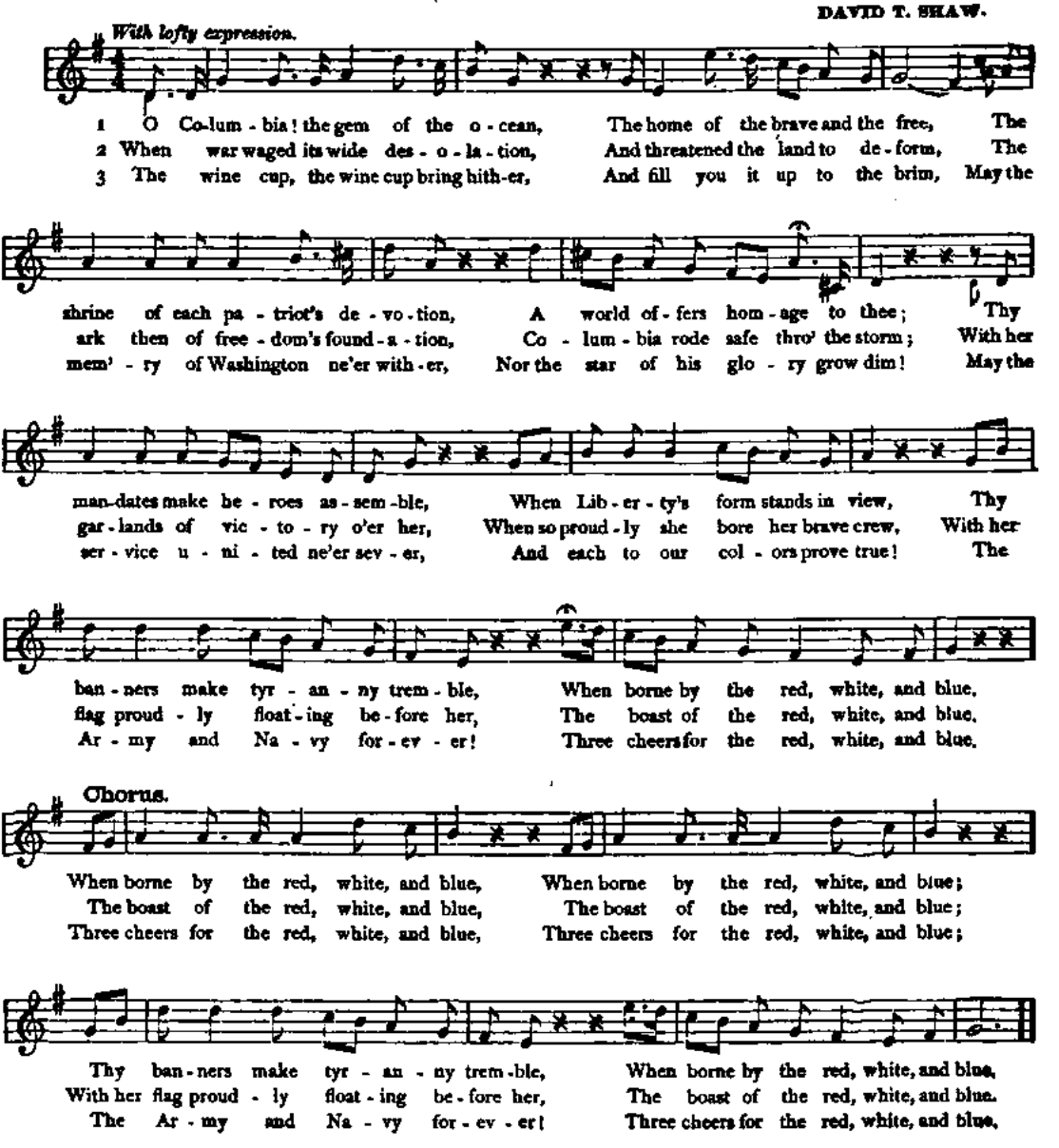
Joyously.

1 How blest the life the sail - or leads, From clime to clime still rang - ing, And
as the calm the storm suc - ceeds, The scene de - lights by chang - ing.
When tem - pests howl a - long the main, Some ob - ject will re - mind us, And
cheer with hopes to see a - gain, The friends we left be - hind us.
Then un - der snug sail we laugh at the gale, And tho'
lands - men look pale, nev - er heed 'em, But toss off a glass to a
fa - vor - ite lass, To A - mer - i - ca, Com - merce, and
Free - dom, To A - mer - i - ca, Com - merce, and Free - dom.
2 And when ar - rived in sight of land, Or safe in sport re - joic - ing, Our
ship we moor, our sails we land, Whilst out the boat is hoist - ing.
With ea - ger haste the shore we reach, Our friends, de - light - ed, greet us; And,
trip - ping light - ly o'er the beach, The pret - ty lass - es meet us.
When the full flow - ing bowl has en - liv - en'd the soul, To
foot it we mer - ri - ly lead 'em, And each bon - ny lass will
drink round, my boys, 'tis the first of our joys, To re -
drink off a glass, To A - mer - i - ca, Com - merce, and
Free - dom, To A - mer - i - ca, Com - merce, and Free - dom.
3 Our car - go sold, the chink we share, And glad - ly we re - ceive it, And
if we meet a broth - er tar, Who wants, we free - ly give it.
No free - born sail - or yet had store, But cheer - ful - ly would lend it, And
when 'tis gone to sea for more, We earn it but to spend it.
Then, when the full flow - ing bowl has en - liv - en'd the soul, To
lieve the dis - tressed, cloth and feed 'em, 'Tis a task that we share with the
brave and the fair, In this glo - rious land of Com - merce, and
Free - dom, In this glo - rious land of Com - merce, and Free - dom.

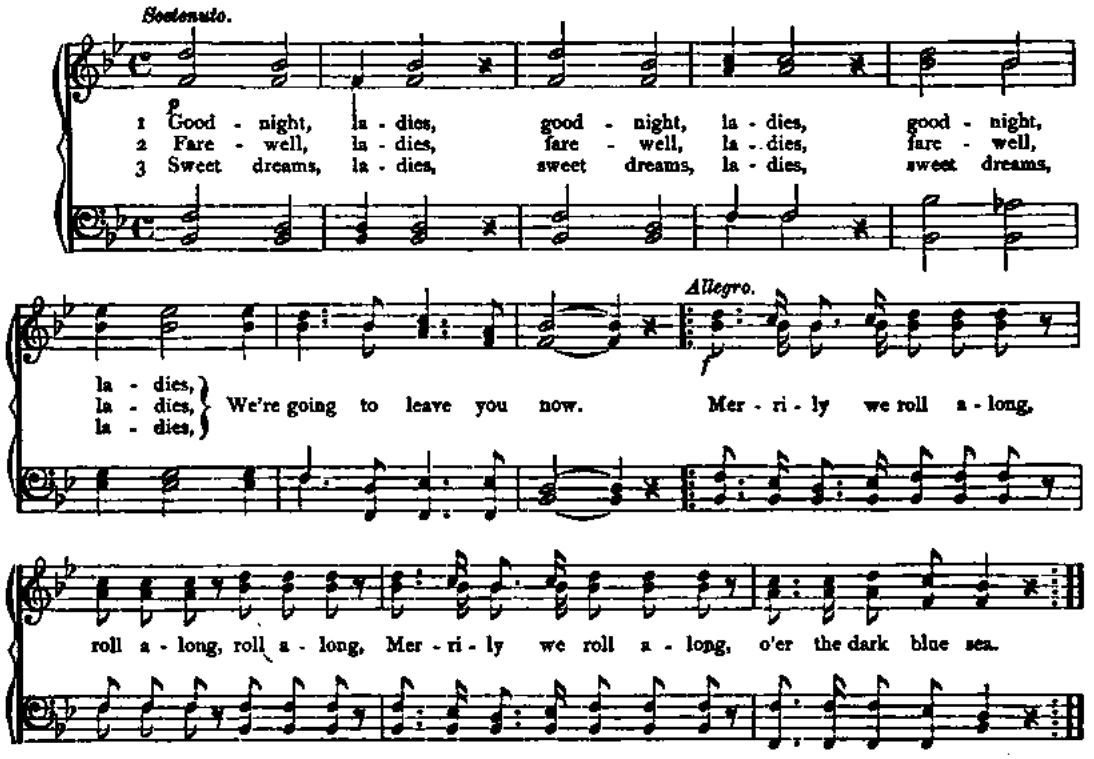
THE OCEAN HEAVES TO THE TEMPEST'S WING.

Rev. D. DAVIDSON.

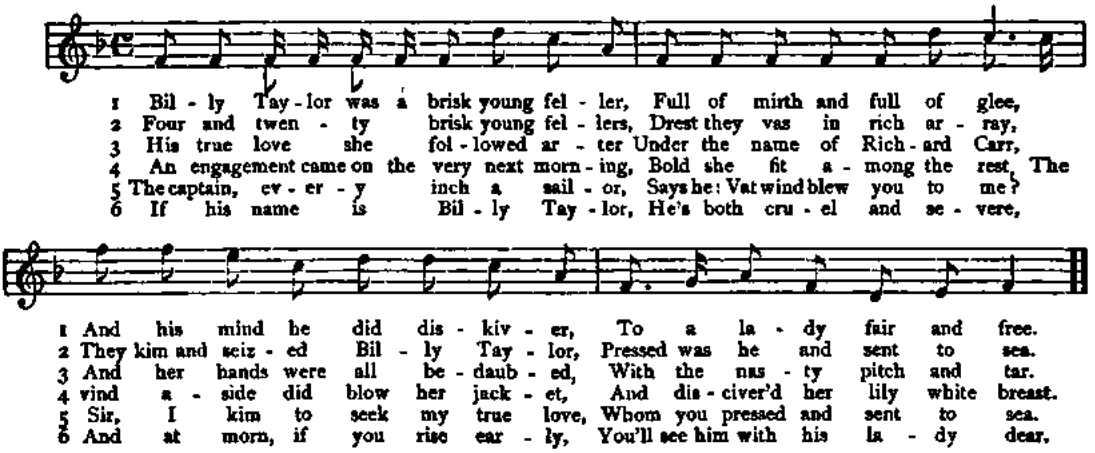

Lively and spirited.
f
1 Let the o - - cean heave to the tem - pest's wing, And the
2 I love to hear the thun - - der roll A - - - -
3 Down, down a thou - - sand fath - - oms deep, All
foam crest-ed waves dash high; Let the winds thro' the shrouds all shrill - y sing, And the
-bove the deaf'-ning blast; And the screams of the pe - trel thrills my soul, As she
on my cor - al bed, As sweet as in hal - low'd ground I'll sleep, With the
creak - ing masts re - ply. Dash, dash, ye waves, with your
flies like light-ning past. Oh, give me the storm for a
mar - ble o'er my head. The tide may swell, and the
ff
fierc - est spite And drown the ship in
fun' - ral dirge, To pour its wail over
winds may rave, And the storm in fu - - - - - ry
spray, I'll pace the deck with wild de - light, For I love your boist'-rous
me, For a wind-ing sheet the swell-ing surge, For a sep - ul - chre the
roll, My bod-y I'll calm - ly commit to the wave, And to Heav'n I trust my

The Ocean Heaves to the Tempest's Wing.—Concluded.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

DAVID T. SHAW.

With lofty expression.
1 O Co-lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free, The
2 When war waged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form, The
3 The wine cup, the wine cup bring hith-er, And fill you it up to the brim, May the
shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy
ark then of free - dom's found - a - tion, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her
mem' - ry of Washington ne'er with - er, Nor the star of his glo - ry grow dim! May the
man-dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy
gar - lands of vic - to - ry o'er her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, And each to our col - ors prove true! The
ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.
Chorus.
When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue;
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue;
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;
Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

Sostenuto.
1 Good - night, la - dies, good - night, la - dies, good - night,
2 Fare - well, la - dies, fare - well, la - dies, fare - well,
3 Sweet dreams, la - dies, sweet dreams, la - dies, sweet dreams,
Allegro.
la - dies, la - dies, la - dies, We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,
roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, o'er the dark blue sea.

THE BALLAD OF BILLY TAYLOR.


1 Bil - ly Tay - lor was a brisk young fel - ler, Full of mirth and full of glee,
2 Four and twen - ty brisk young fel - lers, Drest they vas in rich ar - ray,
3 His true love she fol - lowed ar - ter Under the name of Rich - ard Carr,
4 An engagement came on the very next morn - ing, Bold she fit a - mong the rest, The
5 The captain, ev - er - y inch a sail - or, Says he: Vat wind blew you to me?
6 If his name is Bil - ly Tay - lor, He's both cru - el and se - vere,
1 And his mind he did dis - kiv - er, To a la - dy fair and free.
2 They kim and seiz - ed Bil - ly Tay - lor, Pressed was he and sent to sea.
3 And her hands were all be - daub - ed, With the nas - ty pitch and tar.
4 vind a - side did blow her jack - et, And dis - civer'd her lily white breast.
5 Sir, I kim to seek my true love, Whom you pressed and sent to sea.
6 And at morn, if you rise ear - ly, You'll see him with his la - dy dear.

7 She rose up early in the morning
Long before 'twas break of day,
And she found false Billy Taylor
Valking with his lady gay.

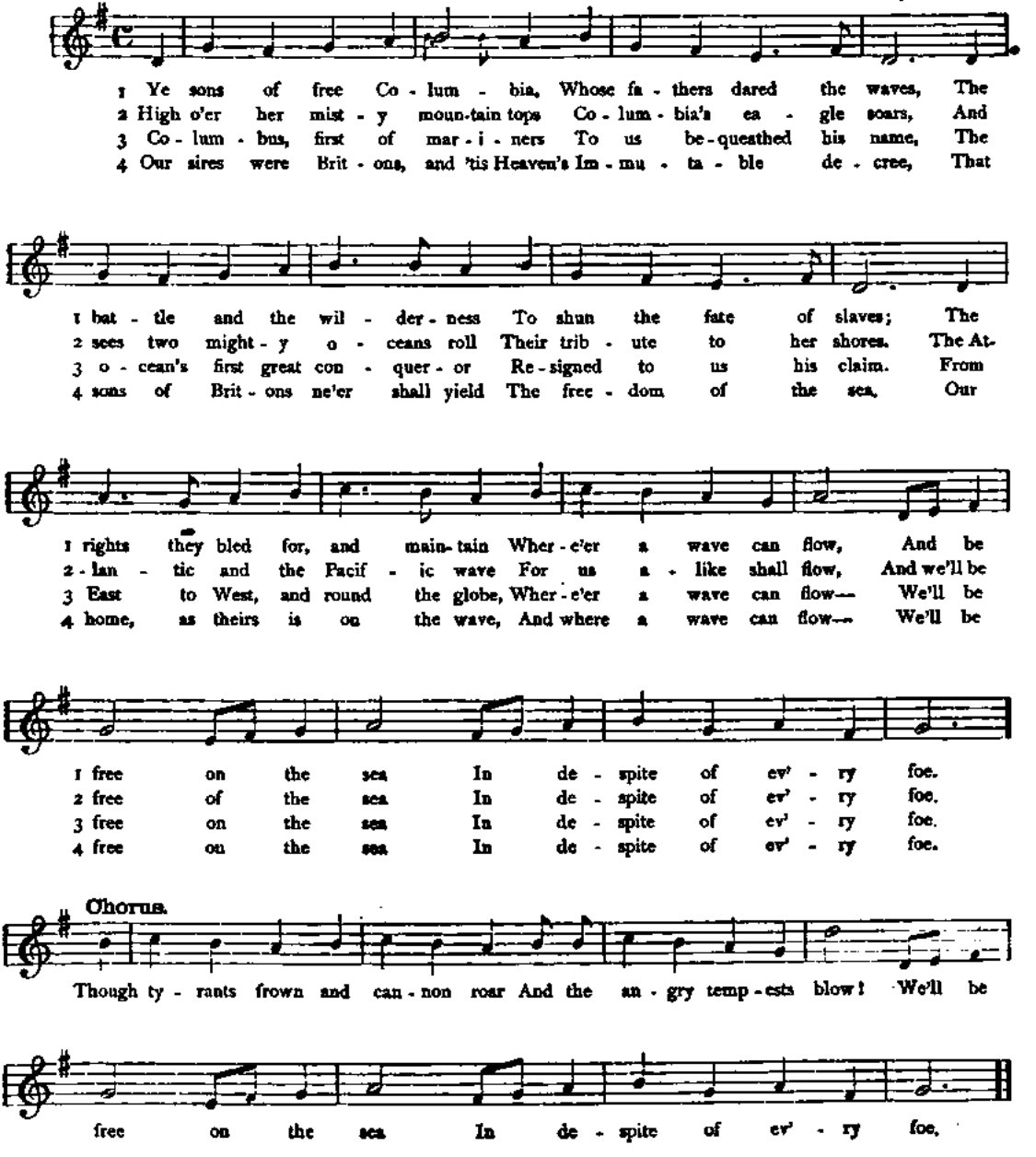
8 Straight she called for swords and pistols
Brought they vas at her command,
Kill she would her Billy Taylor
Vith his lady in his hand.

9 When the captain kim to know it
He much praised what she had done,
And he made her first Lieutenant
Of the valiant Thunderbomb.

10 Now she did'nt like the situation
But preferred another rate,
Following her inclination,
She became the captain's mate.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

1812. Tune, "Ye Gentlemen of England."


1 Ye sons of free Co - lum - bia, Whose fa - thers dared the waves, The
2 High o'er her mist - y moun-tain tops Co - lum - bia's ea - gle soars, And
3 Co - lum - bus, first of mar - i - ners To us be-queathed his name, The
4 Our sires were Brit - ons, and 'tis Heaven's Im - mu - ta - ble de - cree, That
1 bat - tle and the wil - der - ness To shun the fate of slaves; The
2 seas two might - y o - ceans roll Their trib - ute to her shores. The At-
3 o - cean's first great con - quer - or Re - signed to us his claim. From
4 sons of Brit - ons ne'er shall yield The free - dom of the sea, Our
1 rights they bled for, and main-tain Wher - e'er a wave can flow, And be
2 - lan - tic and the Pacif - ic wave For us a - like shall flow, And we'll be
3 East to West, and round the globe, Wher - e'er a wave can flow— We'll be
4 home, as theirs is on the wave, And where a wave can flow— We'll be
1 free on the sea In de - spite of ev' - ry foe.
2 free of the sea In de - spite of ev' - ry foe.
3 free on the sea In de - spite of ev' - ry foe.
4 free on the sea In de - spite of ev' - ry foe.
Chorus.
Though ty - rants frown and can - non roar And the an - gry temp - ests blow! We'll be
free on the sea In de - spite of ev' - ry foe.

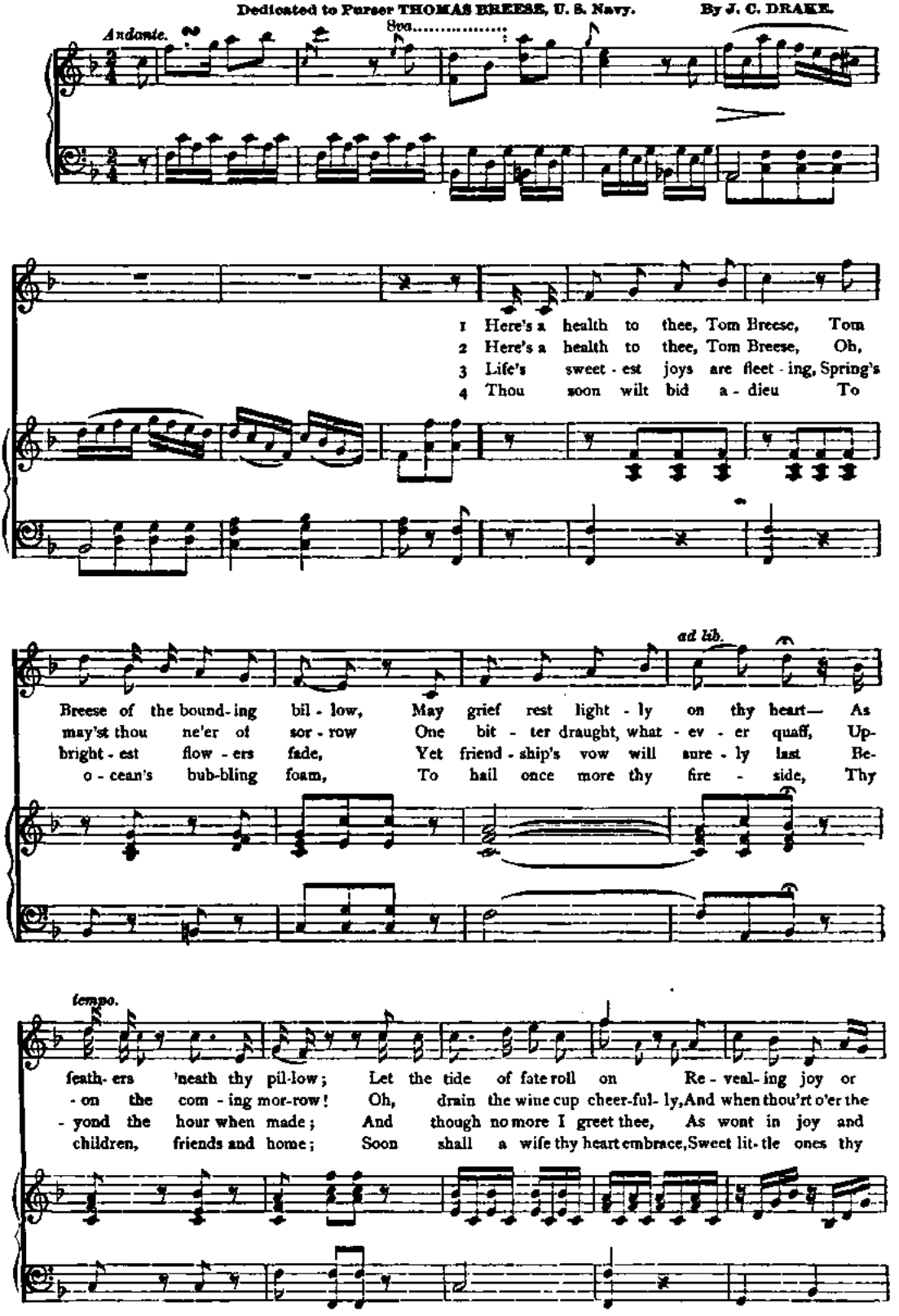
5

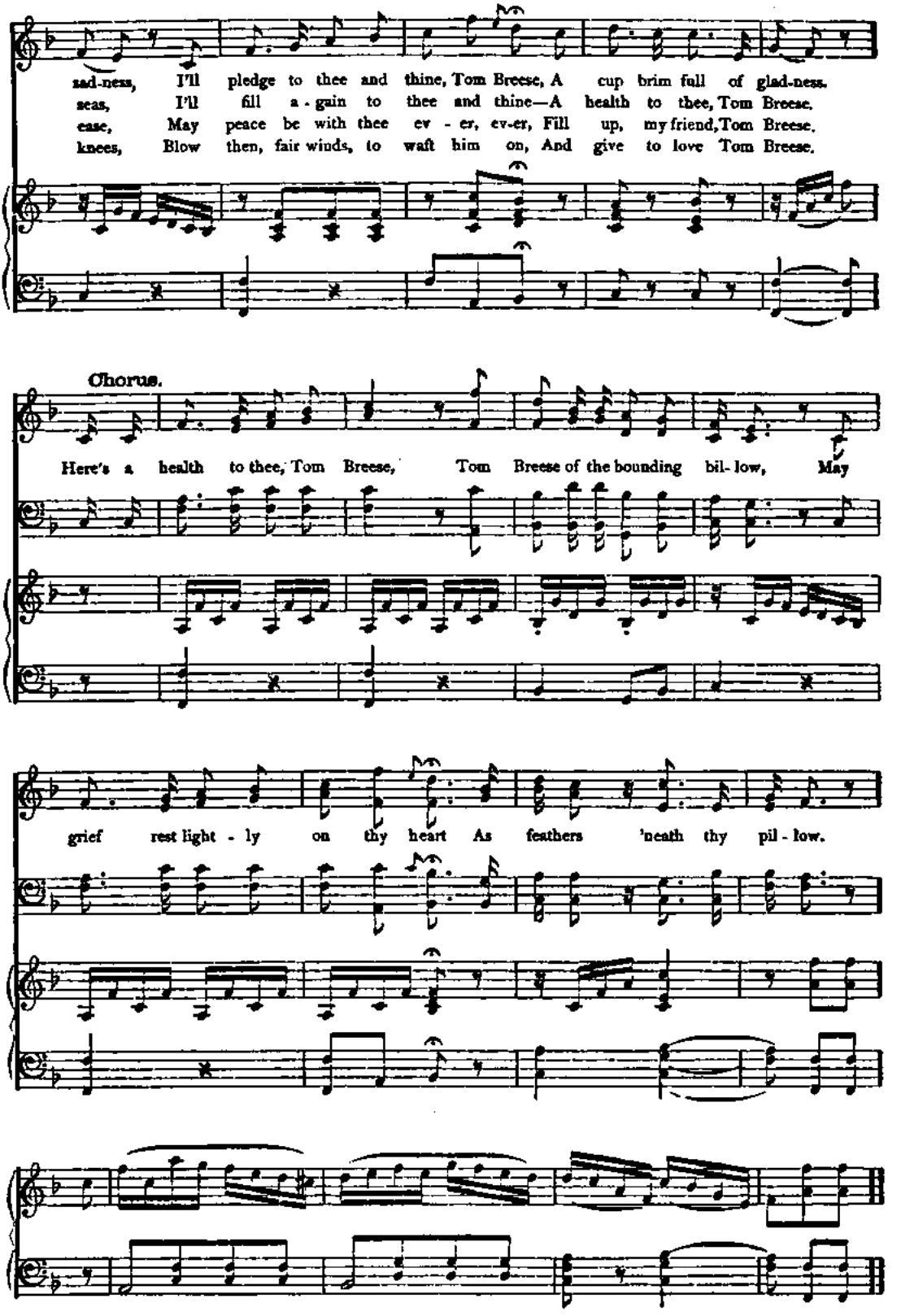
Spread | wide your arms, ye | sturdy oaks
Ye | lofty pines, as- | cend!
Hark! | —from your hills our | Navy calls
Your | towering tops to | bend!
Now | spread the canvass | to the gale
And | where a wave can | flow,
We'll be | free on the | sea
In de- | spite of every | foe.
Though tyrants frown, etc.

6

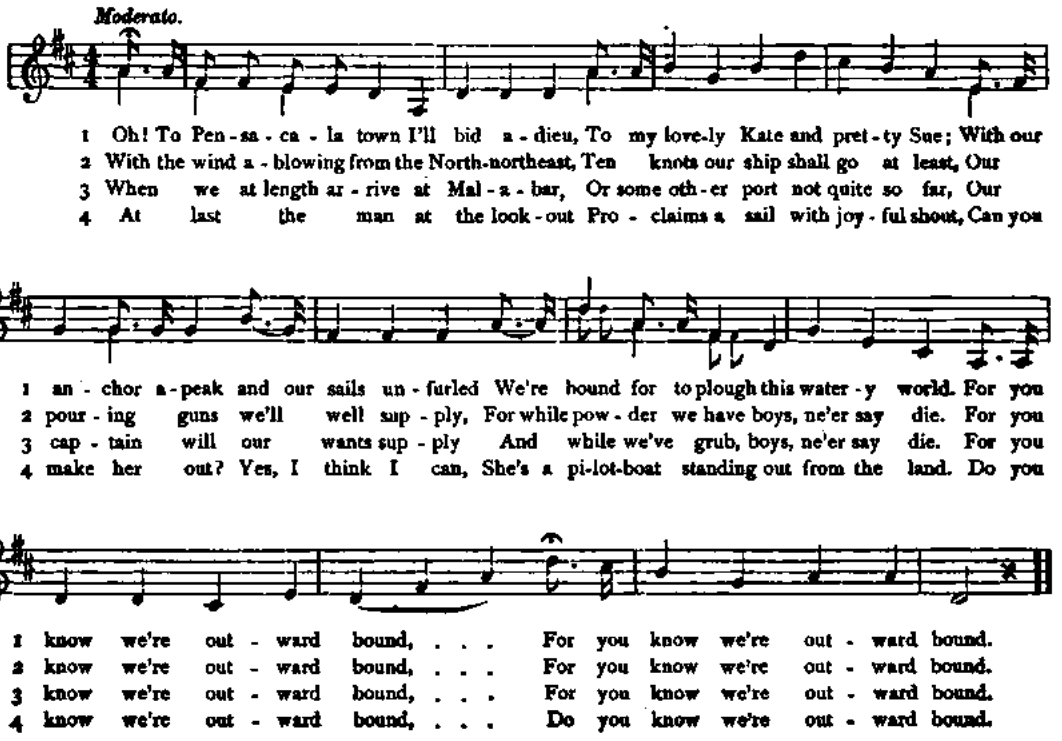
Co- | lumbia's eagle | flag shall fly
All | fearless o'er the | flood,
To | every friendly | name, a dove—
To | foes— a bird of | blood.
We'll | bear the blessings | of our land
Wher- | e'er a wave can | flow,
And be | free of the | sea
In de- | spite of every | foe.
Though tyrants frown, etc.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, TOM BREESE.

Dedicated to Purser THOMAS BREESE, U. S. Navy. By J. C. DRAKE.

Andante.
8va
1 Here's a health to thee, Tom Breese, Tom
2 Here's a health to thee, Tom Breese, Oh,
3 Life's sweet - est joys are fleet - ing, Spring's
4 Thou soon wilt bid a - dieu To
ad lib.
Breese of the bound-ing bil - low, May grief rest light - ly on thy heart— As
may'st thou ne'er of sor - row One bit - ter draught, what - ev - er quaff, Up-
bright - est flow - ers fade, Yet friend - ship's vow will sure - ly last Be-
o - cean's bub-bling foam, To hail once more thy fire - side, Thy
tempo.
feath- ers 'neath thy pil-low; Let the tide of fate roll on Re - veal- ing joy or
- on the com - ing mor-row! Oh, drain the wine cup cheer-ful- ly, And when thou'rt o'er the
- yond the hour when made; And though no more I greet thee, As wont in joy and
children, friends and home; Soon shall a wife thy heart embrace, Sweet lit- tle ones thy

Here's a health to thee, Tom Breese.—Concluded.

sad-ness, I'll pledge to thee and thine, Tom Breese, A cup brim full of glad-ness.
seas, I'll fill a-gain to thee and thine—A health to thee, Tom Breese.
ease, May peace be with thee ev - er, ev-er, Fill up, my friend, Tom Breese.
knees, Blow then, fair winds, to waft him on, And give to love Tom Breese.
Chorus.
Here's a health to thee, Tom Breese, Tom Breese of the bounding bil-low, May
grief rest light - ly on thy heart As feathers 'neath thy pil - low.

HOMEWARD BOUND.


Moderato.
1 Oh! To Pen-sa-ca-la town I'll bid a-dieu, To my love-ly Kate and pret-ty Sue; With our
2 With the wind a-blowing from the North-northeast, Ten knots our ship shall go at least, Our
3 When we at length ar-rive at Mal-a-bar, Or some oth-er port not quite so far, Our
4 At last the man at the look-out Pro-claims a sail with joy-ful shout, Can you
1 an-chor a-peak and our sails un-furled We're bound for to plough this water-y world. For you
2 pour-ing guns we'll well sup-ply, For while pow-der we have boys, ne'er say die. For you
3 cap-tain will our wants sup-ply And while we've grub, boys, ne'er say die. For you
4 make her out? Yes, I think I can, She's a pi-lot-boat standing out from the land. Do you
1 know we're out-ward bound, . . . For you know we're out-ward bound.
2 know we're out-ward bound, . . . For you know we're out-ward bound.
3 know we're out-ward bound, . . . For you know we're out-ward bound.
4 know we're out-ward bound, . . . Do you know we're out-ward bound.

5

When | we arrive at the | Navy-yard docks,
The | bum-boats come along | side in flocks
And | these are the words that | they do say,
"You're | welcome, Jack, with your | three years' pay,"
For you | know we're homeward | bound, etc.

6

Then a- | way to the sign of the | "Dog and Bell,"
'Tis | there good cheer they | always sell;
In comes | Mother Langly with her | usual smile,
Saying | "Go it, my boys, it's | worth your while!"
For you | know we're homeward | bound, etc.

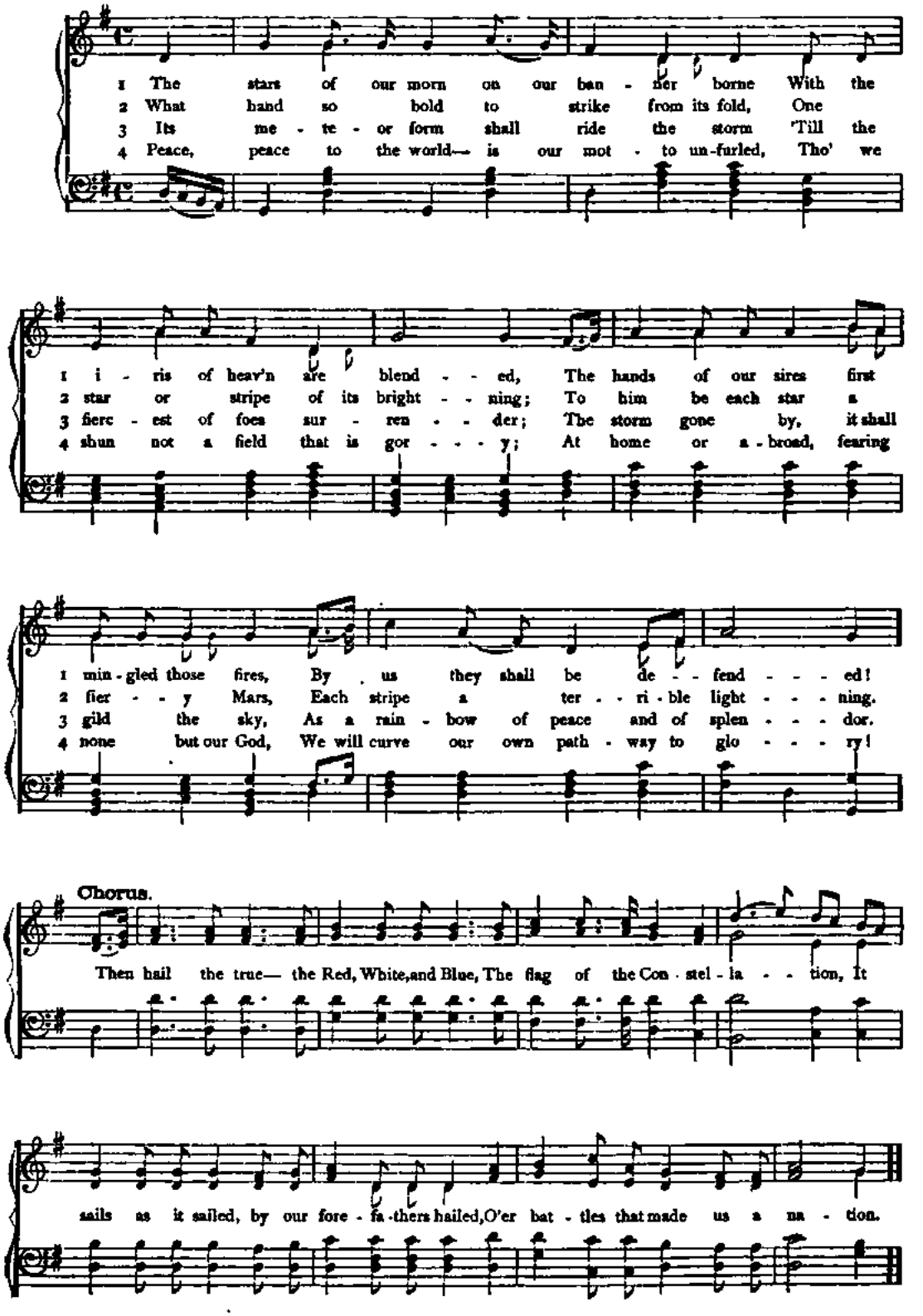
7

And | when our money's all | gone and spent,
There's | none to be borrowed and | none to be lent;
In comes | Mother Langly with her | usual frown,
Saying | "Get up, Jack, let | John sit down!"
For you | know we're homeward | bound, etc.

8

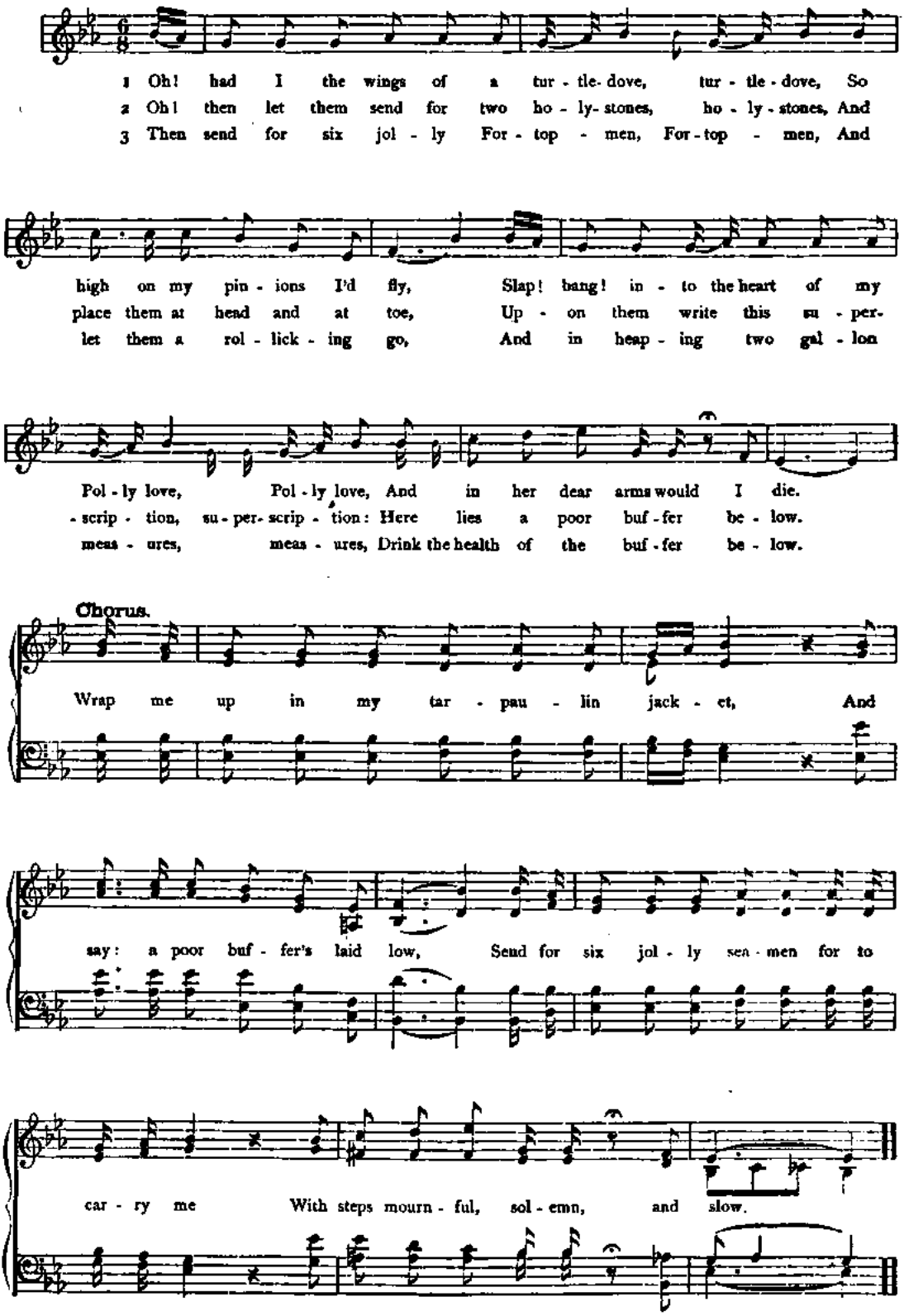
Then | poor old Jack must | understand,
There's a | frigate at the Navy-yard | to be manned;
He | goes on board as he | did before,
And | bids adieu to his | native shore.
For you | know we're homeward | bound, etc.

THE FLAG OF THE CONSTELLATION.

Words by T. BUCHANAN READ, Florence, Italy, May, 1861. Air, "Sparkling and Bright."

1 The stars of our morn on our ban - ner borne With the
2 What hand so bold to strike from its fold, One
3 Its me - te - or form shall ride the storm 'Till the
4 Peace, peace to the world— is our mot - to un-furled, Tho' we
1 i - ris of heav'n are blend - - ed, The hands of our sires first
2 star or stripe of its bright - - ning; To him be each star a
3 fierc - est of foes sur - ren - - der; The storm gone by, it shall
4 shun not a field that is gor - - - y; At home or a - broad, fearing
1 min - gled those fires, By us they shall be de - - fend - - - ed!
2 fier - - y Mars, Each stripe a ter - - ri - ble light - - - ning.
3 gild the sky, As a rain - bow of peace and of splen - - - dor.
4 none but our God, We will curve our own path - way to glo - - - ry!
Chorus.
Then hail the true— the Red, White, and Blue, The flag of the Con - stel - la - - tion, It
sails as it sailed, by our fore - fa - thers hailed, O'er bat - tles that made us a na - tion.

KEEP ME IN MY TARPAULIN JACKET.

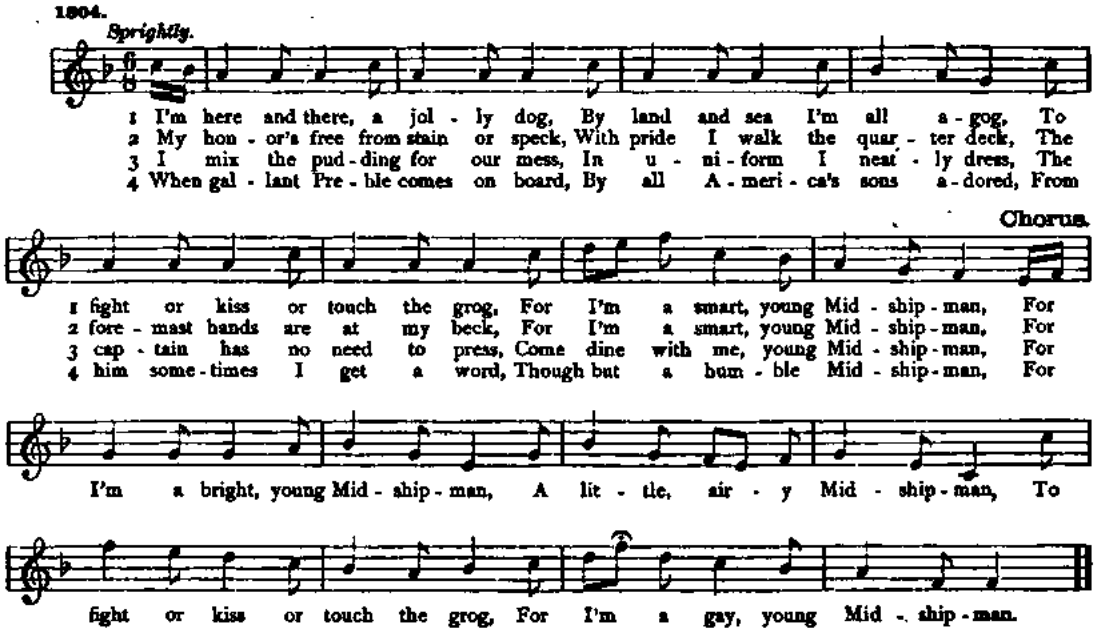
W. P. B.


1 Oh! had I the wings of a tur - tle-dove, tur - tle - dove, So
2 Oh! then let them send for two ho - ly-stones, ho - ly - stones, And
3 Then send for six jol - ly For - top - men, For - top - men, And
high on my pin - ions I'd fly, Slap! bang! in - to the heart of my
place them at head and at toe, Up - on them write this su - per-
let them a rol - lick - ing go, And in heap - ing two gal - lon
Pol - ly love, Pol - ly love, And in her dear arms would I die.
- scrip - tion, su - per- scrip - tion: Here lies a poor buf - fer be - low.
meas - ures, meas - ures, Drink the health of the buf - fer be - low.
Chorus.
Wrap me up in my tar - pau - lin jack - et, And
say: a poor buf - fer's laid low, Send for six jol - ly sea - men for to
car - ry me With steps mourn - ful, sol - emn, and slow.

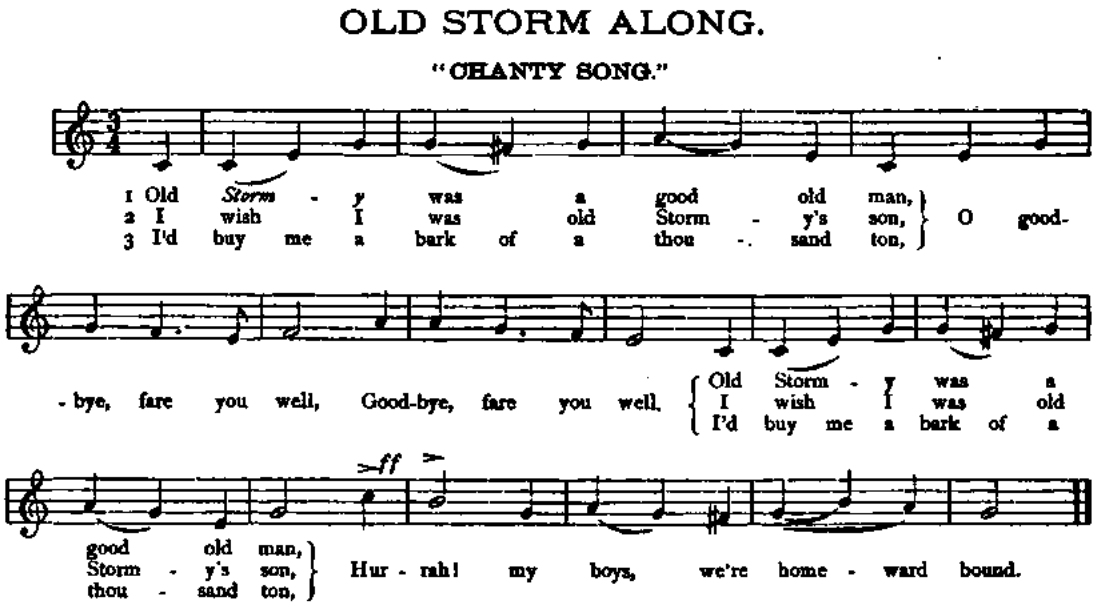
THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

1804.

Sprightly.


1 I'm here and there, a jol - ly dog, By land and sea I'm all a - gog, To
2 My hon - or's free from stain or speck, With pride I walk the quar - ter deck, The
3 I mix the pud - ding for our mess, In u - ni - form I neat - ly dress, The
4 When gal - lant Pre - ble comes on board, By all A - meri - ca's sons a - dored, From
Chorus.
1 fight or kiss or touch the grog, For I'm a smart, young Mid - ship - man, For
2 fore - mast hands are at my beck, For I'm a smart, young Mid - ship - man, For
3 cap - tain has no need to press, Come dine with me, young Mid - ship - man, For
4 him some - times I get a word, Though but a bum - ble Mid - ship - man, For
I'm a bright, young Mid - ship - man, A lit - tle, air - y Mid - ship - man, To
fight or kiss or touch the grog, For I'm a gay, young Mid - ship - man.

OLD STORM ALONG.

"CHANTY SONG."

1 Old Storm - y was a good old man,
2 I wish I was old Storm - y's son,
3 I'd buy me a bark of a thou - sand ton,
O good-bye, fare you well, Good-bye, fare you well.
Old Storm - y was a
I wish I was old
I'd buy me a bark of a
good old man,
Storm - y's son,
thou - sand ton,
Hur - rah! my boys, we're home - ward bound.

4 I'd *fill* her up with New England rum,
Good-bye, etc., etc.,
Good-bye, etc., etc.,
I'd fill her *up* with New England rum,
Hurrah, my boys, etc.

5 And *my* old shell-backs they'd have some,
Good-bye, etc., etc.,
Good-bye, etc., etc.,
And my old *shell*-backs they'd have some,
Hurrah, my boys, etc.

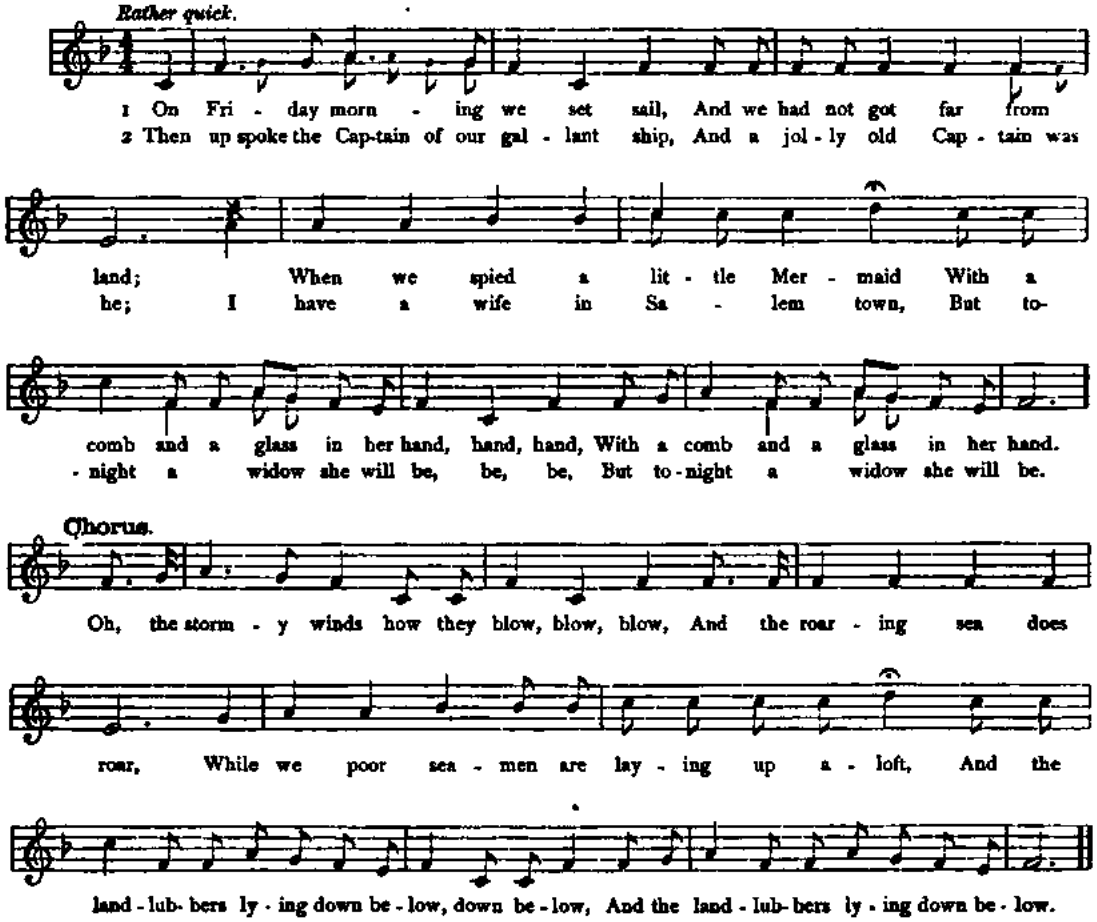
6 Now if *ever* again I get ashore,
Good-bye, etc., etc.,
Good-bye, etc., etc.,
I'll wed the *gal* that I adore,
Hurrah, my boys, etc.

7 And if *ever* childer we should have,
Good-bye, etc., etc.,
Good-bye, etc., etc.,
I'll bring him *up* as a sailor lad,
Hurrah, my boys, etc.
(Gruffly) *Belay.*

ON FRIDAY MORNING WE SET SAIL;

OR,

THE MERMAID.


Rather quick.
1 On Fri - day morn - ing we set sail, And we had not got far from land;
2 Then up spoke the Cap-tain of our gal - lant ship, And a jol - ly old Cap - tain was he;
When we spied a lit - tle Mer - maid With a comb and a glass in her hand, hand, hand, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
I have a wife in Sa - lem town, But to - night a widow she will be, be, be, But to - night a widow she will be.
Chorus.
Oh, the storm - y winds how they blow, blow, blow, And the roar - ing sea does roar,
While we poor sea - men are lay - ing up a - loft, And the land - lub - bers ly - ing down be - low, down be - low, And the land - lub - bers ly - ing down be - low.

3

Then | up spoke the Cook of our | gallant ship,
And a | greasy old Cook was | he;
I | care more for my | kettles and pans,
Than I | do for the roaring of the | sea, sea, sea,
Than I | do for the roaring of the | sea. CHORUS:—

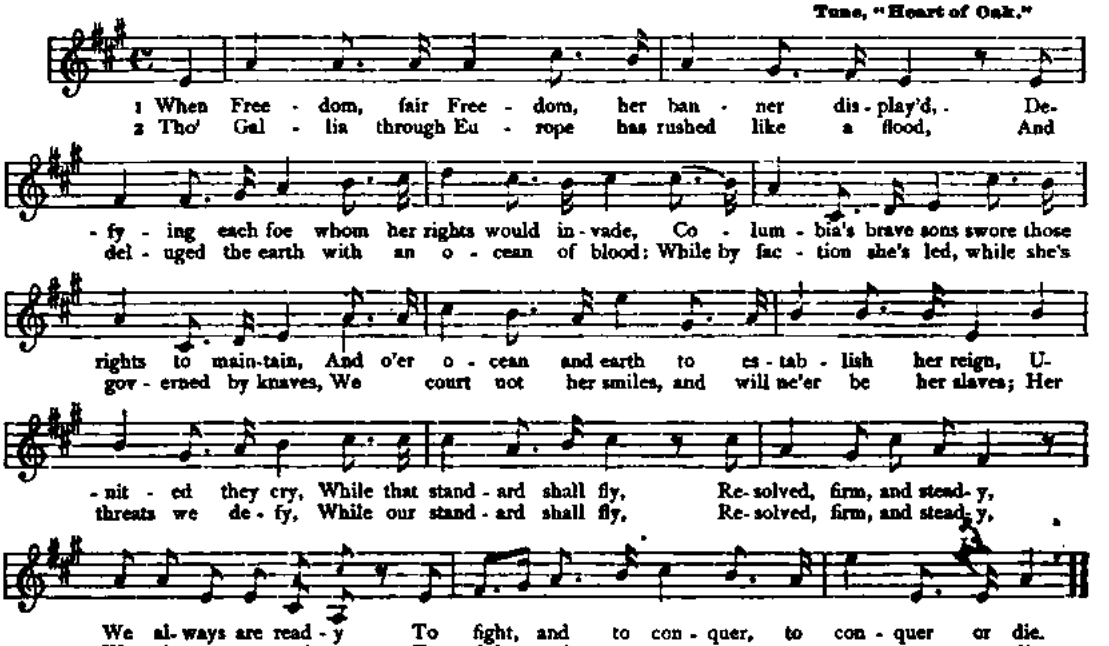
4

Then | up spoke the Cabin-boy of our | gallant ship,
And a | dirty little brat was | he; |
I have friends in | Boston town
That don't | care a ha' penny for | me, me, me,
That don't | care a ha' penny for | me. CHORUS:—

5

Then | three times 'round went our | gallant ship
And | three times 'round went | she, |
And the third time | that she went 'round
She | sank to the bottom of the | sea, sea, sea,
She | sank to the bottom of the | sea. CHORUS:—

TRUXTON'S VICTORY.

Tune, "Heart of Oak."

1 When Free - dom, fair Free - dom, her ban - ner dis - play'd, - De-
2 Tho' Gal - lia through Eu - rope has rushed like a flood, And
- fy - ing each foe whom her rights would in - vade, Co - lum - bia's brave sons swore those
del - uged the earth with an o - cean of blood: While by fac - tion she's led, while she's
rights to main-tain, And o'er o - cean and earth to es - tab - lish her reign, U-
gov - erned by knaves, We court not her smiles, and will ne'er be her slaves; Her
- nit - ed they cry, While that stand - ard shall fly, Re-solved, firm, and stead- y,
threats we de - fy, While our stand - ard shall fly, Re-solved, firm, and stead- y,
We al-ways are read - y To fight, and to con - quer, to con - quer or die.
We al-ways are read - y To fight, and to con - quer, to con - quer or die.

3 Tho'|France with caprice dares our|Statesmen upbraid,
A|tribute demands, or sets|bounds to our trade;
From our|young rising Navy our|thunders shall roar,
And our|Commerce extend to the|earth's utmost shore.
Our|cannon we'll ply,
While our|standard shall fly;
Re-|solv'd, firm, and steady,|
We always are ready
To|fight, and to conquer, to|conquer or die.

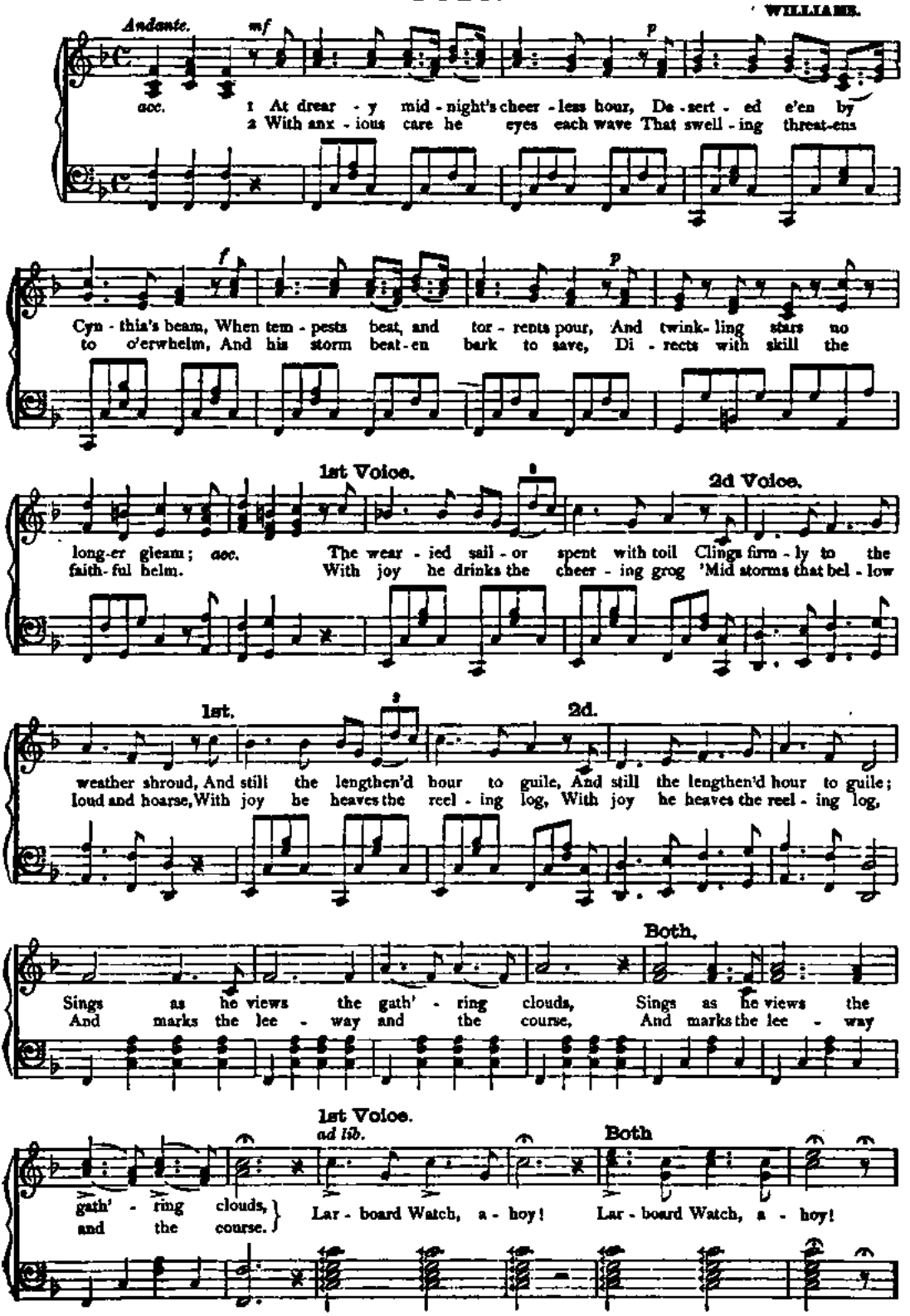
4 To|know we're resolv'd, let them|think on the hour,
When|*Truxton*, brave *Truxton* off|Nevis' shore,
His|ship mann'd for battle, the|standard unfurl'd,
And|at the Insurgente de-|fiance he hurled;
And his|valiant tars cry,
While our|standard shall fly,
Re-|solv'd, firm, and steady,|
We always are ready
To|fight, and to conquer, to|conquer or die.|

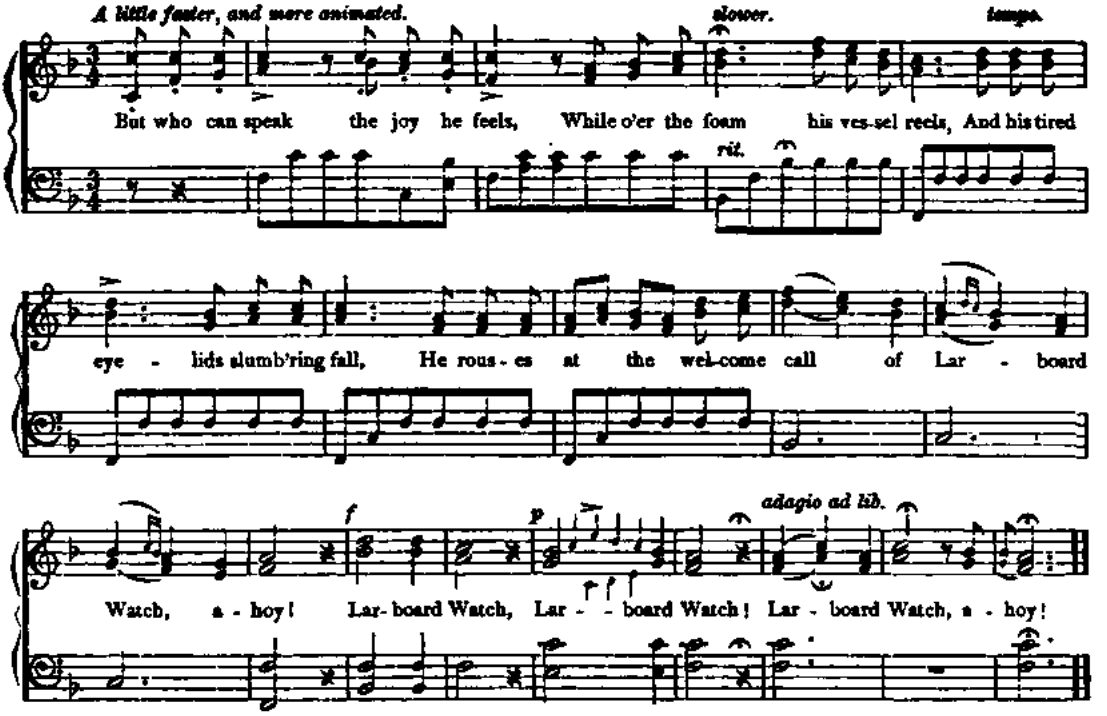
5 Each|heart beat exulting, in-|spir'd by the cause;
They|fought for their country, their|freedom and laws;
From their|cannon loud volleys of|vengeance they pour'd,
And the|standard of France to Co-|lumbia was lower'd.
Huz-|za! they now cry,
Let the|Eagle wave high;
Re-|solv'd, firm, and steady,|
We always are ready
To|fight, and to conquer, to|conquer or die.

6 Then|raise high the strain, pay the|tribute that's due
To the|fair Constellation, and|all her brave Crew;
Be|Truxton rever'd, and his|name be enroll'd,
'Mongst the|chiefs of the ocean, the|heroes of old.
Each in-|vader defy,
While such|heroes are nigh,
Who|always are ready,
Re-|solv'd, firm, and steady
To|fight, and to conquer, to|conquer or die.

THE LARBOARD WATCH.

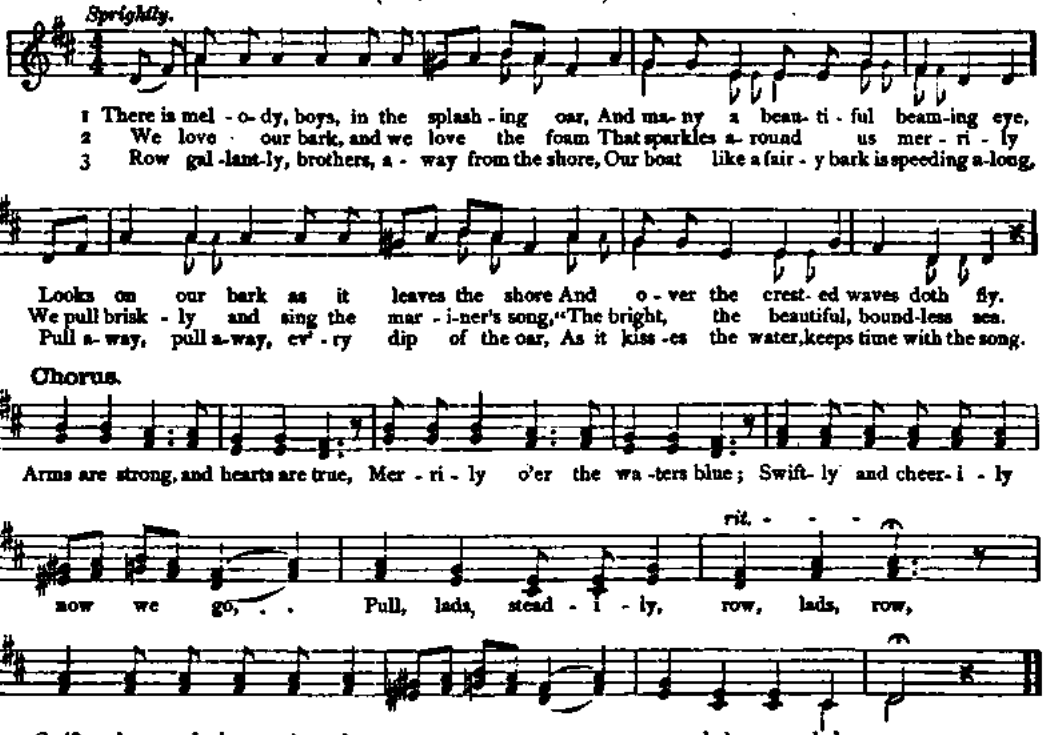
DUET.

WILLIAMS.

Andante.
mf
p
acc.
1 At drear - y mid - night's cheer - less hour, De - sert - ed e'en by
2 With anx - ious care he eyes each wave That swell - ing threat-ens
f
p
Cyn - thia's beam, When tem - pests beat, and tor - rents pour, And twink- ling stars no
to o'erwhelm, And his storm beat-en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the
1st Voice.
2d Voice.
long-er gleam; acc. The wear - ied sail - or spent with toil Clings firm - ly to the
faith- ful helm. With joy he drinks the cheer - ing grog 'Mid storms that bel - low
1st.
2d.
weather shroud, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile;
loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,
Both.
Sings as he views the gath' - ring clouds, Sings as he views the
And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way
1st Voice.
ad lib.
Both
gath' - ring clouds,
and the course.
Lar - board Watch, a - hoy!
Lar - board Watch, a - hoy!

The Larboard Watch.—Concluded.

A little faster, and more animated.
slower.
tempo.
But who can speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his ves-sel reels, And his tired
rit.
eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rous - es at the wel-come call of Lar - board
adagio ad lib.
Watch, a - hoy! Lar- board Watch, Lar - - board Watch! Lar - board Watch, a - hoy!

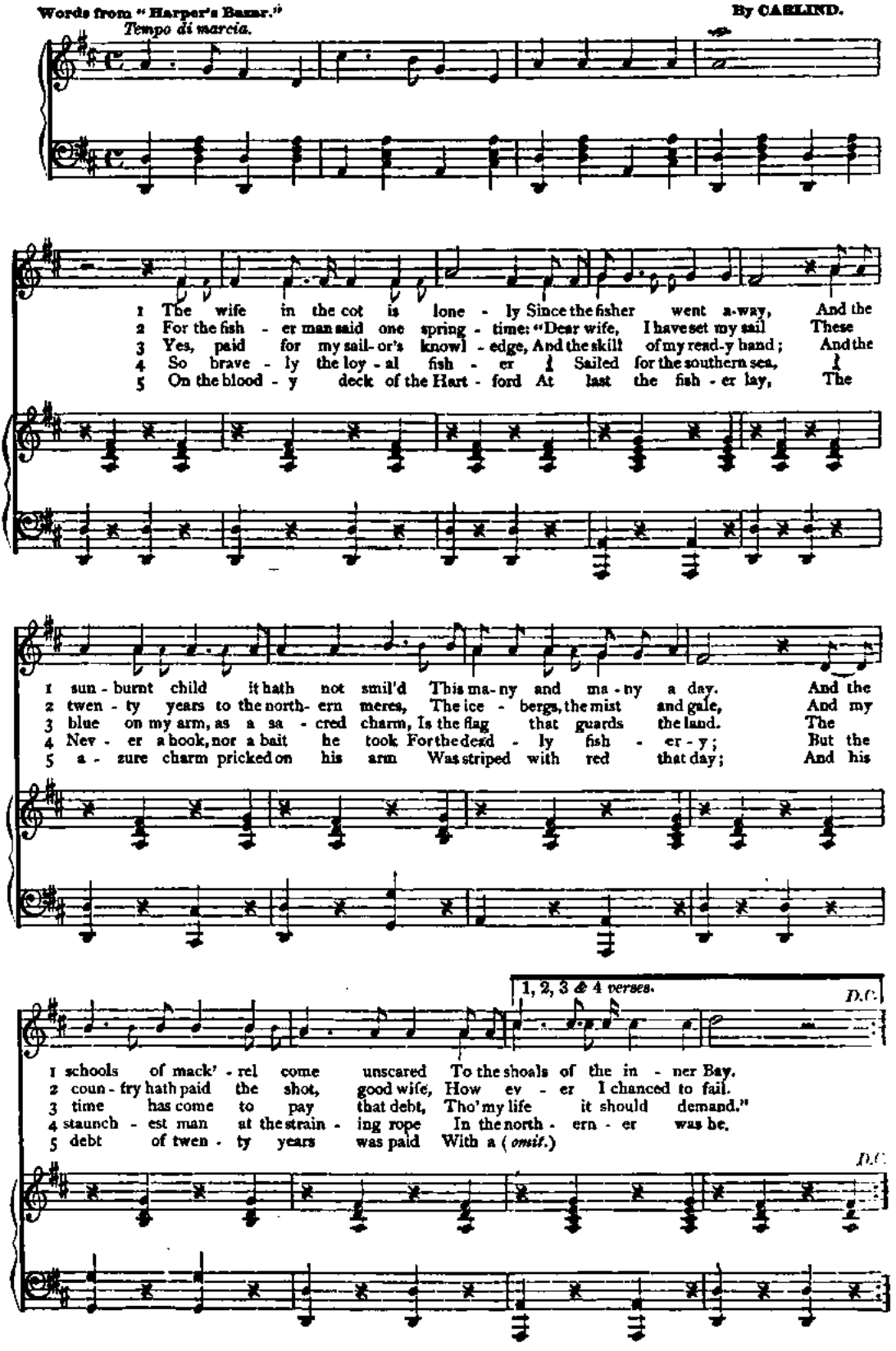
THERE IS MELODY, BOYS, Etc.

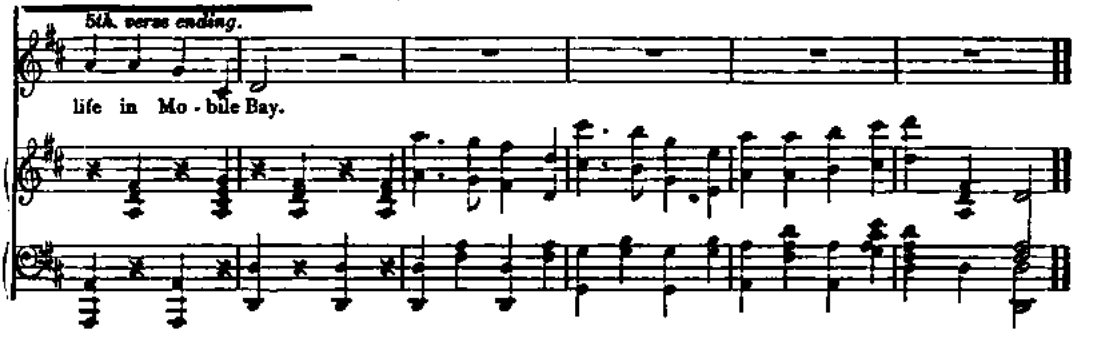
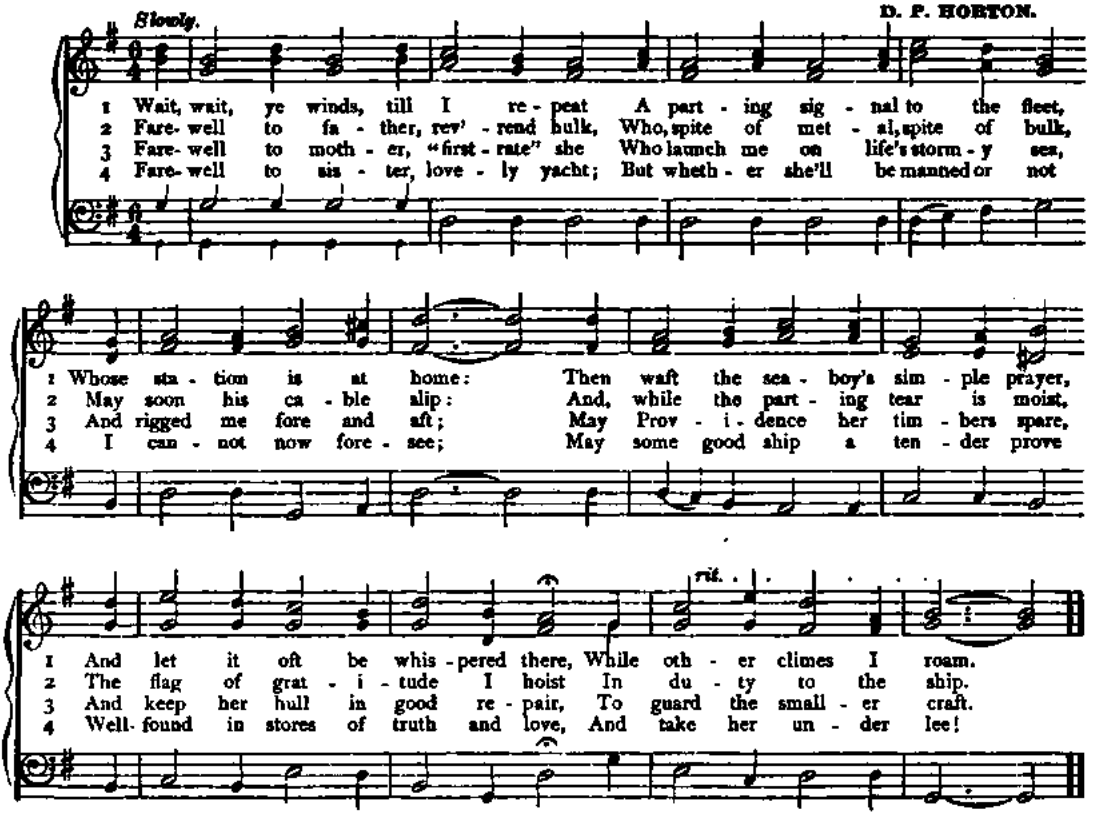
(BOAT SONG.)


Sprightly.
1 There is mel - o- dy, boys, in the splash - ing oar, And ma- ny a beau- ti - ful beam-ing eye,
2 We love our bark, and we love the foam That sparkles a- round us mer - ri - ly
3 Row gal -lant-ly, brothers, a - way from the shore, Our boat like a fair - y bark is speeding a-long,
Looks on our bark as it leaves the shore And o - ver the crest- ed waves doth fly.
We pull brisk - ly and sing the mar - i-ner's song,"The bright, the beautiful, bound-less sea.
Pull a- way, pull a-way, ev' - ry dip of the oar, As it kiss -es the water,keeps time with the song.
Chorus.
Arms are strong, and hearts are true, Mer - ri - ly o'er the wa -ters blue; Swift- ly and cheer- i - ly
rit. - - -
now we go, . . Pull, lads, stead - i - ly, row, lads, row,
Swift - ly and cheer - i - ly now we go, row, lads, row, lads, row.

THE ROYAL FISHER.

Words from "Harper's Bazar." By CARLIND.

Tempo di marcia.

1 The wife in the cot is lone - ly Since the fisher went a-way, And the
2 For the fish - er man said one spring - time: "Dear wife, I have set my sail These
3 Yes, paid for my sail- or's knowl - edge, And the skill of my read-y hand; And the
4 So brave - ly the loy - al fish - er Sailed for the southern sea,
5 On the blood - y deck of the Hart - ford At last the fish - er lay, The
1 sun - burnt child it hath not smil'd This ma - ny and ma - ny a day. And the
2 twen - ty years to the north- ern meres, The ice - bergs, the mist and gale, And my
3 blue on my arm, as a sa - cred charm, Is the flag that guards the land. The
4 Nev - er a hook, nor a bait he took For the dead - ly fish - er - y; But the
5 a - zure charm pricked on his arm Was striped with red that day; And his
1, 2, 3 & 4 verses.
D.C.
1 schools of mack' - rel come unscared To the shoals of the in - ner Bay.
2 coun - try hath paid the shot, good wife, How ev - er I chanced to fail.
3 time has come to pay that debt, Tho' my life it should demand."
4 staunch - est man at the strain - ing rope In the north - ern - er was he.
5 debt of twen - ty years was paid With a (*omit.*)
D.C.

The Royal Fisher.—Concluded.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

Slowly.
D. P. HORTON.
1 Wait, wait, ye winds, till I re - peat A part - ing sig - nal to the fleet,
2 Fare- well to fa - ther, rev' - rend hulk, Who, spite of met - al, spite of bulk,
3 Fare- well to moth - er, "first - rate" she Who launch me on life's storm - y sea,
4 Fare- well to sis - ter, love - ly yacht; But wheth - er she'll be manned or not
1 Whose sta - tion is at home: Then waft the sea - boy's sim - ple prayer,
2 May soon his ca - ble slip: And, while the part - ing tear is moist,
3 And rigged me fore and aft; May Prov - i - dence her tim - bers spare,
4 I can - not now fore - see; May some good ship a ten - der prove
rit.
1 And let it oft be whis - pered there, While oth - er climes I roam.
2 The flag of grat - i - tude I hoist In du - ty to the ship.
3 And keep her hull in good re - pair, To guard the small - er craft.
4 Well- found in stores of truth and love, And take her un - der lee!

5

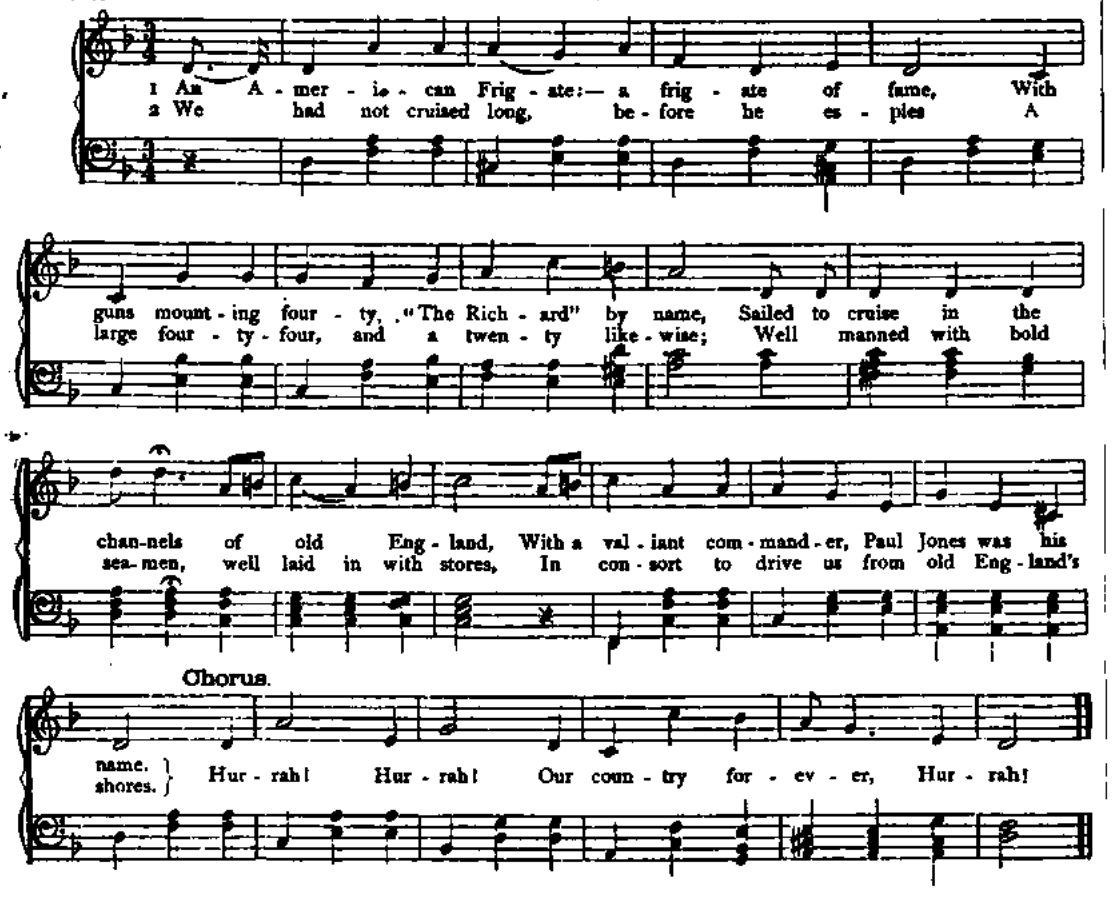
Fare-|well to George, the|jolly boat,
And|all the little|craft afloat
In|home's delightful|bay;
When|they arrive at|sailing age,
May|wisdom give the|weather-guage
And|guide them on their|way.

6

Fare-|well to all on|life's rude main,
Per-|haps we ne'er shall|meet again,
Thro'|stress of stormy|weather.
But,|summoned by the|Board above,
May|harbor in the|port of Love,
And|all be moored to-|gether.

PAUL JONES' VICTORY.

The Victory of Captain JOHN PAUL JONES Commanding the "Bon Homme Richard," Sep., 23, 1779, over the British Frigate "Serapis" and "Countess of Scarborough" Sloop-of-War, during the American Revolution. Captain JONES, Born in Scotland, 1747; died in 1792, aged 45.

1813.

1 An A - mer - i - can Frig - ate:— a frig - ate of fame, With
2 We had not cruised long, be - fore he es - pies A
guns mount - ing four - ty, "The Rich - ard" by name, Sailed to cruise in the
large four - ty - four, and a twen - ty like - wise; Well manned with bold
chan-nels of old Eng - land, With a val - iant com - mand - er, Paul Jones was his
sea-men, well laid in with stores, In con - sort to drive us from old Eng - land's
Chorus.
name. } Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Our coun - try for - ev - er, Hur - rah!
shores. }

3 A-|bout twelve at|noon, Pearson|came along-|side,
With a|loud speaking|trumpet, "whence|came you?" he|cried:
Re-|turn me an|answer—I|hailed you be-|fore,
Or|if you do|not, a|broadside I'll|pour." Hurrah!

4 Paul|Jones then|said to his|men, every|one,
"LET|EVERY TRUE|SEAMAN STAND|FIRM TO HIS GUN!
We'll re-|ceive a broad-|side from this|bold English-|man,
And like|true Yankee|sailors, re-|turn it a-|gain." Hurrah!

5 The|contest was|bloody, both|decks ran with|gore,
And the|sea seem to|blaze, while the|cannon did|roar,
"FIGHT|ON, MY BRAVE|BOYS," then|Paul Jones he|cried,
"And|soon we will|humble this bold|Englishman's|pride." Hurrah!

6 "Stand|firm to your|quarters—your|duty don't|shun,
The|first one that|shrinks, through the|body I'll|run,
Though their|force is su-|perior, |yet they shall|know,
What|true, brave A-|merican|seamen can|do." Hurrah!

7 The|battle rolled|on, till bold|Pearson|cried:
"Have you|yet struck your|colors? then|come along-|side!"
But|so far from|thinking that the|battle was|won,
Brave|Paul Jones re-|plied, "I'VE|NOT YET BE-|GUN!" Hurrah!

Paul Jones' Victory.—Concluded.

8 We|fought them|eight glasses, eight|glasses so|hot,
Till|seventy bold|seamen lay|dead on the|spot.
And|ninety brave|seamen lay|stretched in their|gore,
While the|pieces of|cannon most|fiercely did|roar.

9 Our|gunner, in great|fright to|Captain Jones|came,
"We gain|water quite|fast and our|side's in a|flame,|
Then Paul Jones|said in the|height of his|pride,
"IF WE|CANNOT DO|BETTER, BOYS,|sink ALONG-|SIDE!"

10 The|Alliance bore|down, and the|Richard did|rake,
Which|caused the bold|hearts of our|seamen to|ache:
Our|shot flew so|hot that they|could not stand us|long,
And the|undaunted|Union-of-|Britain came|down,

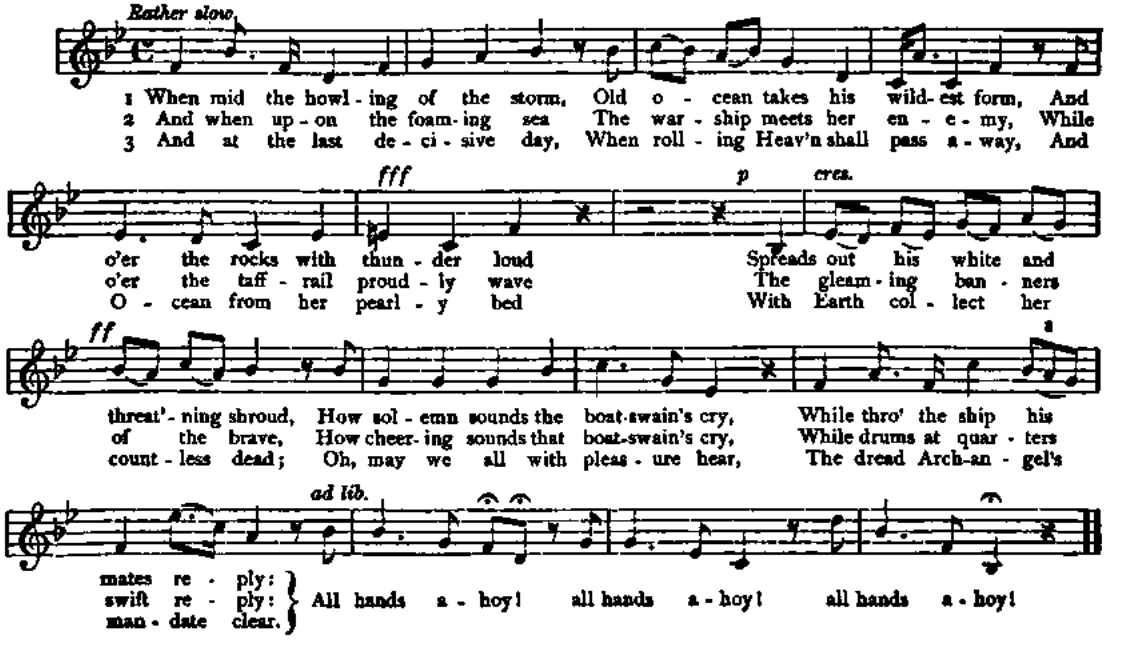
11 To|us they did|strike and their|colors hauled|down;
The|fame of Paul|Jones to the|world shall be|known,
His|name shall|rank with the|gallant and|brave,
Who|fought like a|hero—OUR|FREEDOM TO|SAVE.

12 Now|all valiant|seamen where'-|er you may|be,
Who|hear of this|combat that's|fought on the|sea,
May|you all do|like them, when|called to do the|same,
And your|names be en-|rolled on the|pages of|fame.

13 Your|country will|boast of her|sons that are|brave,
And to|you she will|look from all|dangers to|save,
She'll|call you dear|sons, in her|annals you'll|shine,
And the|brows of the|brave shall green|laurels en-|twine.

14 So|now, my brave|boys, have we|taken a prize—
A|large 4-|4, and a|20 like-|wise!
Then|God bless the|mother whose|doom is to|weep
The|loss of her|sons in the|ocean so|deep.

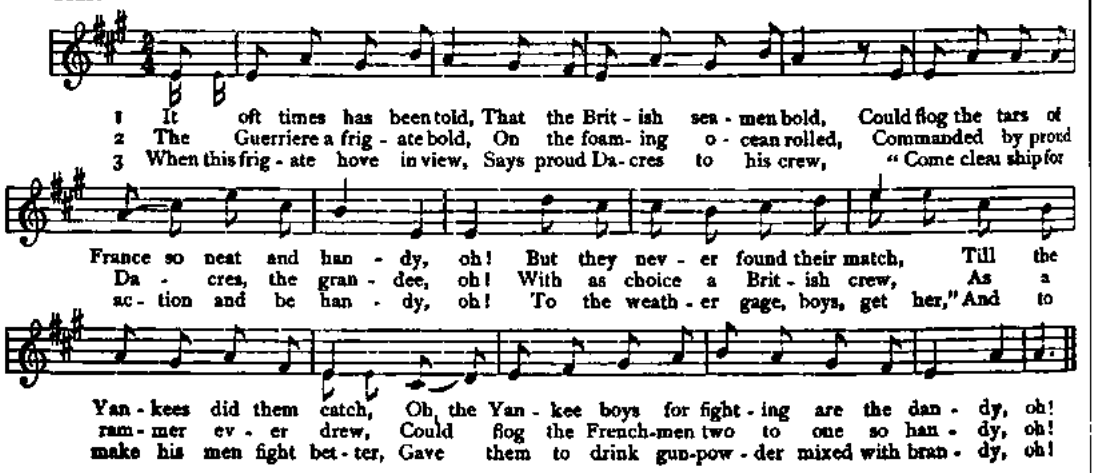
ALL HANDS AHOY.

A Song; written and composed on board the U. S. Frigate "Constitution," at sea.

Rather slow.
1 When mid the howl - ing of the storm, Old o - cean takes his wild- est form, And
2 And when up - on the foam- ing sea The war - ship meets her en - e - my, While
3 And at the last de - ci - sive day, When roll - ing Heav'n shall pass a - way, And
fff
p
cres.
o'er the rocks with thun - der loud Spreads out his white and
o'er the taff - rail proud - ly wave The gleam - ing ban - ners
O - cean from her pearl - y bed With Earth col - lect her
ff
threat'- ning shroud, How sol - emn sounds the boat-swain's cry, While thro' the ship his
of the brave, How cheer- ing sounds that boat-swain's cry, While drums at quar - ters
count - less dead; Oh, may we all with pleas - ure hear, The dread Arch-an - gel's
ad lib.
mates re - ply:
swift re - ply:
man - date clear.
All hands a - hoy! all hands a - hoy! all hands a - hoy!

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

This famous fight occurred August 19th, 1812, off the New England coast. In 25 minutes, the "Guerriere" (50), commanded by Captain DACRES, was totally dismasted and her hull so riddled that she was not thought worth towing into port, and was blown up. The "*Constitution*" (44), was commanded by Captain ISAAC HULL.

1813.


1 It oft times has been told, That the Brit - ish sea - men bold, Could flog the tars of
2 The Guerriere a frig - ate bold, On the foam- ing o - cean rolled, Commanded by proud
3 When this frig - ate hove in view, Says proud Da- cres to his crew, "Come clear ship for
France so neat and han - dy, oh! But they nev - er found their match, Till the
Da - cres, the gran - dee, oh! With as choice a Brit - ish crew, As a
ac - tion and be han - dy, oh! To the weath - er gage, boys, get her," And to
Yan - kees did them catch, Oh, the Yan - kee boys for fight - ing are the dan - dy, oh!
ram - mer ev - er drew, Could flog the French-men two to one so han - dy, oh!
make his men fight bet - ter, Gave them to drink gun-pow - der mixed with bran - dy, oh!

4 Then | Dacres loudly | cries,
"Make this | Yankee ship your | prize,
You | can in thirty | minutes, neat and | handy, | oh!
Twenty- | five's enough I'm | sure,
And if you'll | do it in a | score,
I'll | treat you to a | double share of | brandy, | oh!"

5 The | British shot flew | hot,
Which the | Yankees answered | not,
Till they | got within the | distance they called | handy, | oh!
"Now," says | Hull unto his | crew,
"Boys, let's | see what we can | do,
If we | take this boasting | Briton we're the | dandy," | oh!

6 The | first broadside we | pour'd
Carried her | mainmast by the | board,
Which | made this loftly | frigate look a- | bandon'd, | oh!
Then | Dacres shook his | head,
And | to his officers | said,
"Lord! I | didn't think those | Yankees were so | handy," | oh!

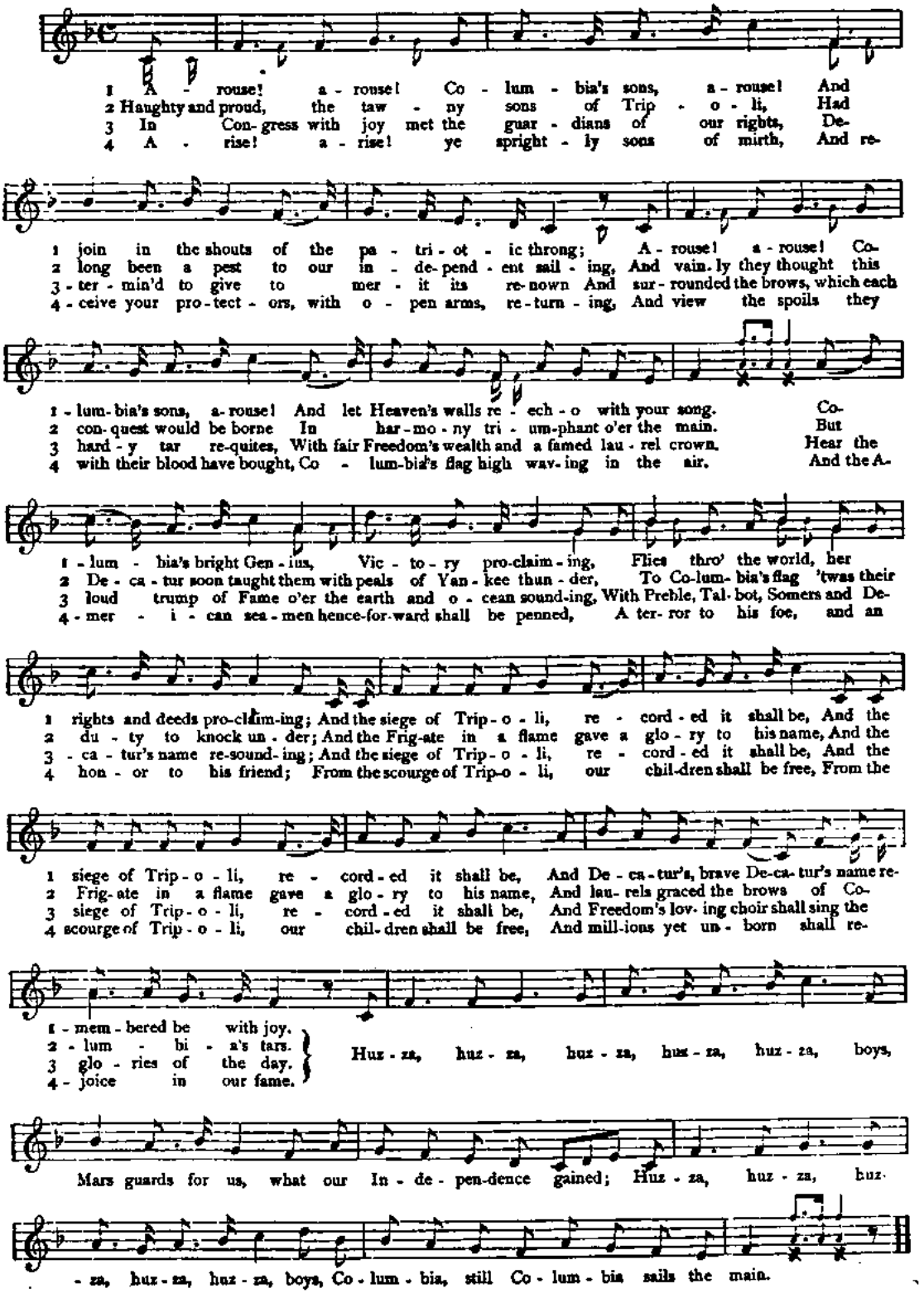
7 Our | second told so | well
That their | fore and mizzen | fell,
Which | dous'd the Royal | ensign neat and | handy, | oh!
"By | George!" says he, "we're | done,"
And they | fired a lee | gun,
While the | Yankees struck up | Yankee Doodle | Dandy, | oh!

8 Then | Dacres came on | board,
To de- | liver up his | sword,
Tho' loth was | he to part with | it, it was so | handy, | oh!
"Oh! | keep your sword," says | Hull,
"For it | only makes you | dull,"
"Cheer | up, and let us | have a little | brandy, | oh!"

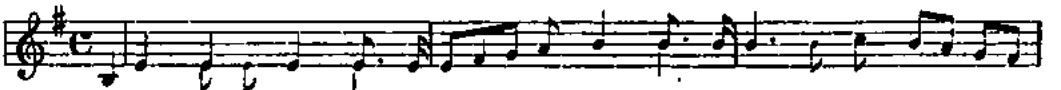
9 Now, | fill your glasses | full,
And we'll | drink to Captain | Hull,
And so | merrily we'll | push about the | brandy, | oh!
John | Bull may toast his | fill,
But let the | world say what they | will,
The | Yankee boys for | fighting are the | dandy, | oh!

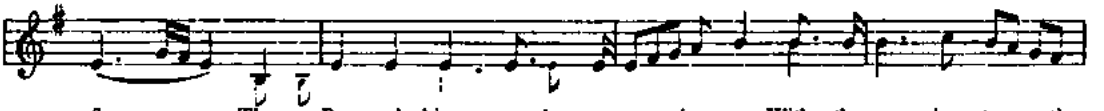
SIEGE OF TRIPOLI.

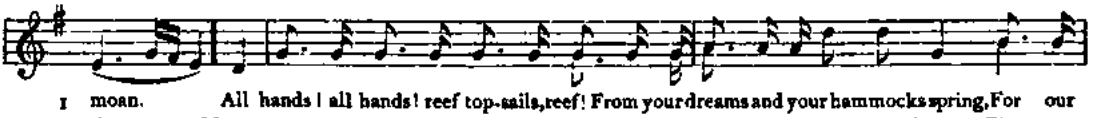
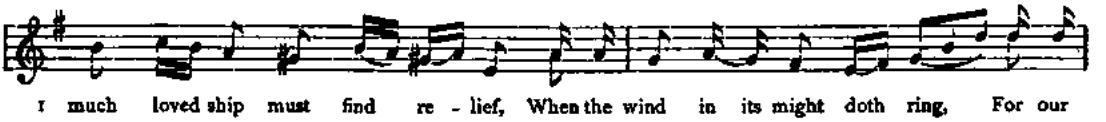
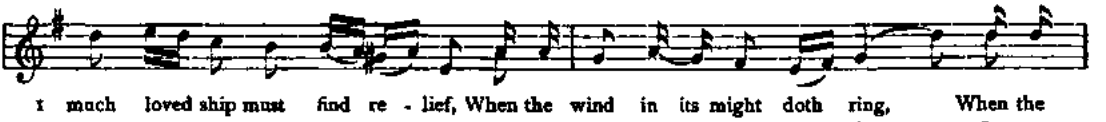
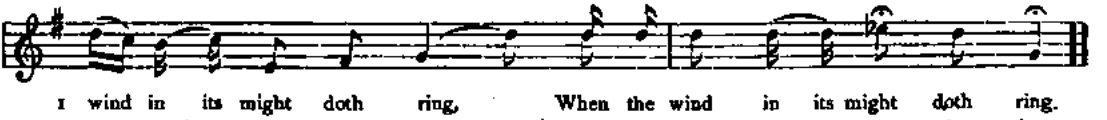
1813. Tune, "Battle of the Nile."


1 A - rouse! a - rouse! Co - lum - bia's sons, a - rouse! And
2 Haughty and proud, the taw - ny sons of Trip - o - li, Had
3 In Con- gress with joy met the guar - dians of our rights, De-
4 A - rise! a - rise! ye spright - ly sons of mirth, And re-
1 join in the shouts of the pa - tri - ot - ic throng; A - rouse! a - rouse! Co-
2 long been a pest to our in - de- pend - ent sail - ing, And vain- ly they thought this
3 - ter - min'd to give to mer - it its re- nown And sur - rounded the brows, which each
4 - ceive your pro - tect - ors, with o - pen arms, re - turn - ing, And view the spoils they
1 - lum- bia's sons, a- rouse! And let Heaven's walls re - ech - o with your song. Co-
2 con- quest would be borne In har - mo - ny tri - um-phant o'er the main. But
3 hard - y tar re-quites, With fair Freedom's wealth and a famed lau - rel crown. Hear the
4 with their blood have bought, Co - lum-bia's flag high wav- ing in the air. And the A-
1 - lum - bia's bright Gen - ius, Vic - to - ry pro-claim - ing, Flies thro' the world, her
2 De - ca - tur soon taught them with peals of Yan - kee thun - der, To Co-lum- bia's flag 'twas their
3 loud trump of Fame o'er the earth and o - cean sound-ing, With Preble, Tal- bot, Somers and De-
4 - mer - i - can sea - men hence-for-ward shall be penned, A ter- ror to his foe, and an
1 rights and deeds pro-claim-ing; And the siege of Trip - o - li, re - cord - ed it shall be, And the
2 du - ty to knock un - der; And the Frig-ate in a flame gave a glo - ry to his name, And the
3 - ca - tur's name re-sound- ing; And the siege of Trip - o - li, re - cord - ed it shall be, And the
4 hon - or to his friend; From the scourge of Trip-o - li, our chil-dren shall be free, From the
1 siege of Trip - o - li, re - cord - ed it shall be, And De - ca - tur's, brave De-ca- tur's name re-
2 Frig- ate in a flame gave a glo - ry to his name, And lau- rels graced the brows of Co-
3 siege of Trip - o - li, re - cord - ed it shall be, And Freedom's lov- ing choir shall sing the
4 scourge of Trip - o - li, our chil- dren shall be free, And mill-ions yet un - born shall re-
1 - mem - bered be with joy.
2 - lum - bi - a's tars.
3 glo - ries of the day.
4 - joice in our fame.
Huz - za, huz - za, huz - za, huz - za, huz - za, boys,
Mars guards for us, what our In - de - pen-dence gained; Huz - za, huz - za, huz-
- za, huz - za, huz - za, boys, Co - lum - bia, still Co - lum - bia sails the main.

THE GALE.

W. F. SPICER, U. S. Navy.

1 The dark scud scowles at the shrink - ing moon, And the stars in fear have
2 List, list, from the North with fear - ful peal, The voice of the storm rolls
3 On, on, we drive be - fore the blast, While tor - rents o'er us
4 All dim a - loft, all dim a - round, Save where the clouds are



1 flown, The Pe - trel chirps its warn- ing tune, With the com - ing tem-pest's
2 by, And the wak- ened waves af - fright- ed reel From the fu - ry of the
3 stream, While light - ning cir - cles round the mast, And blinds with lu - rid
4 riv'n, When flame leaps forth and spray doth bound In dia - mond rays to

1 moan. All hands! all hands! reef top-sails, reef! From your dreams and your hammocks spring, For our
2 sky. Mount, top - men, mount! a - way, a - way! A-loft to your sta - tions leap, The
3 gleam; In wild pur- suit the bil - lows loom, As sail and round us cling, While
4 Heav'n Yet trust- ing hearts and stead - y hands Reduce each press- ing sail, While

1 much loved ship must find re - lief, When the wind in its might doth ring, For our
2 gale breaks o'er us, and with spray Is whit - ened now the deep. The
3 lift - ed on - ward 'mid the gloom, O'er comb - ing waves we spring, While
3 clear - ly ring our brief com-mands A - mid the scream- ing gale, While

1 much loved ship must find re - lief, When the wind in its might doth ring, When the
2 gale breaks o'er us, and with spray Is whit - ened now the deep, Is
3 lift - ed on - ward 'mid the gloom, O'er comb - ing waves we spring, O'er
4 clear - ly ring our brief com-mands A - mid the scream - ing gale, A -

1 wind in its might doth ring, When the wind in its might doth ring.
2 whit - ened now the deep, Is whit - ened now the deep.
3 comb- ing waves we spring, O'er comb - ing waves we spring.
4 - mid the scream - ing gale, A mid the scream - ing gale.

5

But | gentle morning— | lovely dame—
Thus | rudely roused, ap- | pears,
And | smiles so sweetly, | that in shame
The | darkness disap- | pears.
Up- | on her purely glowing cheek,
The | sunbeams fondly stray,
‖: And | crested waves subdued and meek,
In | glittering beauty play. :‖

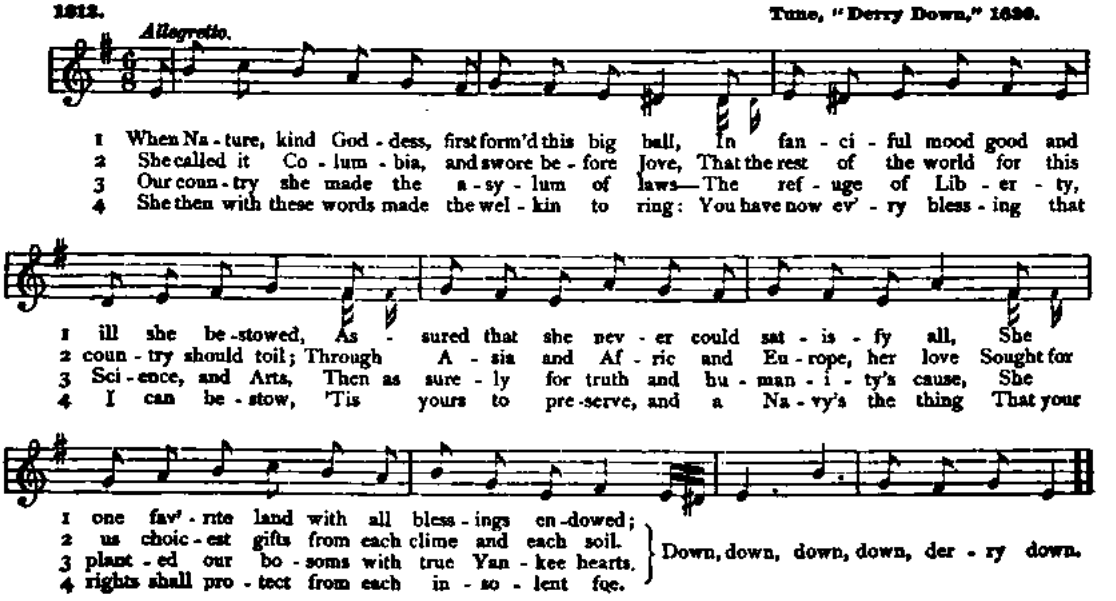
6

We | thank thee, spirit | of the dawn,
And | journeying on to- | day,
Will | bless the smile that | served to warn
The | tempest from our | way.
Our | dripping sails from bondage free,
The | milder winds inhale,
‖: We | shape our course and joyously
To | Western Isles we sail. :‖

YANKEE TARS.

1812. Tune, "Derry Down," 1630.

Allegretto.


1 When Na - ture, kind God - dess, first form'd this big ball, In fan - ci - ful mood good and
2 She called it Co - lum - bia, and swore be - fore Jove, That the rest of the world for this
3 Our coun - try she made the a - sy - lum of laws—The ref - uge of Lib - er - ty,
4 She then with these words made the wel - kin to ring: You have now ev' - ry bless - ing that
1 ill she be - stowed, As - sured that she nev - er could sat - is - fy all, She
2 coun - try should toil; Through A - sia and Af - ric and Eu - rope, her love Sought for
3 Sci - ence, and Arts, Then as sure - ly for truth and hu - man - i - ty's cause, She
4 I can be - stow, 'Tis yours to pre - serve, and a Na - vy's the thing That your
1 one fav' - rite land with all bless - ings en - dowed;
2 us choic - est gifts from each clime and each soil.
3 plant - ed our bo - soms with true Yan - kee hearts.
4 rights shall pro - tect from each in - so - lent foe.
Down, down, down, down, der - ry down.

5

She | said—and 'twas done: then the | Barbary shore
Saw such | daring as rival'd an- | tiquity's name:
But the | war for the rights of our | tars gives once more
To our | tars a fair field to out- | do ancient fame.
Down, etc.

6

See the | cruisers of Britain, with | threatening air,
Sweep the | seas, and defy us with | thundering noise;
The | *Guerriere*, her name on her | main-sail so fair,
Cries, | "Death or submission" to | all Yankee tars.
Down, etc.

7

But | bold Captain Hull and his | bold Yankee tars,
Proved her | masts were all heartless and | heartless her men;
And the | *Guerriere* soon bade a fare- | well to all wars,
Justice | triumphed! and Justice shall | triumph again!
Down, etc.

8

Next | brave Captain Jones met the | *Frolic* one day,
And | *her* masts, too, proved weak, and | too weak her men;
At | least, very soon, masts and | men shot away,
Proved that | Justice will triumph and | triumph again!
Down, etc.

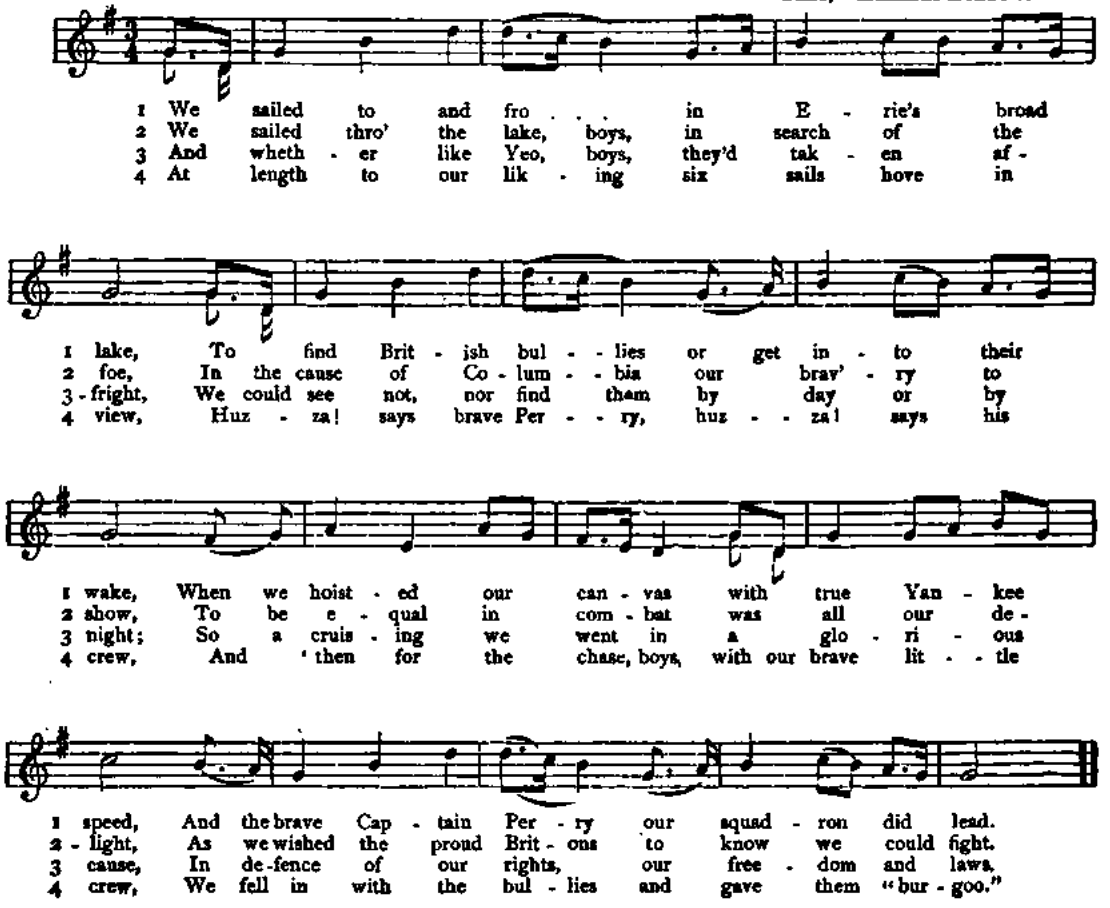
9

The | hero of Tripoli | next met the foe,
And 'tis | still the same story told | over again;
Of | fighting, they scarcely could | make out a show,
When their | masts were all gone, killed or | wounded their men.
Down, etc.

10

'Tis | thus Yankee tars shall their | country protect,
And their | rights on the seas on a | sure basis place;
The | vauntings and threat'nings of | Britain be checked,
And a | Navy and Commerce our | country shall grace.
Down, etc.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

1813. Tune, "Admiral Benbow."

1 We sailed to and fro . . . in E - rie's broad
2 We sailed thro' the lake, boys, in search of the
3 And wheth - er like Yeo, boys, they'd tak - en af -
4 At length to our lik - ing six sails hove in
1 lake, To find Brit - ish bul - - lies or get in - to their
2 foe, In the cause of Co - lum - - bia our brav' - ry to
3 - fright, We could see not, nor find them by day or by
4 view, Huz - za! says brave Per - - ry, huz - - za! says his
1 wake, When we hoist - ed our can - vas with true Yan - kee
2 show, To be e - qual in com - bat was all our de -
3 night; So a cruis - ing we went in a glo - ri - ous
4 crew, And then for the chase, boys, with our brave lit - - tle
1 speed, And the brave Cap - tain Per - ry our squad - ron did lead.
2 - light, As we wished the proud Brit - ons to know we could fight.
3 cause, In de-fence of our rights, our free - dom and laws,
4 crew, We fell in with the bul - lies and gave them "bur - goo."

5

Though the|force was un-|equal, de-|termin'd to|fight,
We|brought them to|action be-|fore it was|night;
We|let loose our|thunder, our|bullets did|fly,
"Now|give them your|shot, boys," our com-|mander did|cry.

6

We|gave them a|broadside, our|cannon to|try,
"Well|done," says brave|Perry, "for|quarter they'll|cry,
Shot|well home, my|brave boys, they|shortly shall|see.
That|quite brave as|they are, still|braver are|we."

7

Then we|drew up our|squadron, each|man full of|fight,
And|put the proud|Britons in a|terrible|plight,
The|brave Perry's|movements will|prove fully as|bold,
As the|fam'd Admiral|Nelson's|prowess of|old.

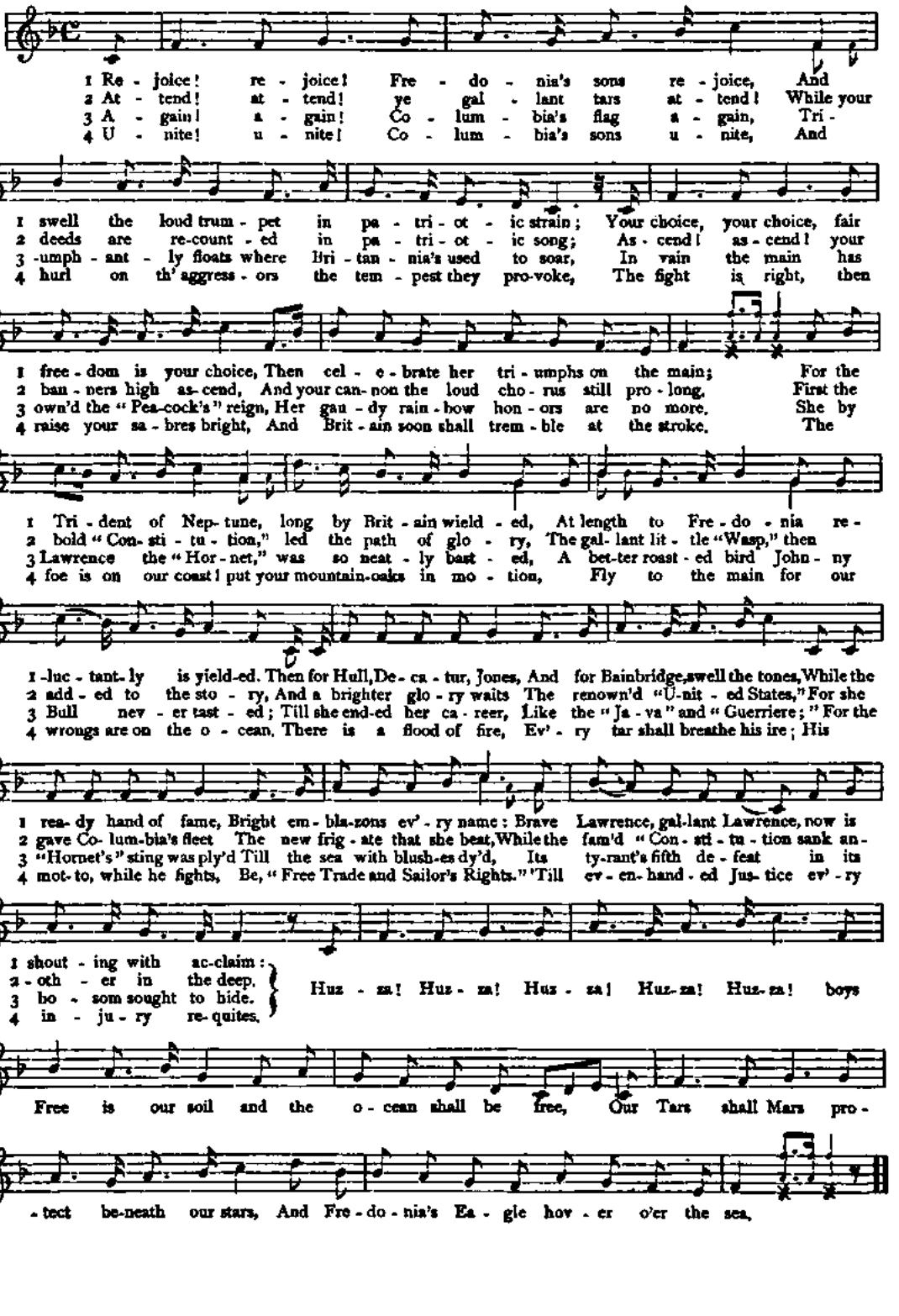
8

The|conflict was|sharp, boys, each|man to his|gun,
For our|country, her|glory, the|vict'ry was|won,
So six|sail (the whole|fleet) was our|fortune to|take,
Here's a|health to brave|Perry who|governs the|Lake.

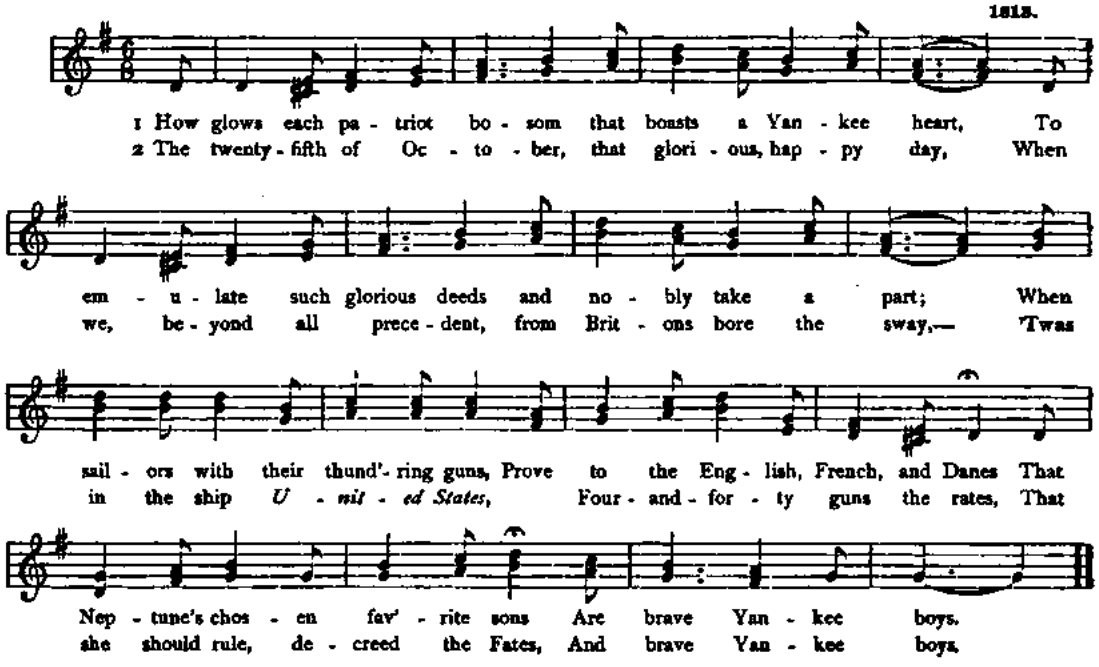
THE HORNET; OR, VICTORY No. 5.

The Engagement took place near the mouth of the Demarara river, February 24th, 1813. In 15 minutes the sloop-of-war "Peacock," (18), Captain PEAKE, was captured by the "Hornet," (18), Captain LAWRENCE. The "Peacock," was outmanouvered and badly damaged in the encounter. Loss of the "Peacock" 4 killed, including the Captain, and 33 wounded. The "Hornet" had one man killed and 2 wounded. The "Peacock" sank in five and a half fathoms of water.

1813. **Tune, "Battle of the Nile."**


1 Re - joice! re - joice! Fre - do - nia's sons re - joice, And
2 At - tend! at - tend! ye gal - lant tars at - tend! While your
3 A - gain! a - gain! Co - lum - bia's flag a - gain, Tri -
4 U - nite! u - nite! Co - lum - bia's sons u - nite, And
1 swell the loud trum - pet in pa - tri - ot - ic strain; Your choice, your choice, fair
2 deeds are re-count - ed in pa - tri - ot - ic song; As - cend! as - cend! your
3 -umph - ant - ly floats where Bri - tan - nia's used to soar, In vain the main has
4 hurl on th' aggress - ors the tem - pest they pro-voke, The fight is right, then
1 free - dom is your choice, Then cel - e - brate her tri - umphs on the main; For the
2 ban - ners high as-cend, And your can-non the loud cho - rus still pro - long, First the
3 own'd the "Pea-cock's" reign, Her gau - dy rain - bow hon - ors are no more, She by
4 raise your sa - bres bright, And Brit - ain soon shall trem - ble at the stroke, The
1 Tri - dent of Nep- tune, long by Brit - ain wield - ed, At length to Fre - do - nia re -
2 bold "Con- sti - tu - tion," led the path of glo - ry, The gal- lant lit - tle "Wasp," then
3 Lawrence the "Hor - net," was so neat - ly bast - ed, A bet-ter roast - ed bird John - ny
4 foe is on our coast! put your mountain-oaks in mo - tion, Fly to the main for our
1 -luc - tant- ly is yield-ed. Then for Hull, De - ca - tur, Jones, And for Bainbridge, swell the tones, While the
2 add - ed to the sto - ry, And a brighter glo - ry waits The renown'd "U-nit - ed States," For she
3 Bull nev - er tast - ed; Till she end-ed her ca - reer, Like the "Ja - va" and "Guerriere;" For the
4 wrongs are on the o - cean, There is a flood of fire, Ev' - ry tar shall breathe his ire; His
1 rea- dy hand of fame, Bright em - bla-zons ev' - ry name: Brave Lawrence, gal-lant Lawrence, now is
2 gave Co- lum-bia's fleet The new frig - ate that she beat, While the fam'd "Con- sti - tu - tion sank an -
3 "Hornet's" sting was ply'd Till the sea with blush-es dy'd, Its ty-rant's fifth de - feat in its
4 mot-to, while he fights, Be, "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights." 'Till ev - en- hand - ed Jus- tice ev' - ry
1 shout - ing with ac-claim:
2 - oth - er in the deep.
3 bo - som sought to hide.
4 in - ju - ry re- quites.
Huz - za! Huz - za! Huz - za! Huz-za! Huz-za! boys
Free is our soil and the o - cean shall be free, Our Tars shall Mars pro -
- tect be-neath our stars, And Fre - do - nia's Ea - gle hov - er o'er the sea.

THE "UNITED STATES" AND "MACEDONIAN."

1812.

1 How glows each pa - triot bo - som that boasts a Yan - kee heart, To
2 The twenty - fifth of Oc - to - ber, that glori - ous, hap - py day, When
em - u - late such glorious deeds and no - bly take a part; When
we, be - yond all prece - dent, from Brit - ons bore the sway,— 'Twas
sail - ors with their thund'- ring guns, Prove to the Eng - lish, French, and Danes That
in the ship *U - nit - ed States*, Four - and - for - ty guns the rates, That
Nep - tune's chos - en fav' - rite sons Are brave Yan - kee boys.
she should rule, de - creed the Fates, And brave Yan - kee boys.

3

De-|catur and his|hardy tars were|cruising on the|deep,
When|off the Western|Islands they|to and fro did|sweep,
The|*Macedonian*|they espied,
"Huz-|za! bravo!" *De-*|*catur* cried,
"We'll|humble Britain's|boasted pride,
My|brave Yankee|boys."

4

The|decks were cleared, the|hammocks stowed, the|Boatswain pipes all|hands,
The|tomkins out, the|guns well sponged, the|Captain now com-|mands;
The|boys who for their|country fight,
Their|words, "Free Trade and|Sailor's Rights!"
Three|times they cheered with|all their might,
Those|brave Yankee|boys.

5

Now|chain-shot, grape and|langrage pierce|through her oaken|sides,
And|many a gallant|sailor's blood runs|purpling in the|tides;
While|death flew nimbly|o'er their decks,
Some|lost their legs, and|some their necks,
And|Glory's wreath our|ship be-decks,
For|brave Yankee|boys.

6

My|boys, the proud St.|George's Cross, the|Stripes above it|wave,
And|busy are our|gen'rous tars, the|conquered foe to|save,
Our|Captain cries, "Give|me your hand,"
Then|of the ship who|took command
But|brave Yankee|boys?

The "United States" and "Macedonian."—Concluded.

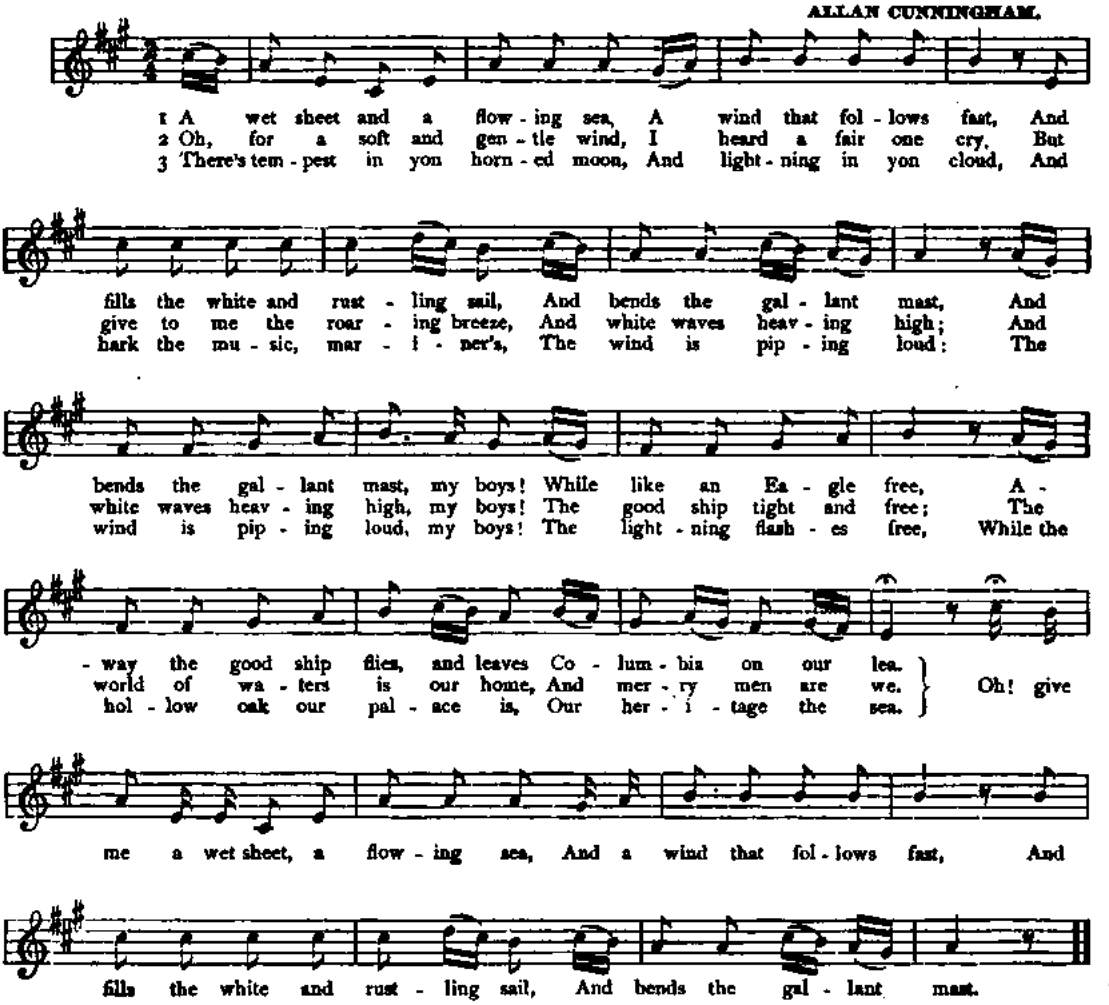
7

Our | enemy lost her | mizzen, her | main and fore-top- | mast,
For | ev'ry shot with | death was winged, which | slew her men so | fast,
That | they lost five to | one in killed,
And | ten to one their | blood was spilled,
So | Fate decreed and | Heaven had willed,
For | brave Yankee | boys.

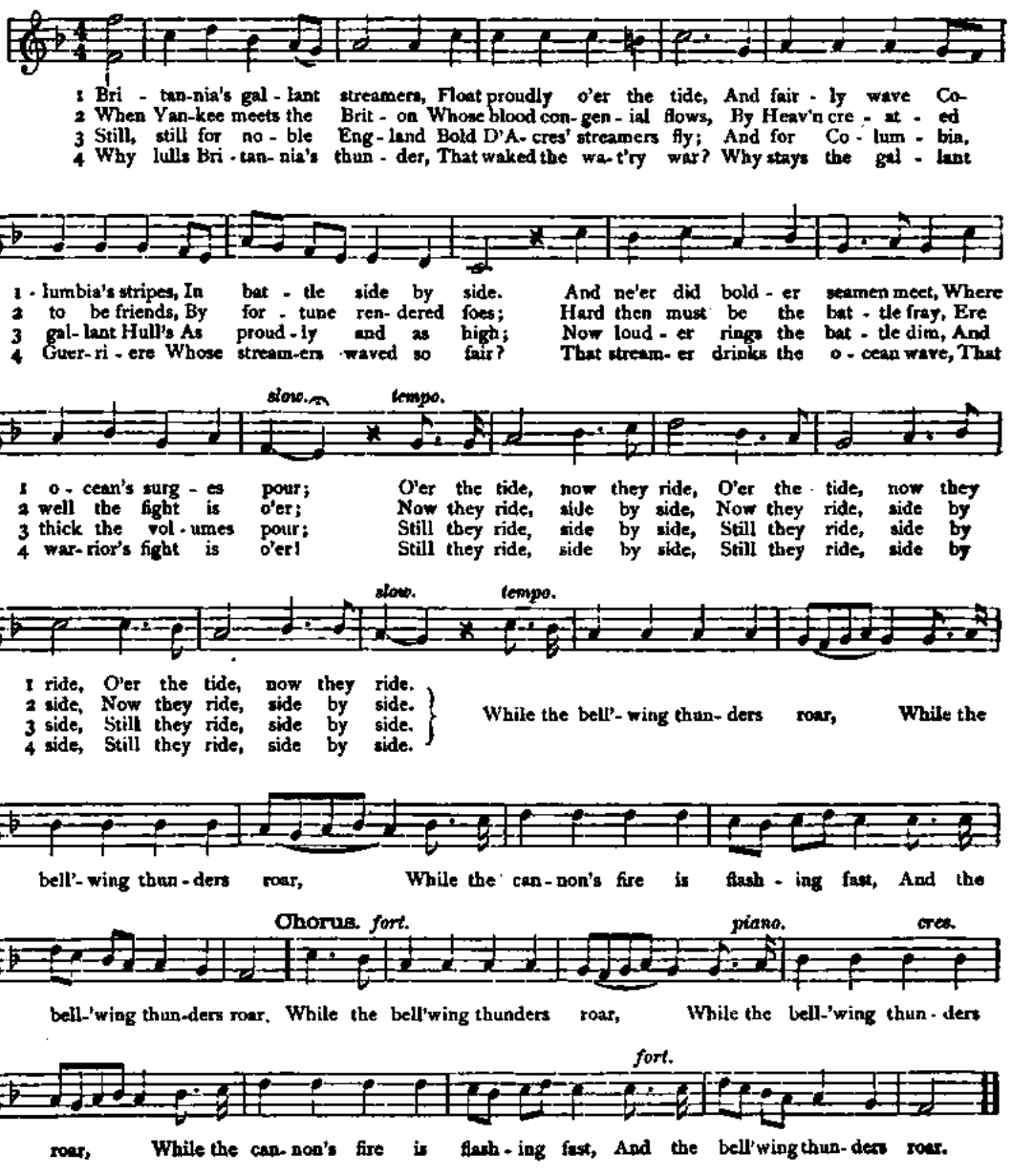
8

Then | homeward steered the | captive ship, now | safe in port she | lies,
The | old and young with | rapture viewed our | sailors' noble | prize;
Through | seas of wine their | health we'll drink,
And | wish them sweet-hearts, | friends, and chink,
Who, | 'fore they'd strike, will | nobly sink
Our | brave Yankee | boys.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1 A wet sheet and a flow - ing sea, A wind that fol - lows fast, And
2 Oh, for a soft and gen - tle wind, I heard a fair one cry, But
3 There's tem - pest in yon horn - ed moon, And light - ning in yon cloud, And
fills the white and rust - ling sail, And bends the gal - lant mast, And
give to me the roar - ing breeze, And white waves heav - ing high; And
hark the mu - sic, mar - i - ner's, The wind is pip - ing loud: The
bends the gal - lant mast, my boys! While like an Ea - gle free, A -
white waves heav - ing high, my boys! The good ship tight and free; The
wind is pip - ing loud, my boys! The light - ning flash - es free, While the
- way the good ship flies, and leaves Co - lum - bia on our lea.
world of wa - ters is our home, And mer - ry men are we.
hol - low oak our pal - ace is, Our her - i - tage the sea.
Oh! give
me a wet sheet, a flow - ing sea, And a wind that fol - lows fast, And
fills the white and rust - ling sail, And bends the gal - lant mast.

YANKEE THUNDERS.

1813. Tune, "Ye Gentlemen of England."

1 Bri - tan-nia's gal - lant streamers, Float proudly o'er the tide, And fair - ly wave Co-
2 When Yan-kee meets the Brit - on Whose blood con-gen - ial flows, By Heav'n cre - at - ed
3 Still, still for no - ble Eng - land Bold D'A- cres' streamers fly; And for Co - lum - bia,
4 Why lulls Bri - tan-nia's thun - der, That waked the wa-t'ry war? Why stays the gal - lant
1 - lumbia's stripes, In bat - tle side by side. And ne'er did bold - er seamen meet, Where
2 to be friends, By for - tune ren-dered foes; Hard then must be the bat - tle fray, Ere
3 gal-lant Hull's As proud - ly and as high; Now loud - er rings the bat - tle dim, And
4 Guer-ri - ere Whose stream-ers waved so fair? That stream- er drinks the o - cean wave, That
slow. tempo.
1 o - cean's surg - es pour; O'er the tide, now they ride, O'er the tide, now they
2 well the fight is o'er; Now they ride, side by side, Now they ride, side by
3 thick the vol - umes pour; Still they ride, side by side, Still they ride, side by
4 war-rior's fight is o'er! Still they ride, side by side, Still they ride, side by
slow. tempo.
1 ride, O'er the tide, now they ride.
2 side, Now they ride, side by side.
3 side, Still they ride, side by side.
4 side, Still they ride, side by side.
While the bell'-wing thun-ders roar, While the
bell'-wing thun-ders roar, While the can-non's fire is flash - ing fast, And the
Chorus. fort. piano. cres.
bell-'wing thun-ders roar, While the bell'wing thunders roar, While the bell-'wing thun - ders
fort.
roar, While the can-non's fire is flash - ing fast, And the bell'wing thun-ders roar.

5

Hark!|'tis the Briton's|lee gun!
Ne'er|bolder warrior|kneeled!
And|ne'er to gallant|mariners
Did|braver seamen|yield.
Proud|be the sires, whose|hardy sons
Then|fell, to fight no|more:
‖: With the|brave, mid the|wave; :‖ (*3 times.*)
‖: When the|cannon's thunders|roar, :‖ (*twice.*)
Their|spirits then shall|trim the blast,
And|swell the thunder's|roar.

Yankee Thunders.—Concluded.

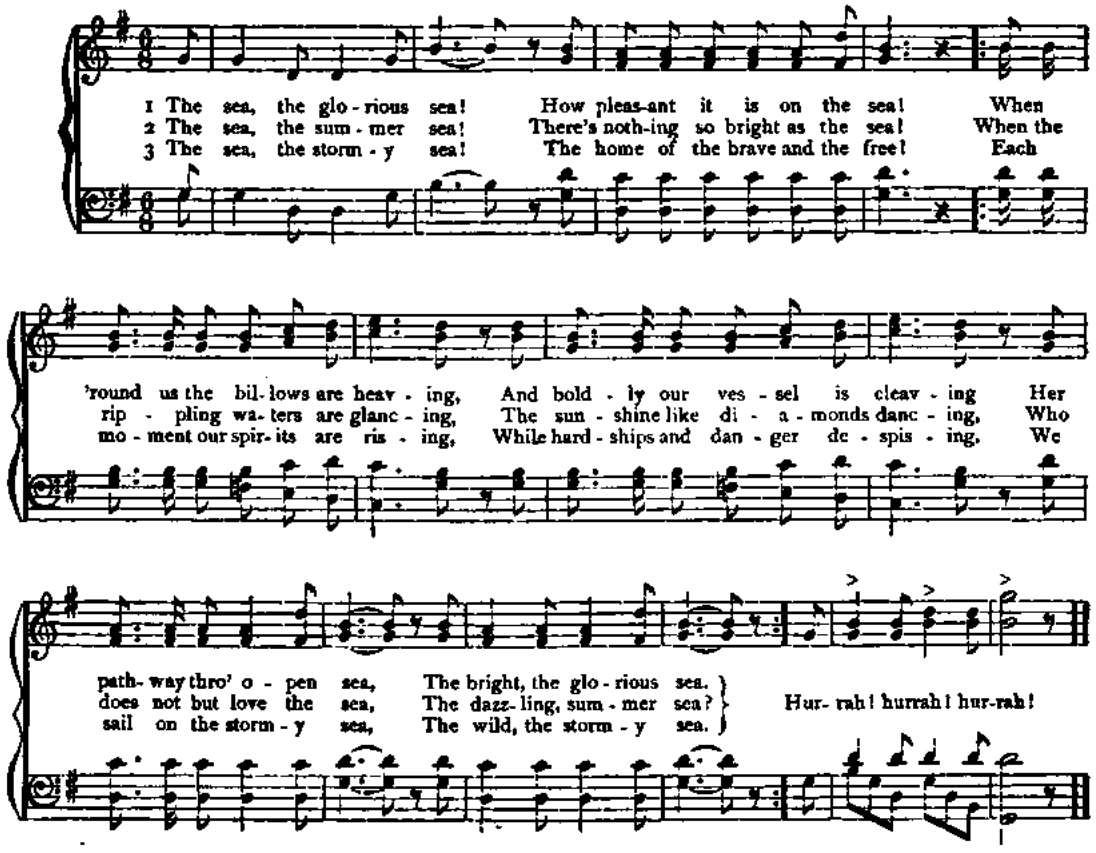
6

Vain | were the cheers of | Britons,
Their | hearts did vainly | swell,
Where | virtue, skill, and | bravery,
With | gallant MORRIS | fell.
That | heart so well in | battle tried,
A- | long the Moorish | shore,
‖: And a- | gain o'er the | main, :‖ (*3 times.*)
‖: When Columbia's thunders | roar, :‖ (*twice.*)
Shall | prove its Yankee | spirit true,
When Co- | lumbia's thunders | roar.

7

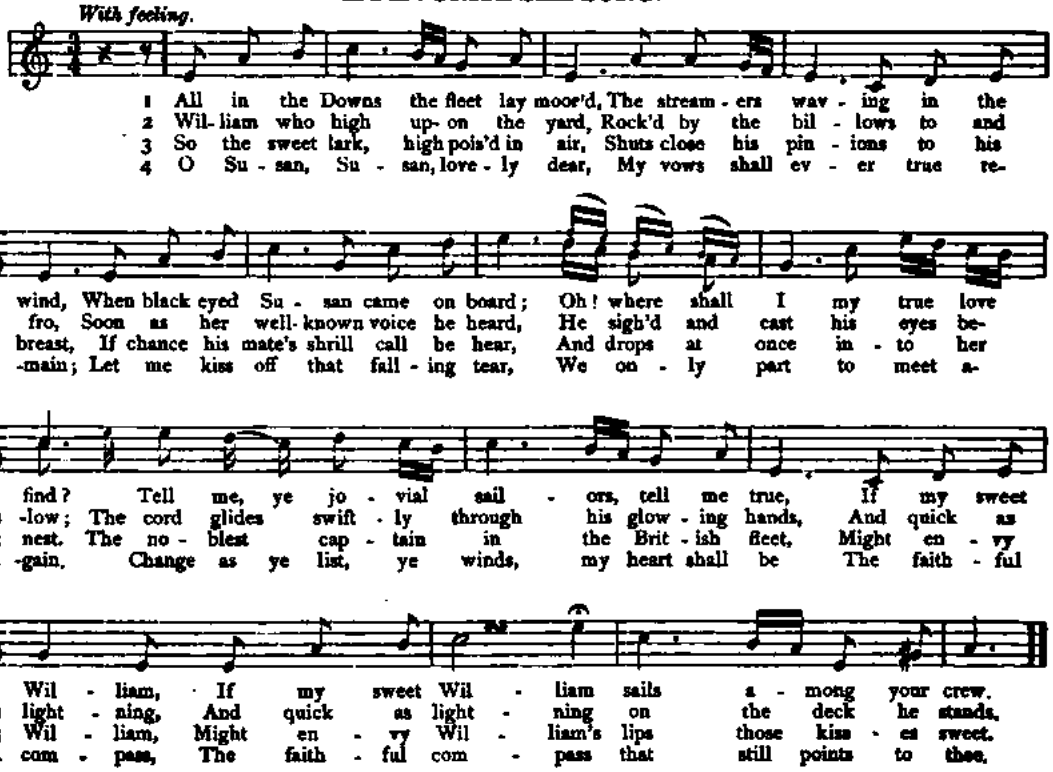
Hence | be our floating | bulwarks
Those | oaks our mountains | yield;
'Tis | mighty Heaven's | plain decree—
Then | take the wat'ry | field!
To | ocean's farthest | barrier then
Your | whit'ning sail shall | pour;
‖: Safe they'll | ride o'er the | tide, :‖ (*3 times.*)
‖: While Co- | lumbia's thunders | roar, :‖ (*twice.*)
While her | cannon's fire is | flashing fast,
And her | Yankee thunders | roar.

THE SEA! THE GLORIOUS SEA.

W. WÜRFEL.

1 The sea, the glo - rious sea! How pleas-ant it is on the sea! When
2 The sea, the sum - mer sea! There's noth-ing so bright as the sea! When the
3 The sea, the storm - y sea! The home of the brave and the free! Each
'round us the bil-lows are heav - ing, And bold - ly our ves - sel is cleav - ing Her
rip - pling wa-ters are glanc - ing, The sun - shine like di - a - monds danc - ing, Who
mo - ment our spir-its are ris - ing, While hard - ships and dan - ger de - spis - ing, We
path- way thro' o - pen sea, The bright, the glo - rious sea.
does not but love the sea, The dazz-ling, sum - mer sea?
sail on the storm - y sea, The wild, the storm - y sea.
Hur- rah! hurrah! hur-rah!

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

A FAVORITE SEA SONG.

With feeling.

1 All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd, The stream - ers wav - ing in the
2 Wil- liam who high up- on the yard, Rock'd by the bil - lows to and
3 So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air, Shuts close his pin - ions to his
4 O Su - san, Su - san, love - ly dear, My vows shall ev - er true re-
1 wind, When black eyed Su - san came on board; Oh! where shall I my true love
2 fro, Soon as her well- known voice he heard, He sigh'd and cast his eyes be-
3 breast, If chance his mate's shrill call be hear, And drops at once in - to her
4 -main; Let me kiss off that fall - ing tear, We on - ly part to meet a-
1 find? Tell me, ye jo - vial sail - ors, tell me true, If my sweet
2 -low; The cord glides swift - ly through his glow - ing hands, And quick as
3 nest. The no - blest cap - tain in the Brit - ish fleet, Might en - vy
4 -gain. Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be The faith - ful
1 Wil - liam, If my sweet Wil - liam sails a - mong your crew.
2 light - ning, And quick as light - ning on the deck he stands.
3 Wil - liam, Might en - vy Wil - liam's lips those kiss - es sweet.
4 com - pass, The faith - ful com - pass that still points to thee.

5

Believe not | what the landmen | say,
Who tempt with | doubts thy constant | mind,
They'll tell thee, | sailors, when a- | way,
In ev'ry | port a mistress | find.
Yes, yes, believe them | when they tell thee | so,
‖: For thou art | present :‖ whereso'er I | go.

6

If to fair | India's coast we | sail,
Thy eyes are | seen in diamonds | bright;
Thy breath is | Africa's spicy | gale,
Thy skin is | Ivory so | white.
Thus, ev'ry beauteous | object that I | view,
‖: Wakes in my | soul :‖ some | charms of lovely | Sue.

7

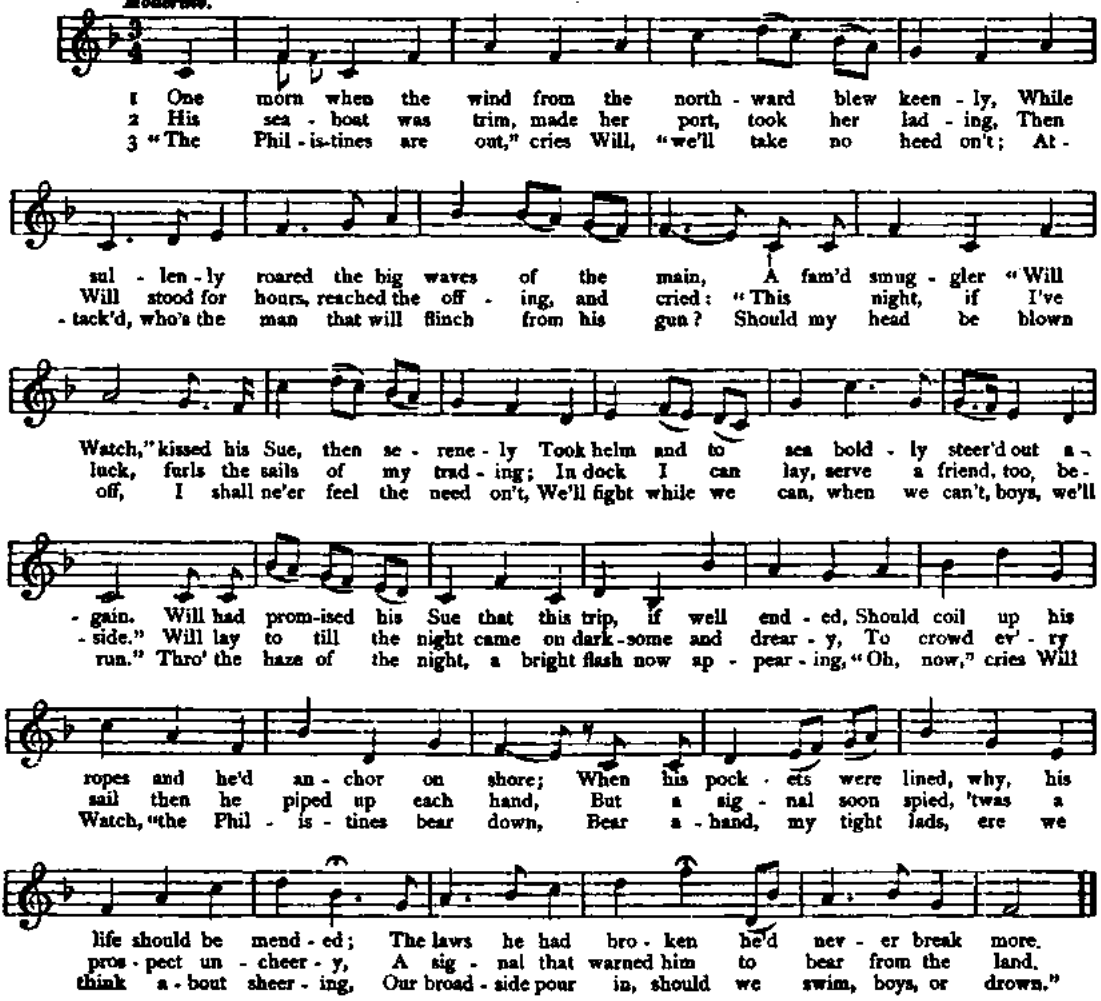
Though battle | calls me from thy | arms,
Let not my | pretty Susan | mourn;
Though cannons | roar, yet, safe from | harms,
William shall | to his dear re- | turn.
Love turns aside the | balls that round me | fly,
‖: Lest precious | tears :‖ should | drop from Susan's | eye.

8

The Boatswain | gave the dreadful | word,
The sails their | swelling bosom | spread;
No longer | must she stay a- | board:
They kiss'd, she | sigh'd, he hung his | head.
Her less'ning boat un- | willing rows to | land:
‖: Adieu! she | cries, :‖ and | wav'd her lily | hand.

WILL WATCH.

By JOHN DAVY.

Moderato.

1 One morn when the wind from the north - ward blew keen - ly, While
2 His sea - boat was trim, made her port, took her lad - ing, Then
3 "The Phil - is-tines are out," cries Will, "we'll take no heed on't; At -
sul - len - ly roared the big waves of the main, A fam'd smug - gler "Will
Will stood for hours, reached the off - ing, and cried: "This night, if I've
- tack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun? Should my head be blown
Watch," kissed his Sue, then se - rene - ly Took helm and to sea bold - ly steer'd out a -
luck, furls the sails of my trad - ing; In dock I can lay, serve a friend, too, be -
off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't, We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll
- gain. Will had prom-ised his Sue that this trip, if well end - ed, Should coil up his
- side." Will lay to till the night came on dark-some and drear - y, To crowd ev' - ry
run." Thro' the haze of the night, a bright flash now ap - pear - ing, "Oh, now," cries Will
ropes and he'd an - chor on shore; When his pock - ets were lined, why, his
sail then he piped up each hand, But a sig - nal soon spied, 'twas a
Watch, "the Phil - is - tines bear down, Bear a - hand, my tight lads, ere we
life should be mend - ed; The laws he had bro - ken he'd nev - er break more.
pros - pect un - cheer - y, A sig - nal that warned him to bear from the land.
think a - bout sheer - ing, Our broad - side pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown."

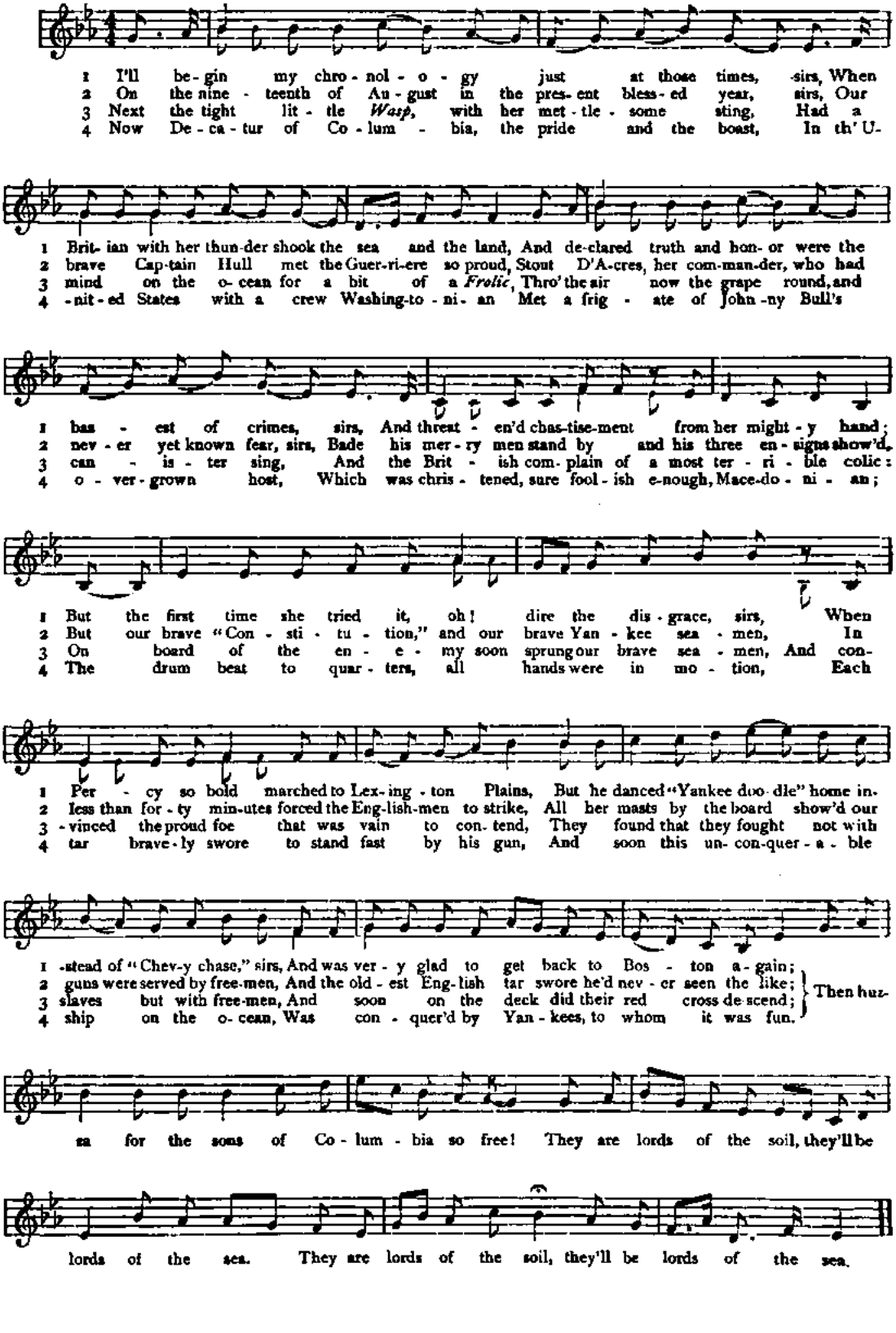
4

"But|should I be popp'd|off, you, my|mates, left be-|hind me,
Re-|gard my last|words, see 'em|kindly o-|beyed:
Let no|stone mark the|spot, and, my|friends, do you|mind me,
Near the|beach is the|grave where Will|Watch should be|laid."
Poor|Will's yarn was|spun out —for a|bullet next|minute
Laid him|low on the|deck, and he|never spoke|more;
His bold|crew fought the|brig while a|shot remain'd|in it,
Then|sheer'd, and Will's|hulk to his|Susan they|bore.

5

In the|dead of the|night, his last|wish was com-|plied with,
To|few, known his|grave, and to|few, known his|end;
He was|borne to the|earth, by the|crew that he|died with,
He'd the|tears of his|Susan, the|prayers of each|friend.
Near his|grave, dash the|billows, the|winds loudly|bellow,
Yon|ash struck with|lightning, points|out the cold|bed,
Where once|Will Watch, the bold|smuggler, that|fam'd lawless|fellow,
Once|fear'd, now for-|got, sleeps in|peace with the|dead.

YANKEE CHRONOLOGY.

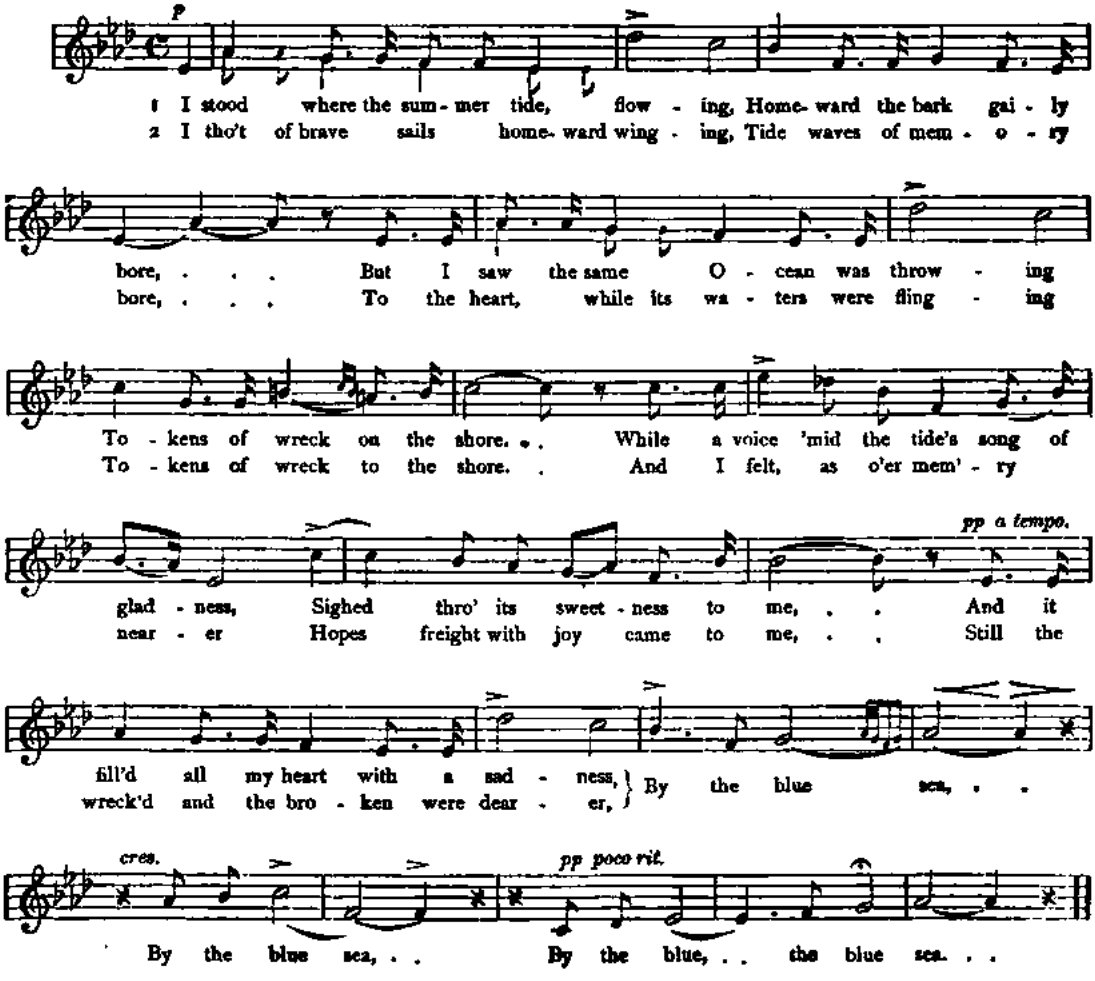
Words by WILLIAM DUNLAP. **1813.**

1 I'll be-gin my chro-nol-o-gy just at those times, sirs, When
2 On the nine-teenth of Au-gust in the pres-ent bless-ed year, sirs, Our
3 Next the tight lit-tle *Wasp*, with her met-tle-some sting, Had a
4 Now De-ca-tur of Co-lum-bia, the pride and the boast, In th' U-
1 Brit-ian with her thun-der shook the sea and the land, And de-clared truth and hon-or were the
2 brave Cap-tain Hull met the Guer-ri-ere so proud, Stout D'A-cres, her com-man-der, who had
3 mind on the o-cean for a bit of a *Frolic*, Thro' the air now the grape round, and
4 -nit-ed States with a crew Washing-to-ni-an Met a frig-ate of John-ny Bull's
1 bas-est of crimes, sirs, And threat-en'd chas-tise-ment from her might-y hand;
2 nev-er yet known fear, sirs, Bade his mer-ry men stand by and his three en-signs show'd,
3 can-is-ter sing, And the Brit-ish com-plain of a most ter-ri-ble colic:
4 o-ver-grown host, Which was chris-tened, sure fool-ish e-nough, Mace-do-ni-an;
1 But the first time she tried it, oh! dire the dis-grace, sirs, When
2 But our brave "Con-sti-tu-tion," and our brave Yan-kee sea-men, In
3 On board of the en-e-my soon sprung our brave sea-men, And con-
4 The drum beat to quar-ters, all hands were in mo-tion, Each
1 Per-cy so bold marched to Lex-ing-ton Plains, But he danced "Yankee doo-dle" home in-
2 less than for-ty min-utes forced the Eng-lish-men to strike, All her masts by the board show'd our
3 -vinced the proud foe that was vain to con-tend, They found that they fought not with
4 tar brave-ly swore to stand fast by his gun, And soon this un-con-quer-a-ble
1 -stead of "Chev-y chase," sirs, And was ver-y glad to get back to Bos-ton a-gain;
2 guns were served by free-men, And the old-est Eng-lish tar swore he'd nev-er seen the like;
3 slaves but with free-men, And soon on the deck did their red cross de-scend;
4 ship on the o-cean, Was con-quer'd by Yan-kees, to whom it was fun.
Then huz-
za for the sons of Co-lum-bia so free! They are lords of the soil, they'll be
lords of the sea. They are lords of the soil, they'll be lords of the sea.

Yankee Chronology.—Concluded.

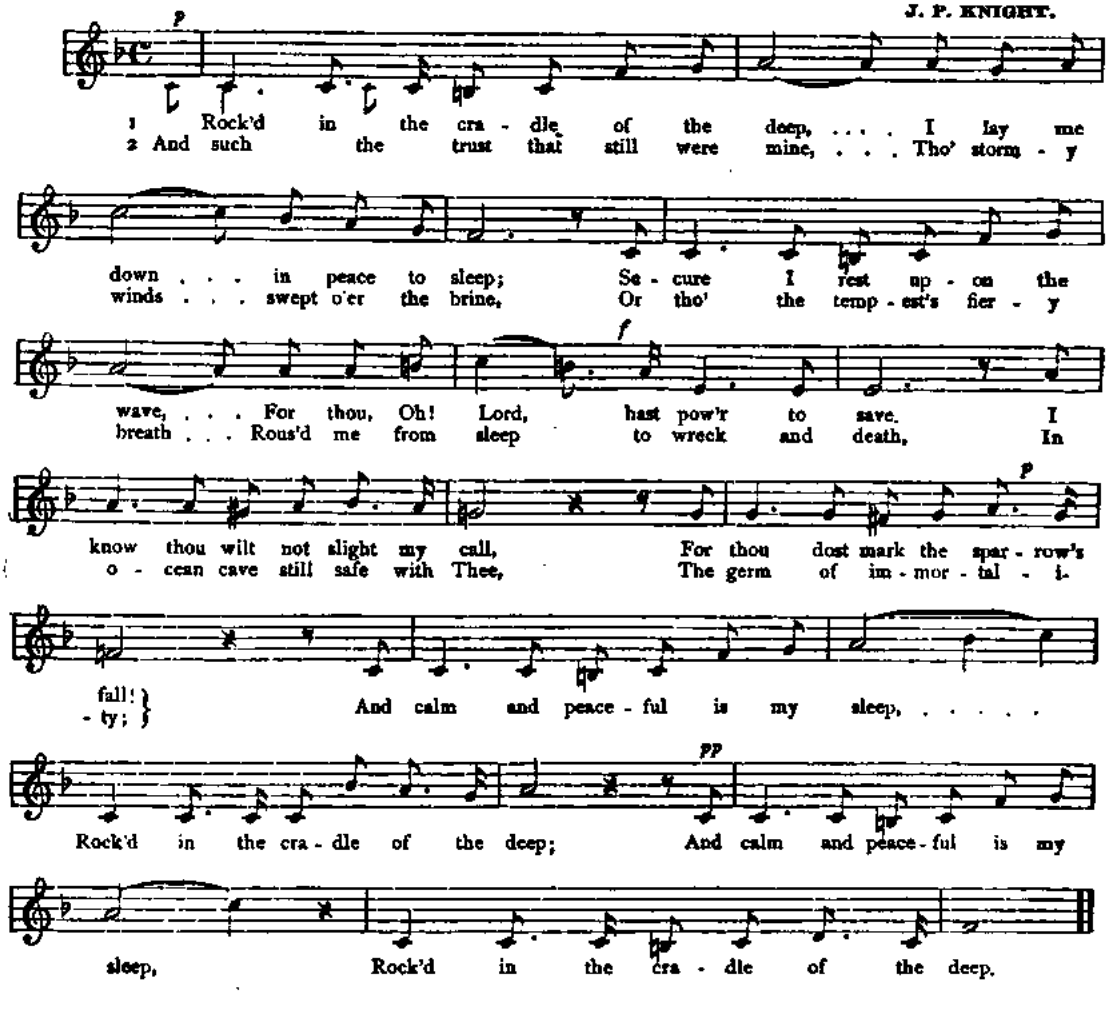
5 A-|gain let Fame's clarion|tell to the world,
Of the|second brave fight of the|fam'd *Constitution*,
How her|thunder upon the poor|*Java* was hurled.
And her|marines thrown into|direst confusion.
Short,|short was the contest, ere|Victory beaming,
On the|standard of *Bainbridge* did|quickly alight,
No|more was the Briton's proud|banner high streaming,—
He re-|luctantly owned we were|bravest in fight.
Then huzza, etc.

6 Next,|*Lawrence*, the brave, proudly|brought up the rear,
And of|roasting the *Peacock* had|scarcely begun it,
Ere her|feathers were scattered, her|crew was in fear,
And the|fight scarce commenced, ere the|*Hornet* had won it.
But the|hero, alas! in re-|pose now is sleeping,
In de-|fence of our rights, he fell,|gallant and brave;
Every|true-hearted tar for his|loss now is weeping,
And the|tears of his country shall e'er|moisten his grave.
Then huzza, etc.

BY THE BLUE SEA.

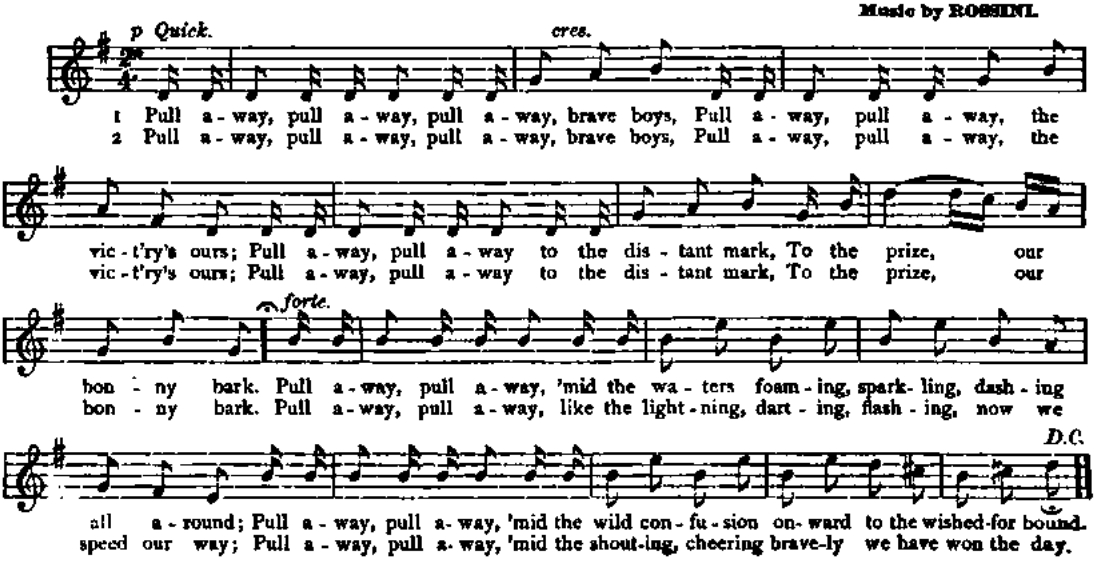
Words by FREDERICK ENOCH. Music by HENRY SMART.

p
1 I stood where the sum-mer tide, flow-ing, Home-ward the bark gai-ly
2 I tho't of brave sails home-ward wing-ing, Tide waves of mem-o-ry
bore, . . . But I saw the same O-cean was throw-ing
bore, . . . To the heart, while its wa-ters were fling-ing
To-kens of wreck on the shore. . While a voice 'mid the tide's song of
To-kens of wreck to the shore. . And I felt, as o'er mem'-ry
pp a tempo.
glad-ness, Sighed thro' its sweet-ness to me, . . And it
near-er Hopes freight with joy came to me, . . Still the
fill'd all my heart with a sad-ness,
wreck'd and the bro-ken were dear-er,
By the blue sea, . .
cres.
pp poco rit.
By the blue sea, . . By the blue, . . the blue sea. . .

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

J. P. KNIGHT.

p
1 Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, . . . I lay me
2 And such the trust that still were mine, . . . Tho' storm - y
down . . . in peace to sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the
winds . . . swept o'er the brine, Or tho' the temp - est's fier - y
f
wave, . . . For thou, Oh! Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
breath . . . Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death, In
p
know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar - row's
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i -
fall!
- ty;
And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, ...
pp
Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep; And calm and peace - ful is my
sleep, Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep.

PULL AWAY.

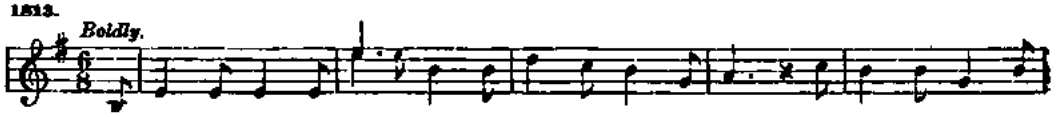
Music by ROSSINI.

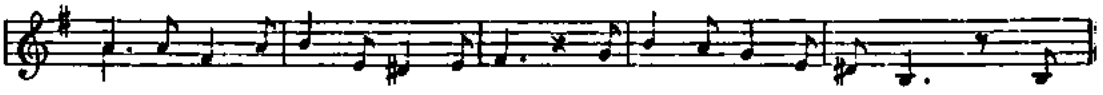

p Quick.
cres.
1 Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a - way, brave boys, Pull a - way, pull a - way, the
2 Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a - way, brave boys, Pull a - way, pull a - way, the
vic - t'ry's ours; Pull a - way, pull a - way to the dis - tant mark, To the prize, our
vic - t'ry's ours; Pull a - way, pull a - way to the dis - tant mark, To the prize, our
forte.
bon - ny bark. Pull a - way, pull a - way, 'mid the wa - ters foam - ing, spark - ling, dash - ing
bon - ny bark. Pull a - way, pull a - way, like the light - ning, dart - ing, flash - ing, now we
D.C.
all a - round; Pull a - way, pull a - way, 'mid the wild con - fu - sion on - ward to the wished-for bound.
speed our way; Pull a - way, pull a - way, 'mid the shout-ing, cheering brave-ly we have won the day.

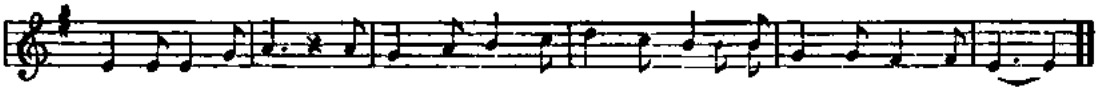
YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND.

1813.

Boldly.



1 Ye par - lia-ment of Eng - land, You lords and com- mons, too, Con - sid - er well what
2 You first con-fined our com - merce, And said our ships shant trade, You next impressed our
3 You thought our frig - ates were but few, And Yan - kees could not fight, Un - til brave Hull your

you're a - bout, And what you're going to do; You're now to fight with Yan - kees, I'm
sea - men, And used them as your slaves; You then in - sult - ed Rog - ers, While
Guer- riere took, And banished her from your sight. The Wasp then took your Frol - ic, We'll



sure you'll rue the day, You roused the Sons of Lib - er - ty, In North A- mer - i - ca.
ploughing o'er the main, And had not we de - clared war, You'd have done it o'er a - gain.
noth- ing say to that, The Poic- tiers be - ing of the line Of course she took her back.

4

The|next, your *Mace-|donian*,
No|finer ship could|swim,
De-|catur took her|gilt-work off,
And|then he sent her|in.
The|*Java*, by a|Yankee ship
Was|sunk, you all must|know;
The|*Peacock* fine, in|all her plume,
By|Lawrence down did|go.

5

Then,|next you sent your|*Boxer*,
To|box us all a-|bout,
But we|had an *Enter-|prising* brig
That|beat your *Boxer*|out;
We|boxed her up to|Portland,
And|moored her off the|town,
To|show the sons of|liberty
The|*Boxer* of re-|nown.

6

The|next, upon Lake|Erie,
Where|Perry had some|fun,
You|own he beat your|naval force,
And|caused them for to|run;
This|was to you a|sore defeat,
The|like ne'er known be-|fore—
Your|British squadron|beat complete—
Some|took, some run a-|shore.

7

There's|Rogers, in the|*President*,
Will|burn, sink, and de-|stroy;
The|*Congress*, on the|Brazil coast,
Your|commerce will an-|noy;
The|*Essex*, in the|South Seas,
Will|put out all your|lights,
The|flag she waves at|her mast-head—
"Free|Trade and Sailor's|Rights."

8

La-|ment, ye sons of|Britain,
Far|distant is the|day,
When|you'll regain by|British force
What you've|lost in Ameri-|ca;
Go|tell your King and|parliament,
By|all the world 'tis|known,
That|British force, by|sea and land,
By|Yankees is o'er-|thrown.

9

Use|every en-|deavor,
And|strive to make a|peace,
For|Yankee ships are|building fast,
Their|Navy to in-|crease;
They|will enforce their|commerce,
The|laws by Heaven were|made,
That|Yankee ships in|time of peace,
To|any port may|trade.

MANHATTAN'S DEAR ISLE.

Words by W. F. SPICER, U. S. N., Lima, Peru, 1843. U. S. S., Relief, Callao, Peru, S. A., Christmas Night, 1843.

Moderato.

1 'Tis the eve - ning of Christ - mas, the mask - ers have met, And the
2 O - ver ma - ny a league of the per - il - ous main We have
3 The sleigh bells are chim - ing and mer - ry cheeks glow With the
4 Ah! years have gone by since the an - chor was weighed, And the

1 dark eyes of Li - ma are mois - ten'd with glee; The harp of Pe - ru and the
2 wan - der'd to - geth - er in moon- light and storm, And we've mused in our watch of the
3 keen blast of win - ter, and tho'ts of de - light; The moon, in her beau - ty, il -
4 voic - es we love, bade a kind - ly "good-bye," Since the high - lands grew dim in the

1 wild cas - ti - net, Are min - gled to - geth - er in sweet min-strel - sy,
2 smiles that a - gain Would wel - come us back, and our ea - ger hearts warm.
3 -lum - ines the snow, And loved tones are breath'd 'round our hearth - stone to - night;
4 e - ven-tide shade, And we stood to the East, 'neath a bright Au-tumn sky;

1 Our mess - mates have left us to join in the throng, Yet,
2 In the val - leys of Chil - i there's ma - ny an eye Whose
3 Oh! would we were pres - ent those mo - ments to share, To
4 But soon through the tur - bu - lent gales of Cape Horn, Our

1 tho' quite a - lone, Tom, the time we'll be - guile, For our hearts are at - tuned to the
2 e - lo - quent gaze has en-slaved us a - while; But oh, from the depths of our
3 meet from our kin- dred af - fec- tion's dear smile, To lin - ger a - gain near those
4 long ab - sent ves - sel will strug - gle a - while, Un - til from the land of the

1 beau - ty and song Of the maid - ens that dwell in
2 spir - its a sigh Speeds o - ver the sea to
3 be - ings so fair, With the maid - ens that dwell in
4 strang - er she's borne, And an - chors once more near

Man- hat - tan's dear Isle.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Words by FRANCIS S. KEY.

Con spirito.

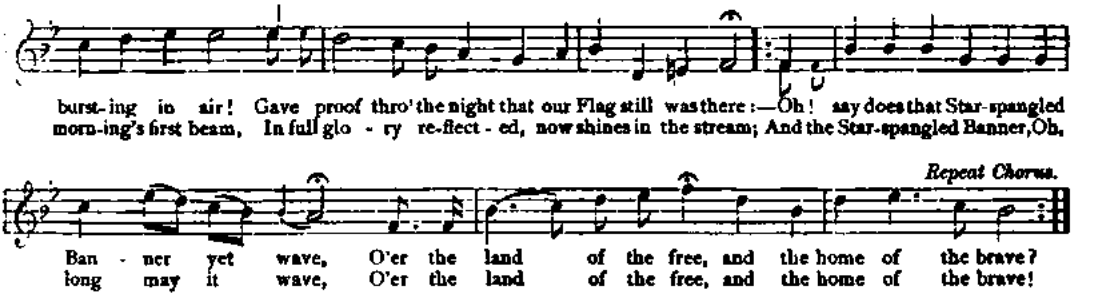
1 Oh! say can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the
2 On the shore dim-ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught-y host in dread

Marcato.

twi - light's last gleam-ing! Whose broad Stripes and bright Stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es—What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it

ram - parts we watch'd were so gal- lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock- et's red glare, the shells
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the

The Star-Spangled Banner.—Concluded.


burst-ing in air! Gave proof thro' the night that our Flag still was there:—Oh! say does that Star-spangled
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect - ed, now shines in the stream; And the Star-spangled Banner, Oh,
Repeat Chorus.
Ban - ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

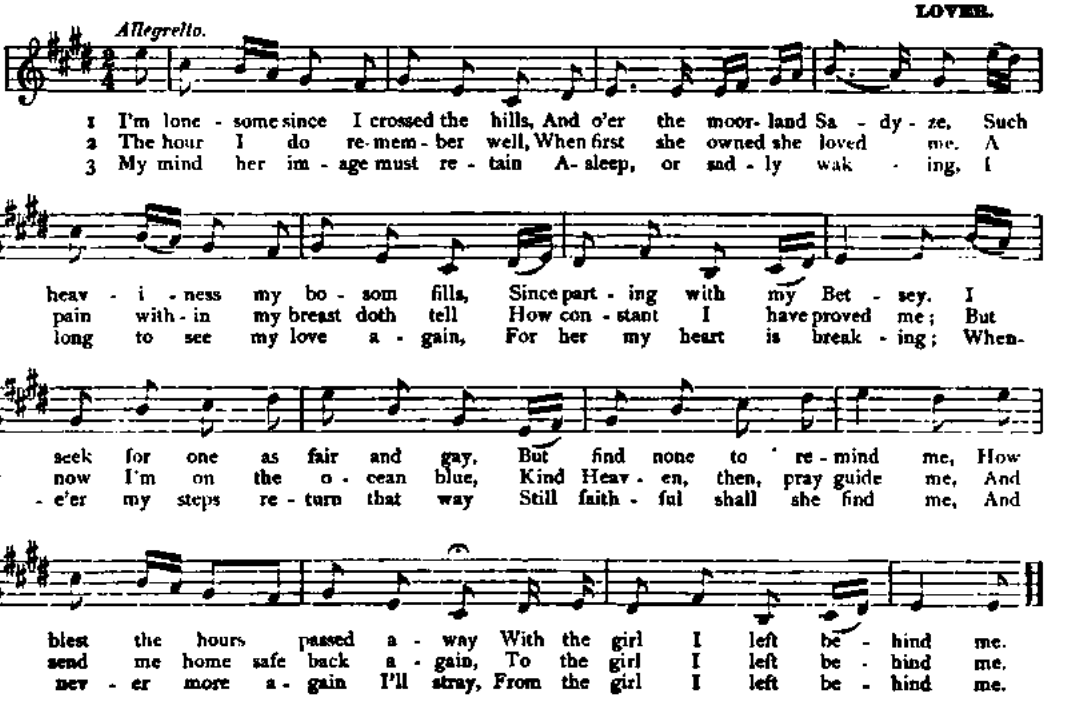
3

And | where is that band who so | vauntingly swore,
That the | havoc of war and the | battle's confusion,
A | home and a country shall | leave us no more?
Their | blood has wash'd out their foul | foot-step's pollution!
No | refuge could save the | hireling and slave,
From the | terror of flight, or the | gloom of the grave;
And the Star-spangled Banner, in triumph doth wave!
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

4

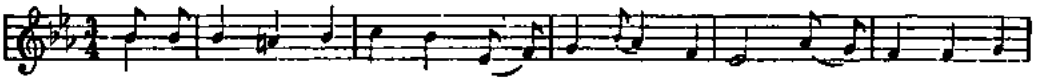
O | thus be it ever, when | freemen shall stand,
Be- | tween their lov'd home, and the | war's desolation;
Blest with | vict'ry and peace, may the | heav'n-rescued land,
Praise the | pow'r that hath made, and pre- | serves us a Nation;
Then | conquer we must, when our | cause it is just,
And | this be our motto:—In | God, is our trust;
And the Star-spangled Banner, in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

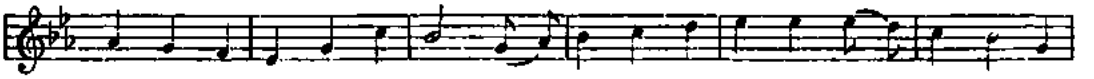
LOVER.

Allegretto.
1 I'm lone - some since I crossed the hills, And o'er the moor- land Sa - dy - ze, Such
2 The hour I do re-mem - ber well, When first she owned she loved me, A
3 My mind her im - age must re - tain A- sleep, or sad - ly wak - ing, I
heav - i - ness my bo - som fills, Since part - ing with my Bet - sey, I
pain with - in my breast doth tell How con - stant I have proved me; But
long to see my love a - gain, For her my heart is break - ing; When-
seek for one as fair and gay, But find none to re - mind me, How
now I'm on the o - cean blue, Kind Heav - en, then, pray guide me, And
- e'er my steps re - turn that way Still faith - ful shall she find me, And
blest the hours passed a - way With the girl I left be - hind me.
send me home safe back a - gain, To the girl I left be - hind me.
nev - er more a - gain I'll stray, From the girl I left be - hind me.

THE DREADNOUGHT

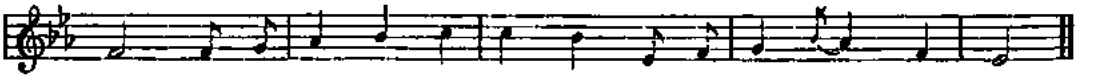
Merchant Service, 1841.



1 There's a sau - cy, wild pack - et, and a pack - et of fame, She be - longs to New-
2 The time of her sail - ing is now draw - ing nigh; Fare - well, pret - ty
3 Oh! the Dreadnought is haul - ing out of Wa - ter - loo Dock, When the boys and the



York, and the Dreadnought's her name, She is bound to the west- ward where the strong winds do
May, I must bid you good- bye; Fare - well to old Eng - land and all there we hold
girls on the pier heads do flock; They will give us three cheers while their tears free - ly



blow, Bound a - way in the Dread - nought, to the west - ward we go.
dear, Bound a - way in the Dread - nought, to the west - ward we'll steer.
flow, Say - ing: "God bless the Dread - nought," where-so - e'er she may go.

4

Oh! the|"Dreadnought" is|waiting in the|Mersey so|free,
Waiting|for the "Inde-|pendence" to|tow her to|sea,
For to|round that black|rock where the|Mersey does|flow,
Bound a-|way in the|"Dreadnought," to the|westward we'll|go.

5

Oh! the|"Dreadnought's" a-|howling down the|wild, Irish|sea,
Where the|passengers are|merry, with|hearts full of|glee;
While the|sailors like|lions walk the|decks to and|fro,
Bound a-|way in the|"Dreadnought," to the|westward we'll|go.

6

Oh! the|"Dreadnought's" a-|sailing the At-|lantic so|wide,
Where the|dark, heavy|seas roll a-|long her black|sides,
With the|sails neatly|spread and the|red cross to|show,
Bound a-|way in the|"Dreadnought," to the|westward we'll|go.

7

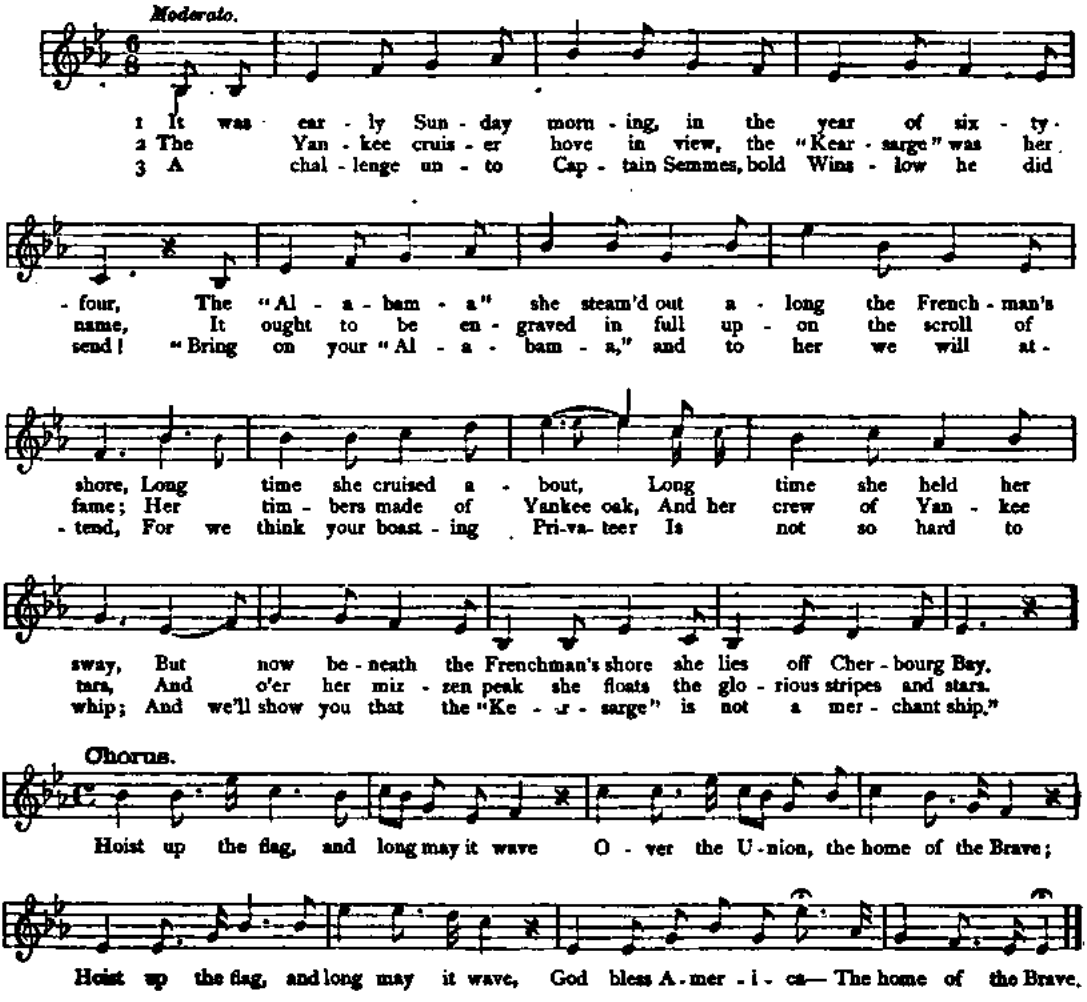
Oh! the|"Dreadnought's" be-|calmed on the|banks of New-|foundland,
Where the|water's so|green and the|bottom is|sand;
Where the|fish of the|ocean swim a-|round to and|fro;
Bound a-|way in the|"Dreadnought," to the|westward we'll|go.

8

Oh! the|"Dreadnought's" ar-|rived in A-|merica once|more,
We'll|go ashore,|shipmates, on the|land we a-|dore,
See our|wives and our|sweet-hearts—be|merry and|free,
Drink a|health to the|"Dreadnought," whereso-|e'er she may|be.

9

Here's a|health to the|"Dreadnought," and to|all her brave|crew,
Here's a|health to her|Captain and|officers,|too,
Talk a-|bout your flash|packets, "Swallow-|Tail" and "Black|Ball,"
But the|"Dreadnought's" the|clipper to|beat one and|all.

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

Moderato.
1 It was ear - ly Sun - day morn - ing, in the year of six - ty -
2 The Yan - kee cruis - er hove in view, the "Kear - sarge" was her
3 A chal - lenge un - to Cap - tain Semmes, bold Wins - low he did
- four, The "Al - a - bam - a" she steam'd out a - long the French - man's
name, It ought to be en - graved in full up - on the scroll of
send! "Bring on your "Al - a - bam - a," and to her we will at -
shore, Long time she cruised a - bout, Long time she held her
fame; Her tim - bers made of Yankee oak, And her crew of Yan - kee
- tend, For we think your boast - ing Pri-va- teer Is not so hard to
sway, But now be - neath the Frenchman's shore she lies off Cher - bourg Bay.
tars, And o'er her miz - zen peak she floats the glo - rious stripes and stars.
whip; And we'll show you that the "Ke - ar - sarge" is not a mer - chant ship."
Chorus.
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave O - ver the U - nion, the home of the Brave;
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave, God bless A - mer - i - ca— The home of the Brave.

4

It was|early Sunday|morning, in the|year of sixty-|four,
The|"Alabama"|she stood out and|cannons loud did|roar;
The|"Kearsarge" stood un-|daunted, and|quickly she re-|plied,
And|let a Yankee|'leven-inch shell go|tearing through her|side.—CHO.

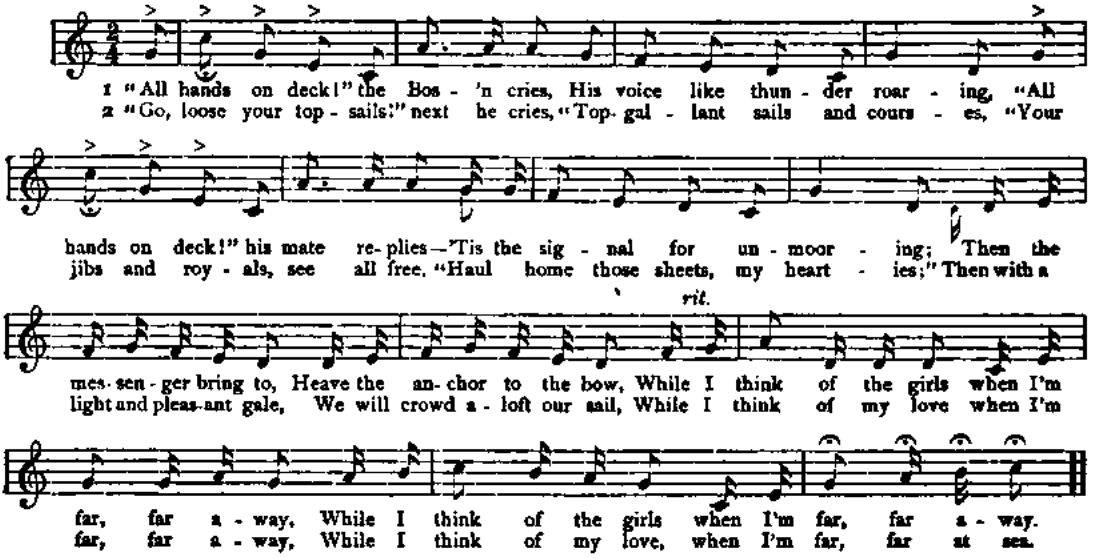
5

The|"Kearsarge" then she|wore around and|broadside on did|bear,
With|shot and shell, and|right good will, her|timbers she did|tear;
When they|found that they were|sinking, down|came the stars and|bars,
For the|rebel gunners|could not stand the|glorious stripes and|stars.—CHO.

6

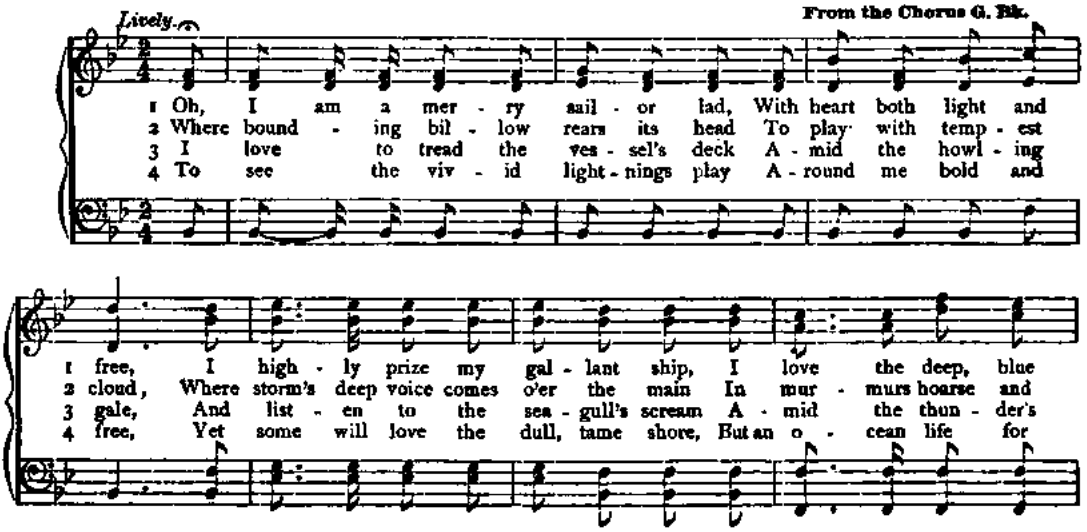
The|"Alabama"|she is gone, she'll|cruise the seas no|more,
She|met the fate she|well deserved a-|long the Frenchman's|shore;
Then|here is luck to the|"Kearsarge, we|know what she can|do,
Like-|wise to Captain Winslow and his|brave and gallant|crew.—CHO.

UNMOORING.

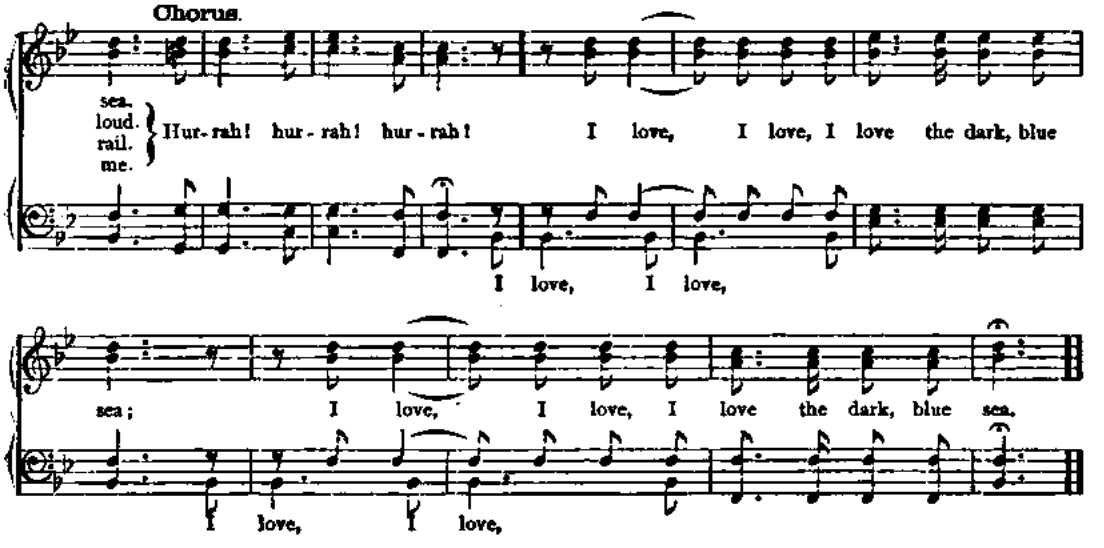

1 "All hands on deck!" the Bos - 'n cries, His voice like thun - der roar - ing, "All
2 "Go, loose your top - sails!" next he cries, "Top - gal - lant sails and cours - es, "Your
hands on deck!" his mate re - plies—"Tis the sig - nal for un - moor - ing; Then the
jibs and roy - als, see all free. "Haul home those sheets, my heart - ies;" Then with a
rit.
mes - sen - ger bring to, Heave the an - chor to the bow, While I think of the girls when I'm
light and pleas - ant gale, We will crowd a - loft our sail, While I think of my love when I'm
far, far a - way, While I think of the girls when I'm far, far a - way.
far, far a - way, While I think of my love, when I'm far, far at sea.

3 "Your|anchor's next a-|peak," he cries,
"'Vast|heaving, lads, 'vast|heaving;"
Your|cat and fish next|overhaul,
While your|capstan nimbly|leaving:
Then o-|bey the Bos'n's call,
Walk a-|way with that cat-fall
While I|think of my love when I'm|far, far away,
While I|think of my love when I'm|far, far at sea.

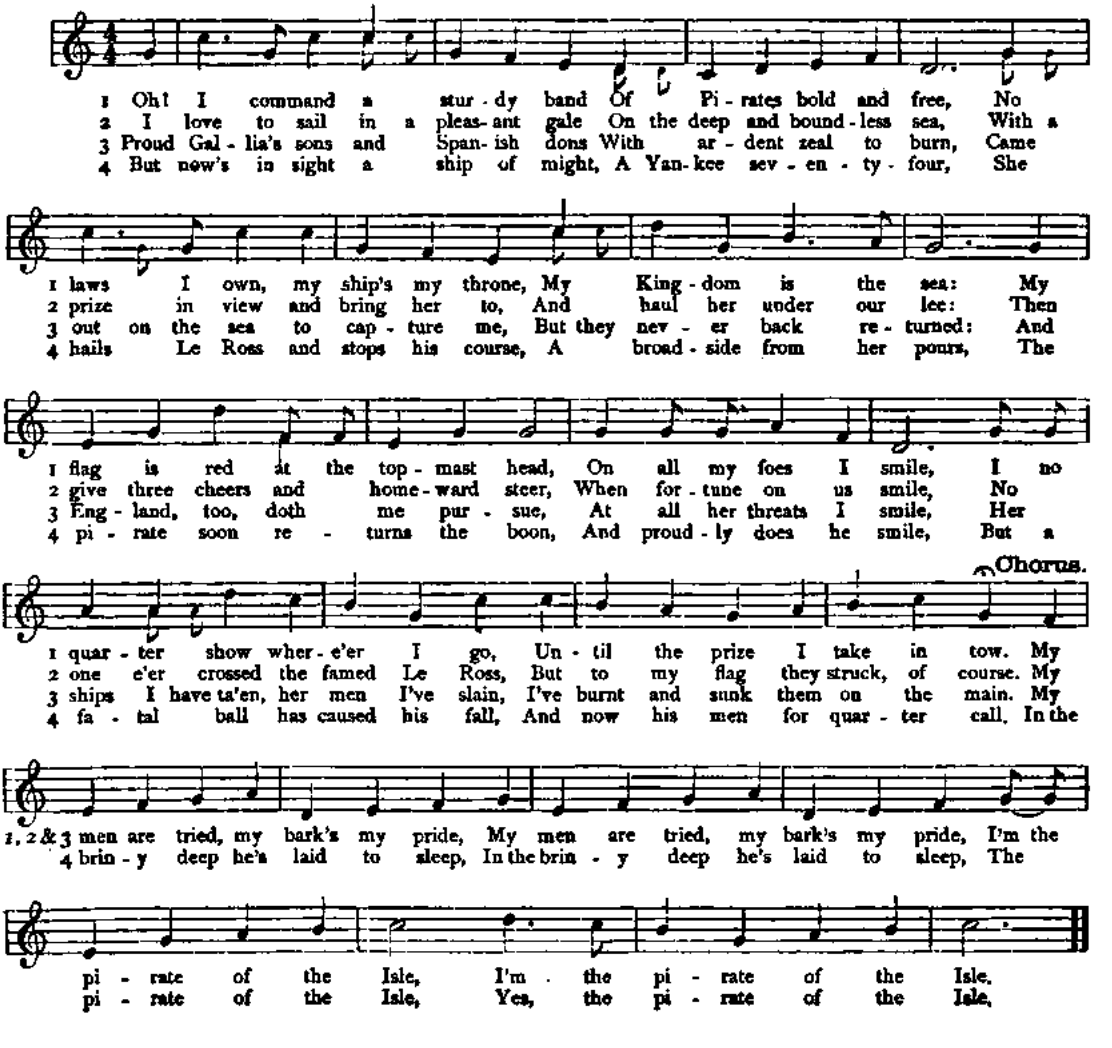
4 Fare-|well to friends, fare-|well to foes,
Fare-|well to kind re-|lations,
I'm|going to cross the|raging main,
Bound|for a foreign station;
While I|cross the raging main,
The stars and|stripes I will sustain,
And I'll|think of my love, when I'm|far, far away,
And I'll|think of my love, when I'm|far, far at sea.

OH, I AM A MERRY SAILOR LAD.

Lively.
From the Chorus G. Bk.
1 Oh, I am a mer - ry sail - or lad, With heart both light and
2 Where bound - ing bil - low rears its head To play with temp - est
3 I love to tread the ves - sel's deck A - mid the howl - ing
4 To see the viv - id light - nings play A - round me bold and
1 free, I high - ly prize my gal - lant ship, I love the deep, blue
2 cloud, Where storm's deep voice comes o'er the main In mur - murs hoarse and
3 gale, And list - en to the sea - gull's scream A - mid the thun - der's
4 free, Yet some will love the dull, tame shore, But an o - cean life for

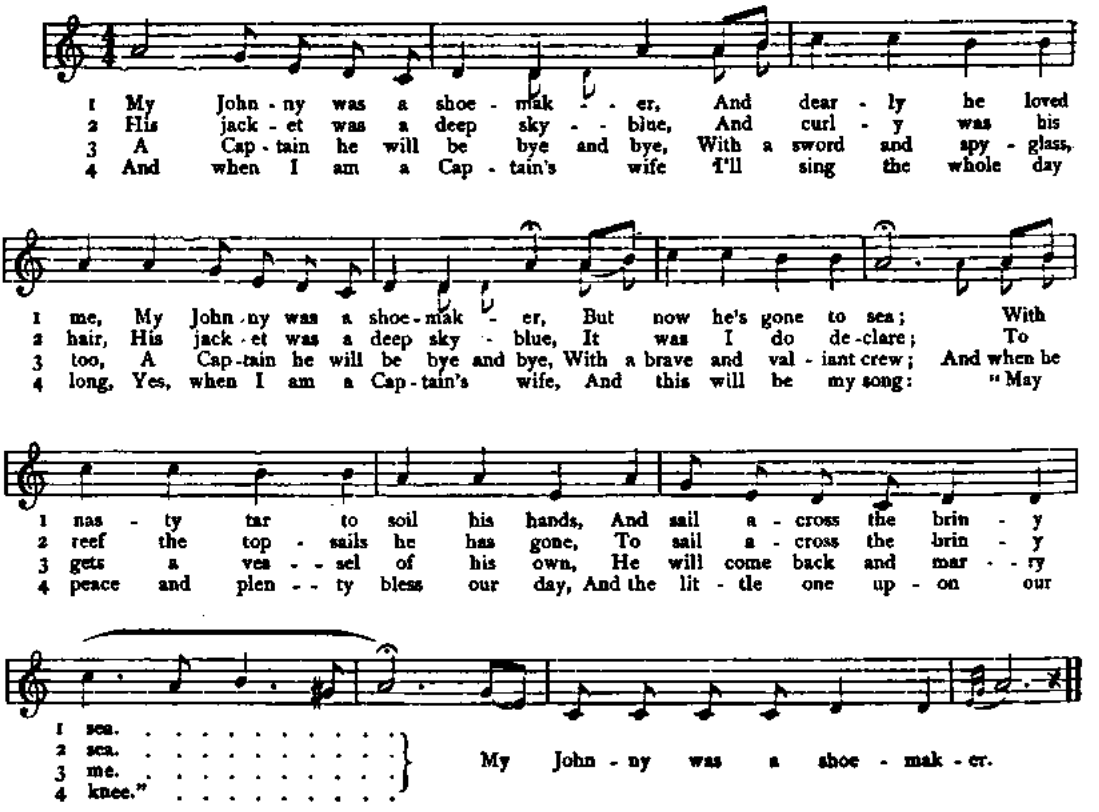
Oh, I am a Merry Sailor Lad.—Concluded.


Chorus.
sea.
loud.
rail.
me.
Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! I love, I love, I love the dark, blue
I love, I love,
sea; I love, I love, I love the dark, blue sea.
I love, I love,

THE PIRATE OF THE ISLE.


1 Oh! I command a stur-dy band Of Pi-rates bold and free, No
2 I love to sail in a pleas-ant gale On the deep and bound-less sea, With a
3 Proud Gal-lia's sons and Span-ish dons With ar-dent zeal to burn, Came
4 But now's in sight a ship of might, A Yan-kee sev-en-ty-four, She
1 laws I own, my ship's my throne, My King-dom is the sea: My
2 prize in view and bring her to, And haul her under our lee: Then
3 out on the sea to cap-ture me, But they nev-er back re-turned: And
4 hails Le Ross and stops his course, A broad-side from her pours, The
1 flag is red at the top-mast head, On all my foes I smile, I no
2 give three cheers and home-ward steer, When for-tune on us smile, No
3 Eng-land, too, doth me pur-sue, At all her threats I smile, Her
4 pi-rate soon re-turns the boon, And proud-ly does he smile, But a
Chorus.
1 quar-ter show wher-e'er I go, Un-til the prize I take in tow. My
2 one e'er crossed the famed Le Ross, But to my flag they struck, of course. My
3 ships I have ta'en, her men I've slain, I've burnt and sunk them on the main. My
4 fa-tal ball has caused his fall, And now his men for quar-ter call. In the
1, 2 & 3 men are tried, my bark's my pride, My men are tried, my bark's my pride, I'm the
4 brin-y deep he's laid to sleep, In the brin-y deep he's laid to sleep, The
pi-rate of the Isle, I'm the pi-rate of the Isle.
pi-rate of the Isle, Yes, the pi-rate of the Isle.

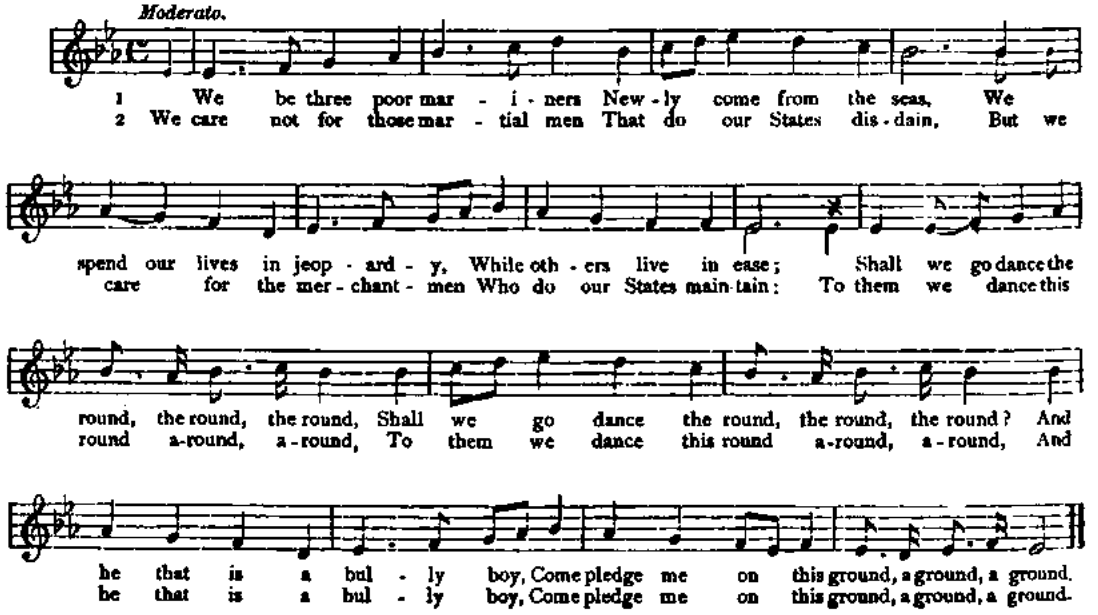
MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER.


1 My John - ny was a shoe - mak - - er, And dear - ly he loved
2 His jack - et was a deep sky - - blue, And curl - y was his
3 A Cap - tain he will be bye and bye, With a sword and spy - glass,
4 And when I am a Cap - tain's wife I'll sing the whole day
1 me, My John - ny was a shoe - mak - er, But now he's gone to sea; With
2 hair, His jack - et was a deep sky - blue, It was I do de - clare; To
3 too, A Cap - tain he will be bye and bye, With a brave and val - iant crew; And when be
4 long, Yes, when I am a Cap - tain's wife, And this will be my song: "May
1 nas - ty tar to soil his hands, And sail a - cross the brin - y
2 reef the top - sails he has gone, To sail a - cross the brin - y
3 gets a ves - - sel of his own, He will come back and mar - - ry
4 peace and plen - - ty bless our day, And the lit - tle one up - on our
1 sea.
2 sea.
3 me.
4 knee."
My John - ny was a shoe - mak - er.

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS.

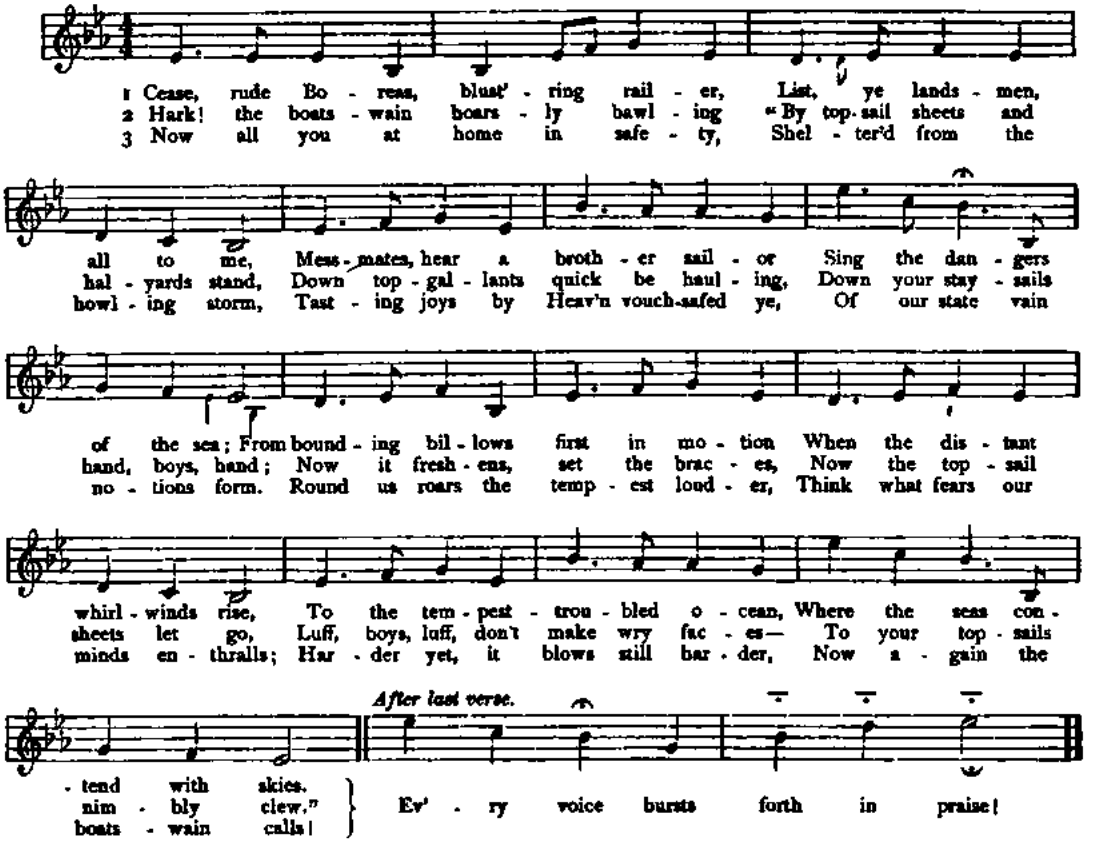
Deuteromelia, 1609.

Moderato.


1 We be three poor mar - i - ners New - ly come from the seas, We
2 We care not for those mar - tial men That do our States dis - dain, But we
spend our lives in jeop - ard - y, While oth - ers live in ease; Shall we go dance the
care for the mer - chant - men Who do our States main - tain: To them we dance this
round, the round, the round, Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? And
round a - round, a - round, To them we dance this round a - round, a - round, And
he that is a bul - ly boy, Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a ground.
he that is a bul - ly boy, Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a ground.

CEASE, RUDE BOREAS.

Words by GEO. ALEXANDER STEVENS, England, 1784.


1 Cease, rude Bo - reas, blust' - ring rail - er, List, ye lands - men,
2 Hark! the boats - wain boars - ly bawl - ing "By top-sail sheets and
3 Now all you at home in safe - ty, Shel - ter'd from the
all to me, Mess-mates, hear a broth - er sail - or Sing the dan - gers
hal - yards stand, Down top - gal - lants quick be haul - ing, Down your stay - sails
howl - ing storm, Tast - ing joys by Heav'n vouch-safed ye, Of our state vain
of the sea; From bound - ing bil - lows first in mo - tion When the dis - tant
hand, boys, hand; Now it fresh - ens, set the brac - es, Now the top - sail
no - tions form. Round us roars the temp - est loud - er, Think what fears our
whirl - winds rise, To the tem - pest - trou - bled o - cean, Where the seas con -
sheets let go, Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry fac - es— To your top - sails
minds en - thralls; Har - der yet, it blows still har - der, Now a - gain the
After last verse.
- tend with skies.
nim - bly clew."
boats - wain calls!
Ev' - ry voice bursts forth in praise!

4 The|topsail yards point to the winds, boys,
See all clear to reef each course—
Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get—
Reef the mizzen—see all clear—
Hands up, each preventer brace set,
Man the foreyard—cheer, lads, cheer.

5 Now the dreadful thunder rolling,
Peal on peal, contending, clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us—
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

6 The|foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck;
A|leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick! the lanyards cut to pieces—
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well—the leak increases—
Four feet water in the hold!

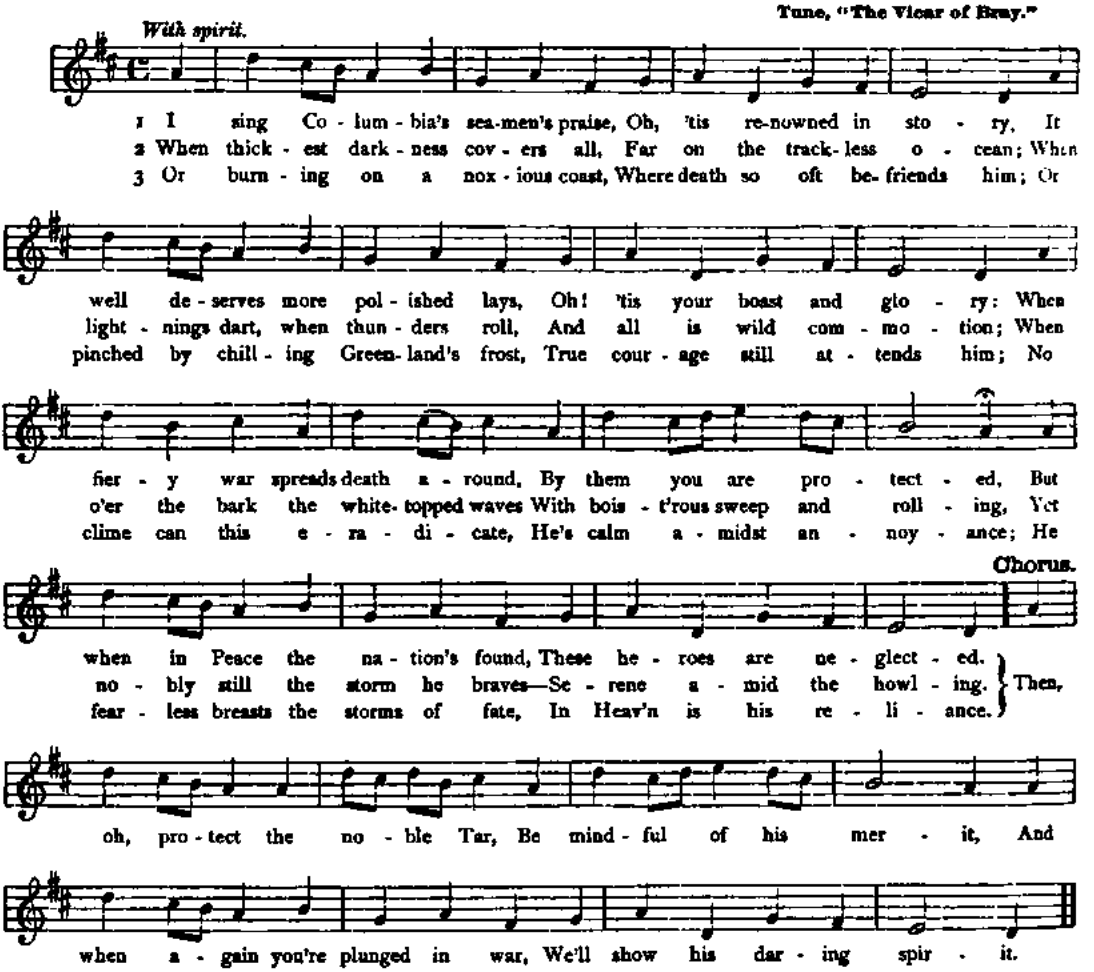
7 While|o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
A-|las! from hence there's no retreating—
A-|las! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choked below;
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For|only that can save us now.

8 O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys—
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
To the pumps come, every hand, boys—
See! our mizzenmast is gone,
The|leak we've found—it can't pour fast—
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury-foremast—
She|rights! she rights, boys! we're off shore.

9 Now, once more, peace around us beaming
Since kind Heaven has saved our lives
From our eyes joy's tears are streaming,
For our children and our wives:
Grateful hearts now beat in wonder
To|Him who thus prolongs our days—
Hush'd to rest the mighty thunder,
Every voice bursts forth in praise.

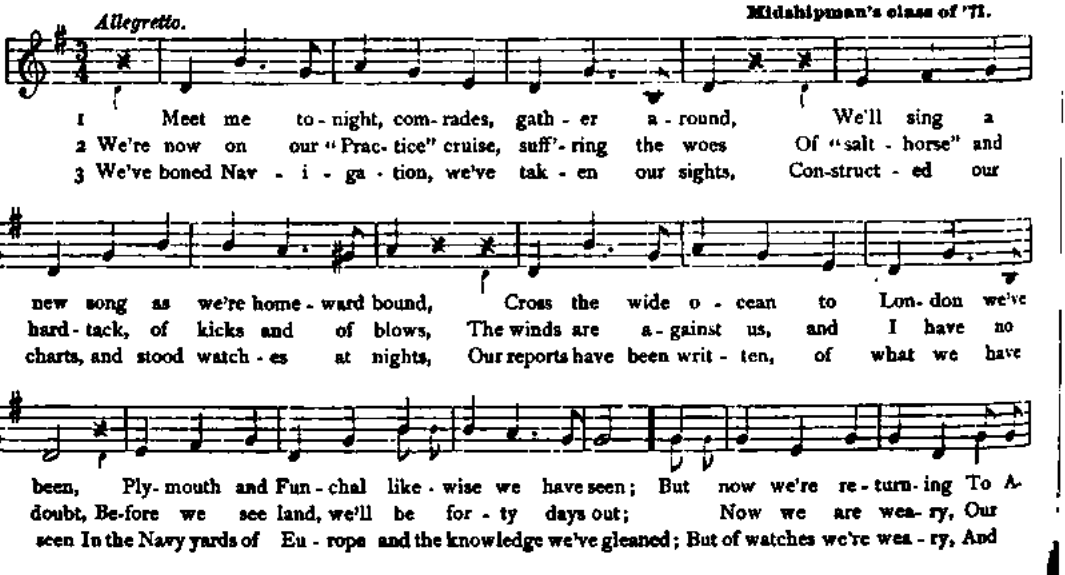
COLUMBIA'S SEAMEN.

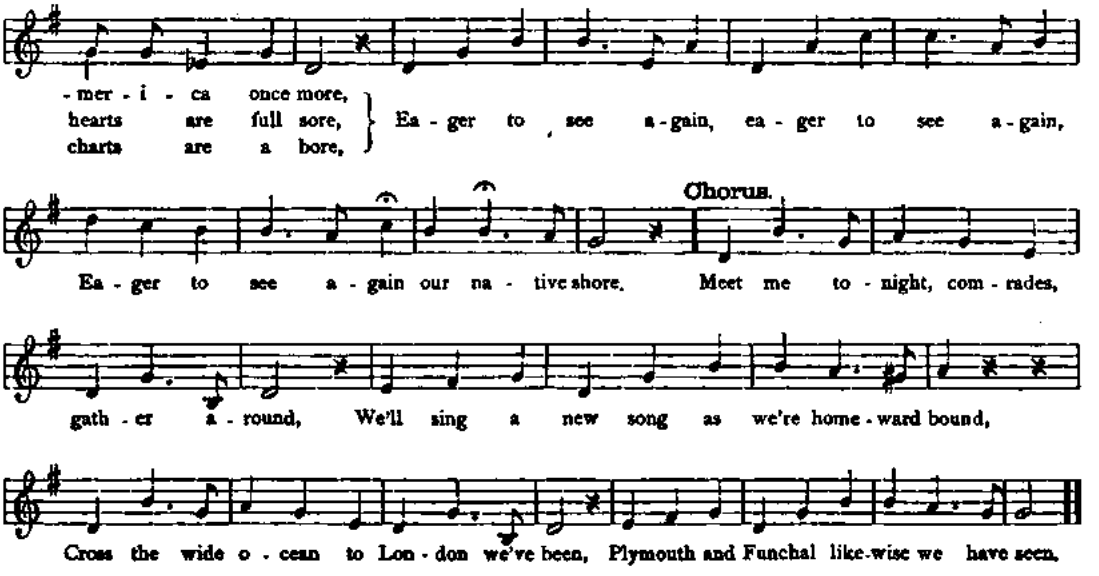
Tune, "The Vicar of Bray."

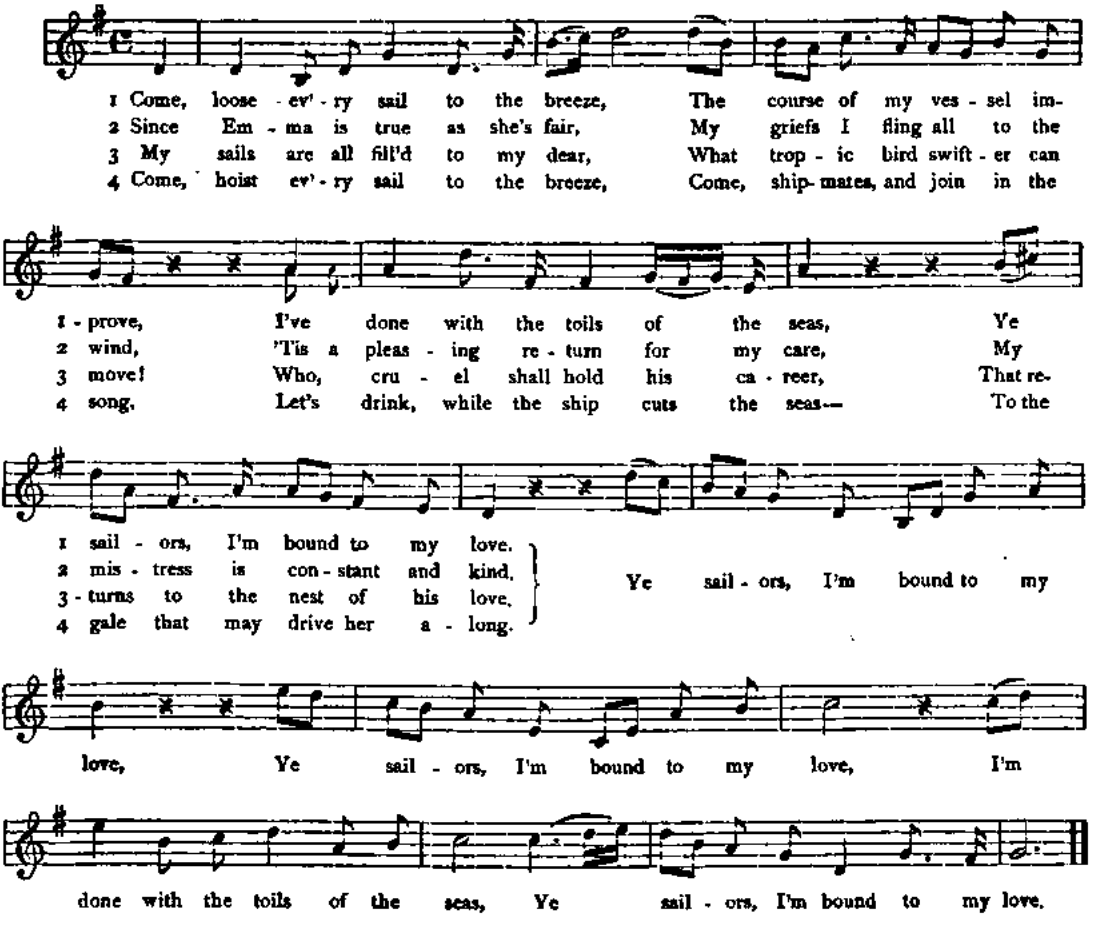
With spirit.

1 I sing Co - lum - bia's sea-men's praise, Oh, 'tis re-nowned in sto - ry, It well de - serves more pol - ished lays, Oh! 'tis your boast and glo - ry: When
2 When thick - est dark - ness cov - ers all, Far on the track - less o - cean; When light - nings dart, when thun - ders roll, And all is wild com - mo - tion; When
3 Or burn - ing on a nox - ious coast, Where death so oft be - friends him; Or fier - y war spreads death a - round, By them you are pro - tect - ed, But o'er the bark the white - topped waves With bois - t'rous sweep and roll - ing, Yet
pinched by chill - ing Green - land's frost, True cour - age still at - tends him; No clime can this e - ra - di - cate, He's calm a - midst an - noy - ance; He
Chorus.
when in Peace the na - tion's found, These he - roes are ne - glect - ed.
no - bly still the storm he braves—Se - rene a - mid the howl - ing.
fear - less breasts the storms of fate, In Heav'n is his re - li - ance.
Then,
oh, pro - tect the no - ble Tar, Be mind - ful of his mer - it, And
when a - gain you're plunged in war, We'll show his dar - ing spir - it.

PRACTICE CRUISE.

Midshipman's class of '71.

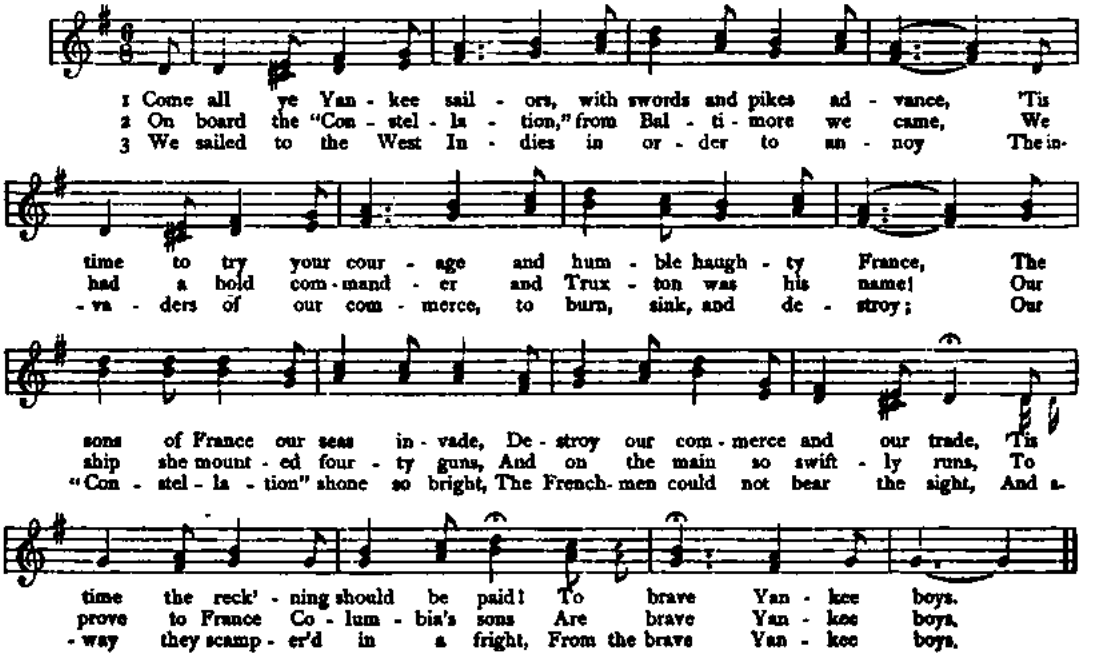
Allegretto.

1 Meet me to - night, com - rades, gath - er a - round, We'll sing a new song as we're home - ward bound, Cross the wide o - cean to Lon - don we've been, Ply - mouth and Fun - chal like - wise we have seen; But now we're re - turn - ing To A -
2 We're now on our "Prac - tice" cruise, suff' - ring the woes Of "salt - horse" and hard - tack, of kicks and of blows, The winds are a - gainst us, and I have no doubt, Be - fore we see land, we'll be for - ty days out; Now we are wea - ry, Our
3 We've boned Nav - i - ga - tion, we've tak - en our sights, Con - struct - ed our charts, and stood watch - es at nights, Our reports have been writ - ten, of what we have seen In the Navy yards of Eu - rope and the knowledge we've gleaned; But of watches we're wea - ry, And

Practice Cruise.—Concluded.

-mer-i-ca once more,
hearts are full sore,
charts are a bore,
Ea-ger to see a-gain, ea-ger to see a-gain,
Chorus.
Ea-ger to see a-gain our na-tive shore. Meet me to-night, com-rades,
gath-er a-round, We'll sing a new song as we're home-ward bound,
Cross the wide o-cean to Lon-don we've been, Plymouth and Funchal like-wise we have seen.

"COME, LOOSE EVERY SAIL."

1 Come, loose-ev'-ry sail to the breeze, The course of my ves-sel im-
2 Since Em-ma is true as she's fair, My griefs I fling all to the
3 My sails are all fill'd to my dear, What trop-ic bird swift-er can
4 Come, hoist ev'-ry sail to the breeze, Come, ship-mates, and join in the
1-prove, I've done with the toils of the seas, Ye
2 wind, 'Tis a pleas-ing re-turn for my care, My
3 move! Who, cru-el shall hold his ca-reer, That re-
4 song. Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas— To the
1 sail-ors, I'm bound to my love.
2 mis-tress is con-stant and kind.
3-turns to the nest of his love.
4 gale that may drive her a-long.
Ye sail-ors, I'm bound to my
love, Ye sail-ors, I'm bound to my love, I'm
done with the toils of the seas, Ye sail-ors, I'm bound to my love.

THE CONSTELLATION AND THE INSURGENTE.

On the 9th of February, 1799, Commodore Truxton, while cruising in the West Indies in the *Constellation*, (36), captured the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, (40), Captain Barreau, commanding, after one hour's sharp fighting, and with a loss of only 1 killed and 3 wounded. The Frenchman lost 70 in killed and wounded.

1813.

1 Come all ye Yan - kee sail - ors, with swords and pikes ad - vance, 'Tis
2 On board the "Con - stel - la - tion," from Bal - ti - more we came, We
3 We sailed to the West In - dies in or - der to an - noy The in-
time to try your cour - age and hum - ble haugh - ty France, The
had a bold com - mand - er and Trux - ton was his name! Our
- va - ders of our com - merce, to burn, sink, and de - stroy; Our
sons of France our seas in - vade, De - stroy our com - merce and our trade, 'Tis
ship she mount - ed four - ty guns, And on the main so swift - ly runs, To
"Con - stel - la - tion" shone so bright, The French - men could not bear the sight, And a-
time the reck' - ning should be paid! To brave Yan - kee boys.
prove to France Co - lum - bia's sons Are brave Yan - kee boys.
- way they scamp - er'd in a fright, From the brave Yan - kee boys.

4

'Twas | on the 9th of | February, at | Montserrat we | lay,
And | there we spy'd the "In- | surgente" just | at the break of | day,
We | raised the orange | and the blue,
To | see if they our | signals knew,
The | "Constellation" | and her crew,
Of | brave Yankee | boys.

5

Then all | hands were called to | quarters, while | we pursued in | chase,
With | well prim'd guns, our | tompions out, well | splic'd the main | brace.
Soon | to the French we | did draw nigh,
Com- | pell'd to fight, they | were, or fly,
The | word was passed, | "CONQUER OR DIE,"
My | brave Yankee | boys.

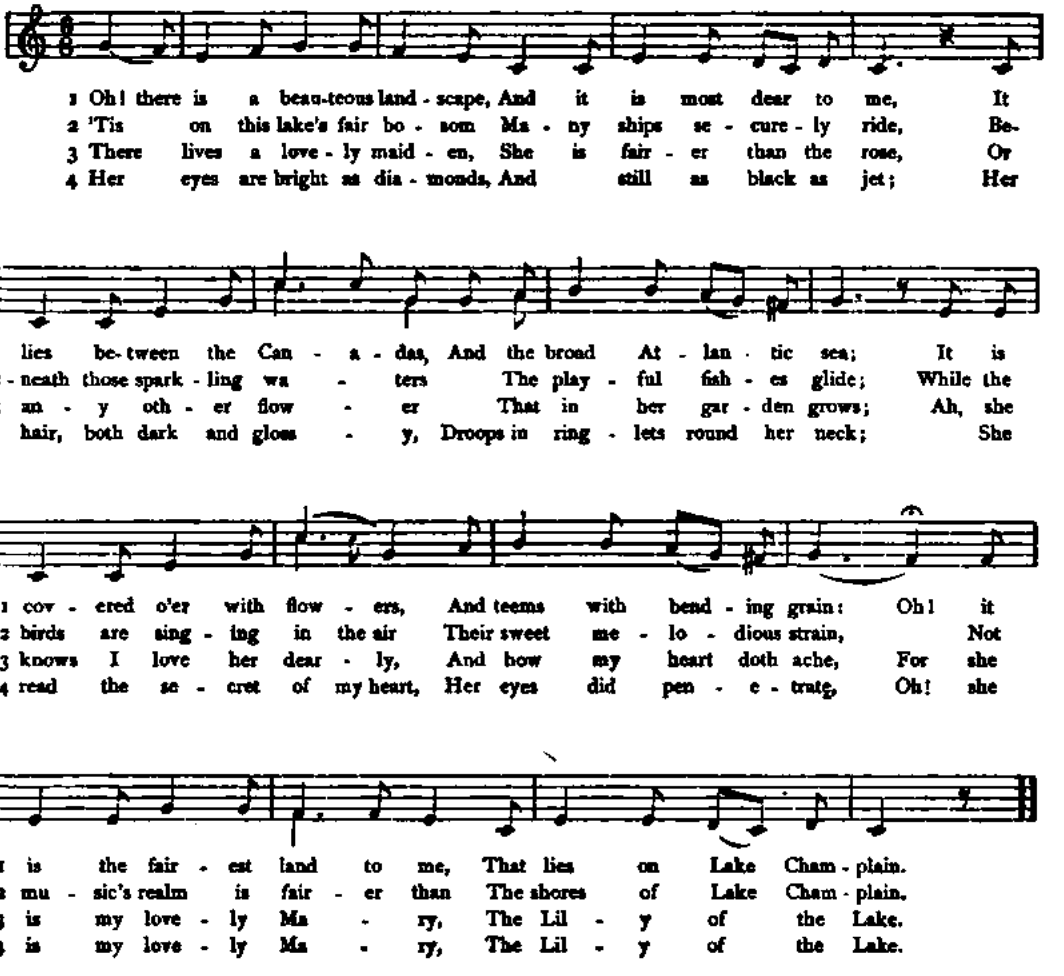
6

| Lord our Cannons | thunder'd with | peals tremendous | roar,
And | death upon our | bullets' wings that | drenched their decks with | gore,
The | blood did from their | scuppers run,
Their | chief exclaimed, "we | are undone,"
Their | flag they struck, the | battle won,
By the | brave Yankee | boys.

7

Then | to St. Kitts we | steered, we | bro't her safe in | port,
The | grand salute was | fired and | answered from the | fort,
John | Adams in full | bumpers toast,
George | Washington, Co- | lumbia's boast,
And | now "the girl we | love the most!"
My | brave Yankee | boys.

THE LILY OF THE LAKE.


1 Oh! there is a beau-teous land - scape, And it is most dear to me, It
2 'Tis on this lake's fair bo - som Ma - ny ships se - cure - ly ride, Be-
3 There lives a love - ly maid - en, She is fair - er than the rose, Or
4 Her eyes are bright as dia - monds, And still as black as jet; Her
1 lies be-tween the Can - a - das, And the broad At - lan - tic sea; It is
2 neath those spark - ling wa - ters The play - ful fish - es glide; While the
3 an - y oth - er flow - er That in her gar - den grows; Ah, she
4 hair, both dark and gloss - y, Droops in ring - lets round her neck; She
1 cov - ered o'er with flow - ers, And teems with bend - ing grain: Oh! it
2 birds are sing - ing in the air Their sweet me - lo - dious strain, Not
3 knows I love her dear - ly, And how my heart doth ache, For she
4 read the se - cret of my heart, Her eyes did pen - e - trate, Oh! she
1 is the fair - est land to me, That lies on Lake Cham - plain.
2 mu - sic's realm is fair - er than The shores of Lake Cham - plain.
3 is my love - ly Ma - ry, The Lil - y of the Lake.
4 is my love - ly Ma - ry, The Lil - y of the Lake.

5

Her|waist is neat and|slender,
And her|cheeks are rosy-|red;
Up-|on her snowy|bosom
I've|oft-times laid my|head,
And|felt the beatings|of her heart,
My|pure celestial|mate;
Oh! it|is my lovely|Mary,
The|Lily of the|Lake.

6

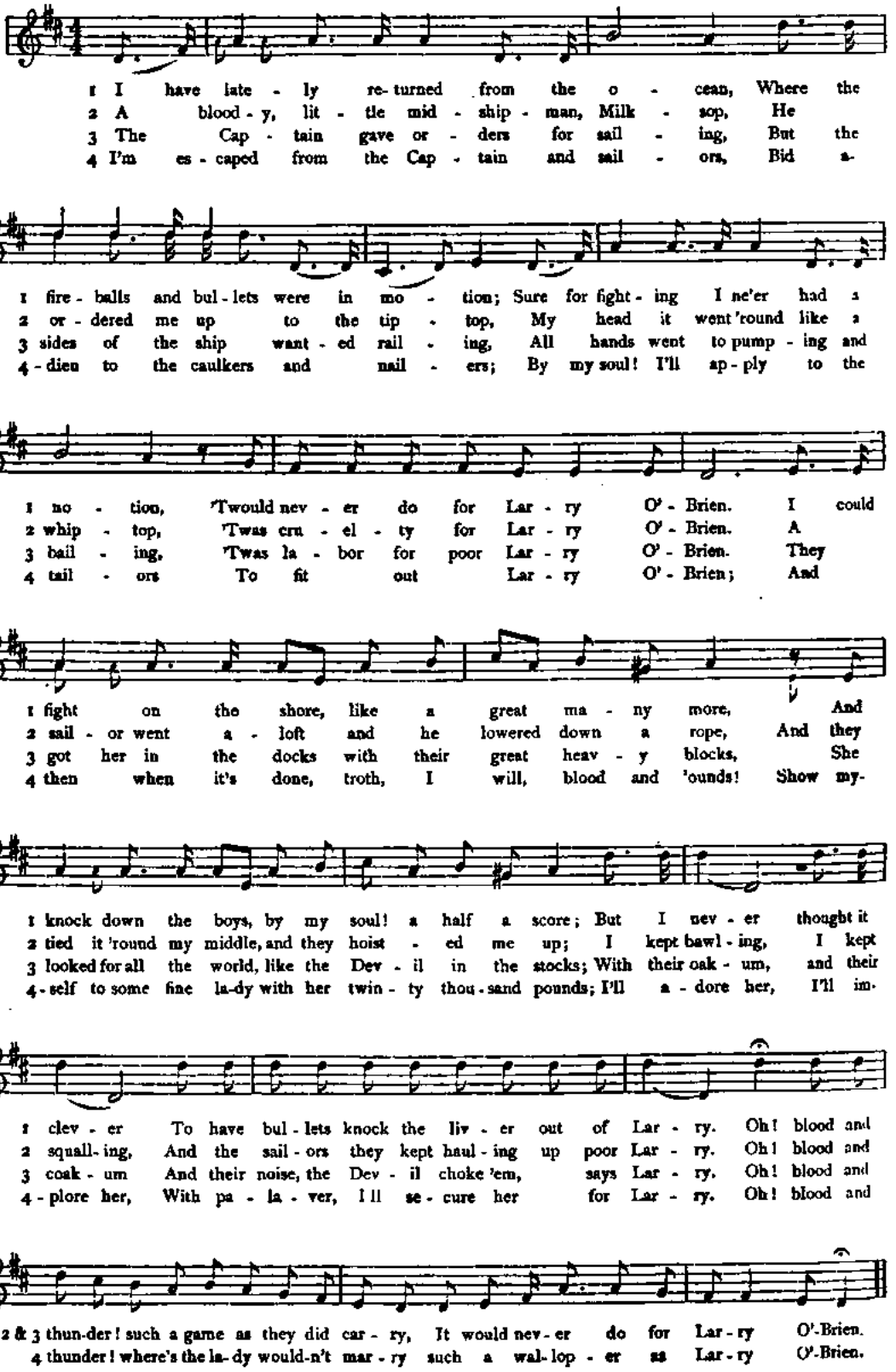
One|day when sitting|by her
I|told her my de-|sign,
I|clasped her by her|willing hand
And|asked her to be|mine;
She|answered with a|glowing blush
And|said she'd be my|mate;
Oh! she|is my lovely|Mary,
The|Lily of the|Lake.

7

But|now I've gone and|left her
And|wandered o'er the|sea,
But|still fond mem'-ry|cherishes
Her|love so true to|me;
May|I be rolling|o'er the deep,
Or, what-|e'er may be my|fate,
I|hope to return and|marry her,
The|Lilly of the|Lake.

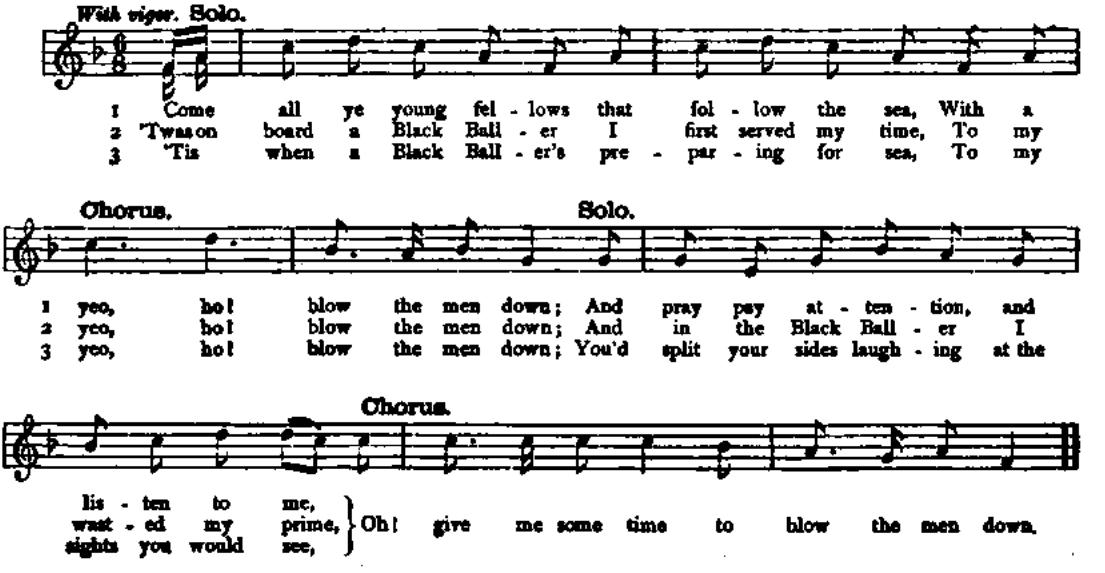
8

Fare-|well! my lovely|Mary,
Fare-|well! my blushing|rose;
A-|cross the surging|billows
Your|lover safely|goes;
Our|bark will soon be|"homeward bound"
And|swift her course re-|take;
Oh! may|God protect my|Mary,
My|Lily of the|Lake.

LARRY O'BRIEN.

1 I have late - ly re- turned from the o - cean, Where the
2 A blood - y, lit - tle mid - ship - man, Milk - sop, He
3 The Cap - tain gave or - ders for sail - ing, But the
4 I'm es - caped from the Cap - tain and sail - ors, Bid a-
1 fire - balls and bul - lets were in mo - tion; Sure for fight - ing I ne'er had a
2 or - dered me up to the tip - top, My head it went 'round like a
3 sides of the ship want - ed rail - ing, All hands went to pump - ing and
4 - dieu to the caulkers and nail - ers; By my soul! I'll ap - ply to the
1 no - tion, 'Twould nev - er do for Lar - ry O' - Brien. I could
2 whip - top, 'Twas cru - el - ty for Lar - ry O' - Brien. A
3 bail - ing, 'Twas la - bor for poor Lar - ry O' - Brien. They
4 tail - ors To fit out Lar - ry O' - Brien; And
1 fight on the shore, like a great ma - ny more, And
2 sail - or went a - loft and he lowered down a rope, And they
3 got her in the docks with their great heav - y blocks, She
4 then when it's done, troth, I will, blood and 'ounds! Show my-
1 knock down the boys, by my soul! a half a score; But I nev - er thought it
2 tied it 'round my middle, and they hoist - ed me up; I kept bawl - ing, I kept
3 looked for all the world, like the Dev - il in the stocks; With their oak - um, and their
4 - self to some fine la-dy with her twin - ty thou - sand pounds; I'll a - dore her, I'll im-
1 clev - er To have bul - lets knock the liv - er out of Lar - ry. Oh! blood and
2 squall - ing, And the sail - ors they kept haul - ing up poor Lar - ry. Oh! blood and
3 coak - um And their noise, the Dev - il choke 'em, says Lar - ry. Oh! blood and
4 - plore her, With pa - la - ver, I'll se - cure her for Lar - ry. Oh! blood and
1, 2 & 3 thun-der! such a game as they did car - ry, It would nev - er do for Lar - ry O'-Brien.
4 thunder! where's the la-dy would-n't mar - ry such a wal-lop - er as Lar - ry O'-Brien.

BLACK BALL. "Chantey" Song.

Sung in the merchant service in heavy-hauling. No interval between verses.


With vigor. Solo.
1 Come all ye young fel - lows that fol - low the sea, With a
2 'Twas on board a Black Ball - er I first served my time, To my
3 'Tis when a Black Ball - er's pre - par - ing for sea, To my
Chorus.
Solo.
1 yeo, ho! blow the men down; And pray pay at - ten - tion, and
2 yeo, ho! blow the men down; And in the Black Ball - er I
3 yeo, ho! blow the men down; You'd split your sides laugh - ing at the
Chorus.
lis - ten to me,
wast - ed my prime,
sights you would see,
Oh! give me some time to blow the men down.

4

With the|tinkers and tailors and|soldiers and all,
To my|yeo, ho!|blow the men down;
That|ship for good seamen on|board a Black Ball,
Oh!|give me some time to|blow the men down.

5

'Tis|when a Black-Baller is|clear of the land,
To my|yeo, ho!|blow the men down;
Our|boatswain then gives us the|word of command,
Oh!|give me some time to|blow the men down.

6

"Lay|aft!" was the cry "to the|break of the poop!"
To my|yeo, ho!|blow the men down;
"Or I'll|help you along with the|toe of my boot,"
Oh!|give me some time to|blow the men down.

7

'Tis|larboard and starboard on the|deck you will sprawl,
To my|yeo, ho!|blow the men down;
For|"Kicking Jack Williams" com-|mands the "Black Ball,"
Oh!|give me some time to|blow the men down.

8

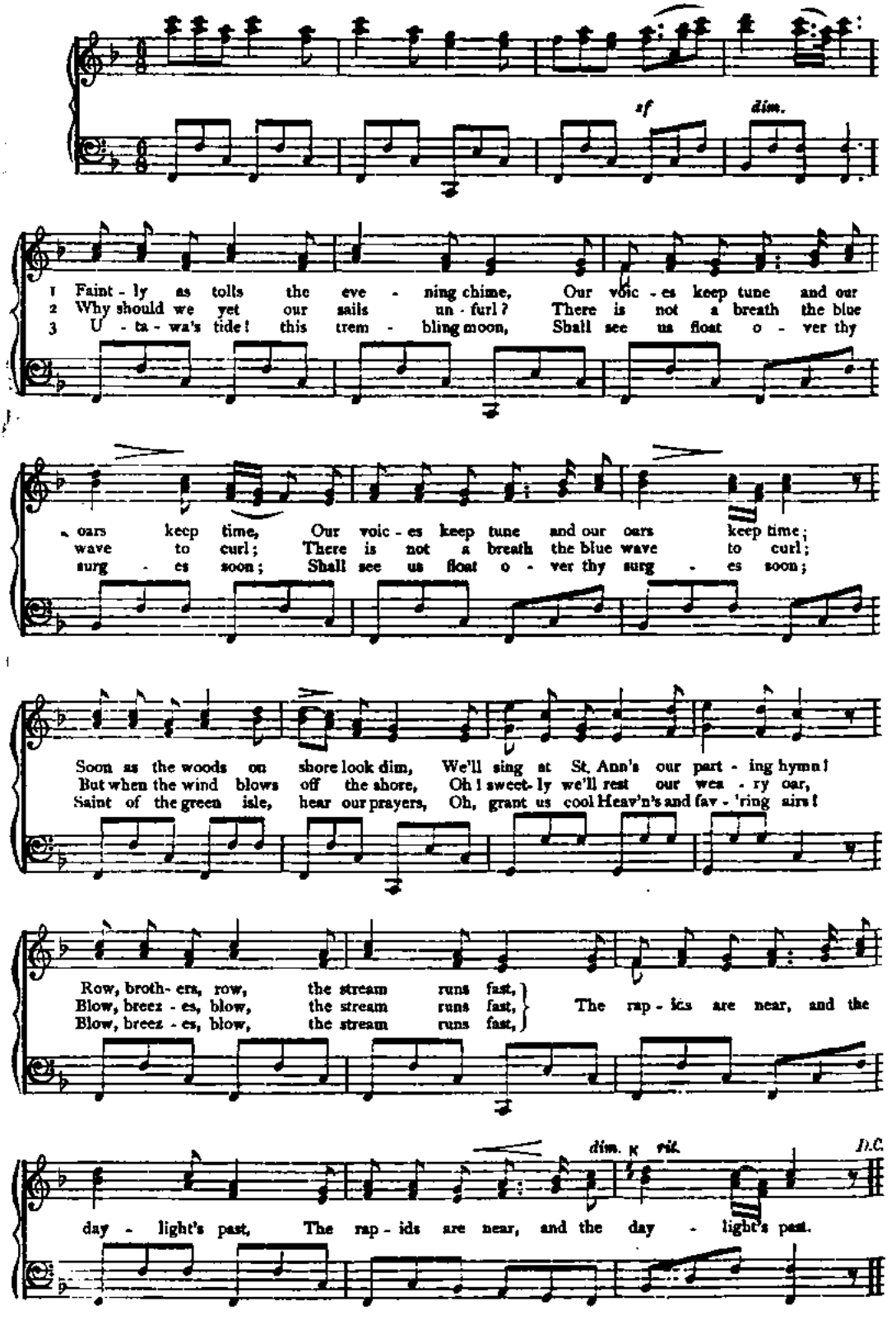
Pay at-|tention to orders, yes,|you, one and all,
To my|yeo, ho!|blow the men down;
For|see right above you there|flies the "Black Ball,"
Oh!|give me some time to|blow the men down,

9

'Tis|when a Black Baller comes|back to her dock,
To my|yeo, ho!|blow the men down,
The|lasses and lads to the|pier-heads do flock,
Oh!|give me some time to|blow the men down.

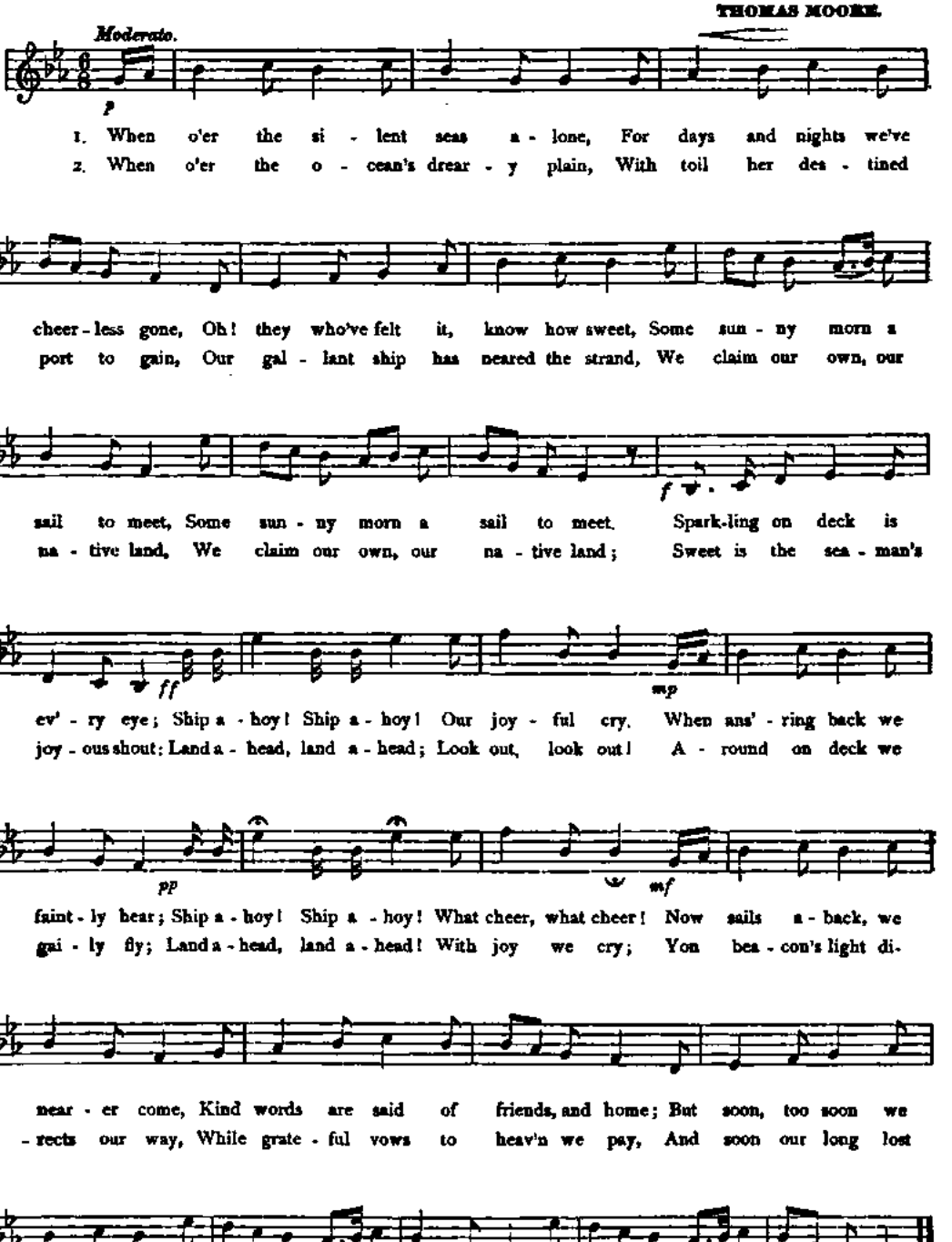
CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

THOMAS MOORE.


sf
dim.
1 Faint - ly as tolls the eve - ning chime, Our voic - es keep tune and our
2 Why should we yet our sails un - furl? There is not a breath the blue
3 U - ta - wa's tide! this trem - bling moon, Shall see us float o - ver thy
oars keep time, Our voic - es keep tune and our oars keep time;
wave to curl; There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
surg - es soon; Shall see us float o - ver thy surg - es soon;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn!
But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh! sweet - ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar,
Saint of the green isle, hear our prayers, Oh, grant us cool Heav'n's and fav - 'ring airs!
Row, broth- ers, row, the stream runs fast,
Blow, breez - es, blow, the stream runs fast,
Blow, breez - es, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rap - ids are near, and the
dim. rit.
D.C.
day - light's past, The rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past.

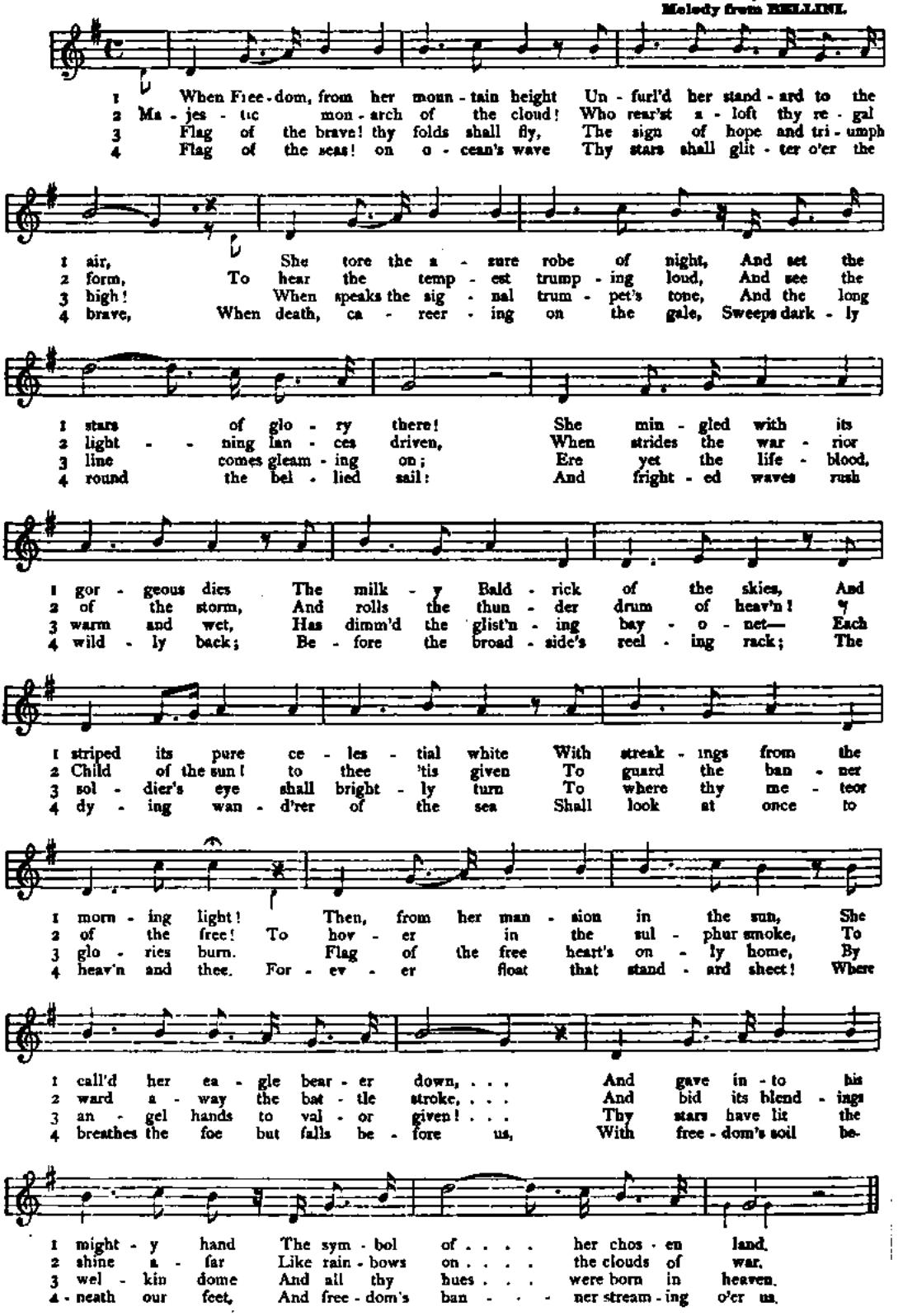
SHIP A-HOY.

THOMAS MOORE.

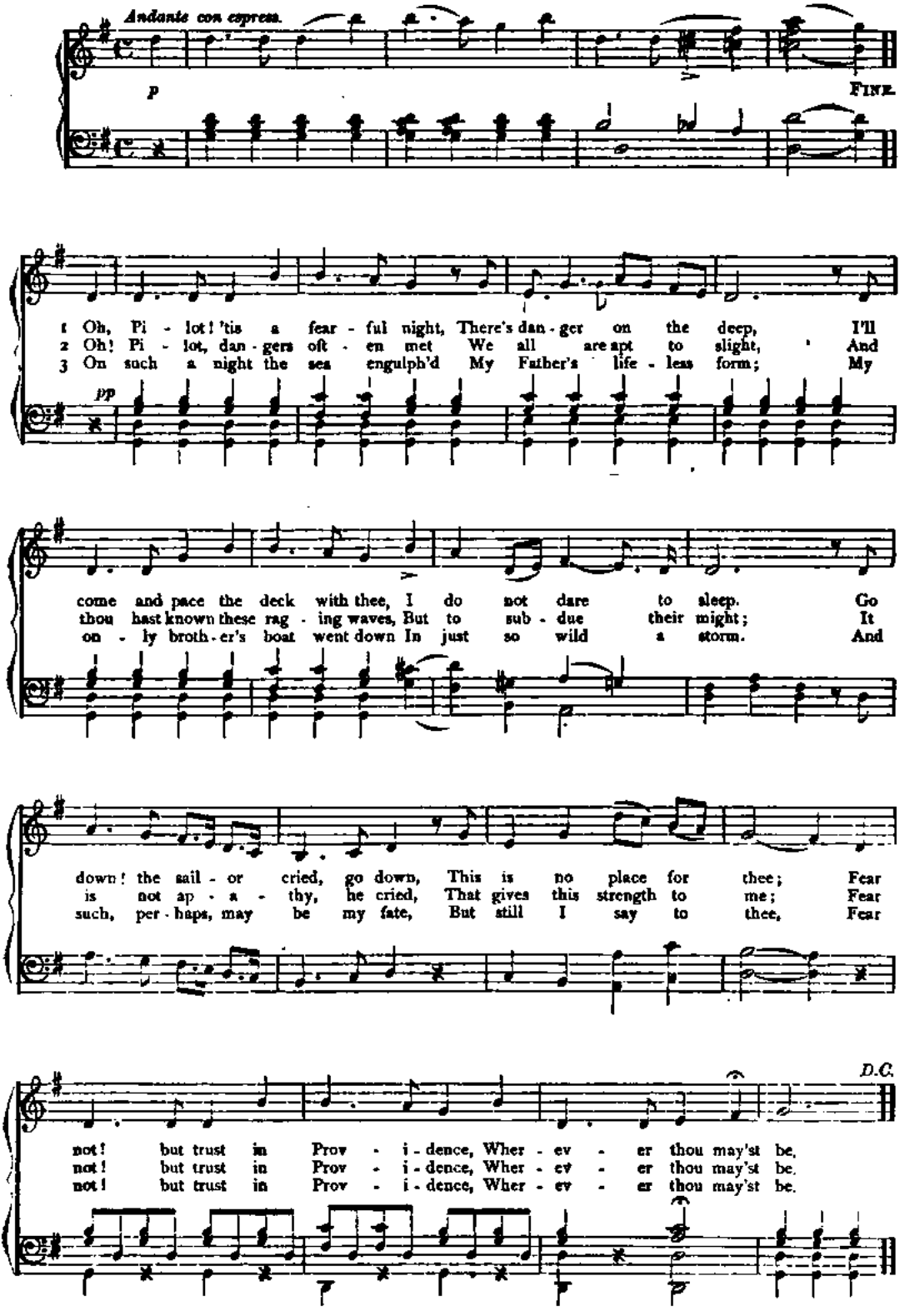

Moderato.
p
1. When o'er the si - lent seas a - lone, For days and nights we've
2. When o'er the o - cean's drear - y plain, With toil her des - tined
cheer - less gone, Oh! they who've felt it, know how sweet, Some sun - ny morn a
port to gain, Our gal - lant ship has neared the strand, We claim our own, our
sail to meet, Some sun - ny morn a sail to meet. Spark-ling on deck is
na - tive land, We claim our own, our na - tive land; Sweet is the sea - man's
ff
mp
ev' - ry eye; Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy! Our joy - ful cry. When ans' - ring back we
joy - ous shout: Land a - head, land a - head; Look out, look out! A - round on deck we
pp
mf
faint - ly hear; Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy! What cheer, what cheer! Now sails a - back, we
gai - ly fly; Land a - head, land a - head! With joy we cry; Yon bea - con's light di-
near - er come, Kind words are said of friends, and home; But soon, too soon we
- rects our way, While grate - ful vows to heav'n we pay, And soon our long lost
part in pain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain, To sail o'er si - lent seas a - gain.
joys re - new, And bid the boist'rous main a - dieu, And bid the boist'rous main a - dieu!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Melody from BELLINI.

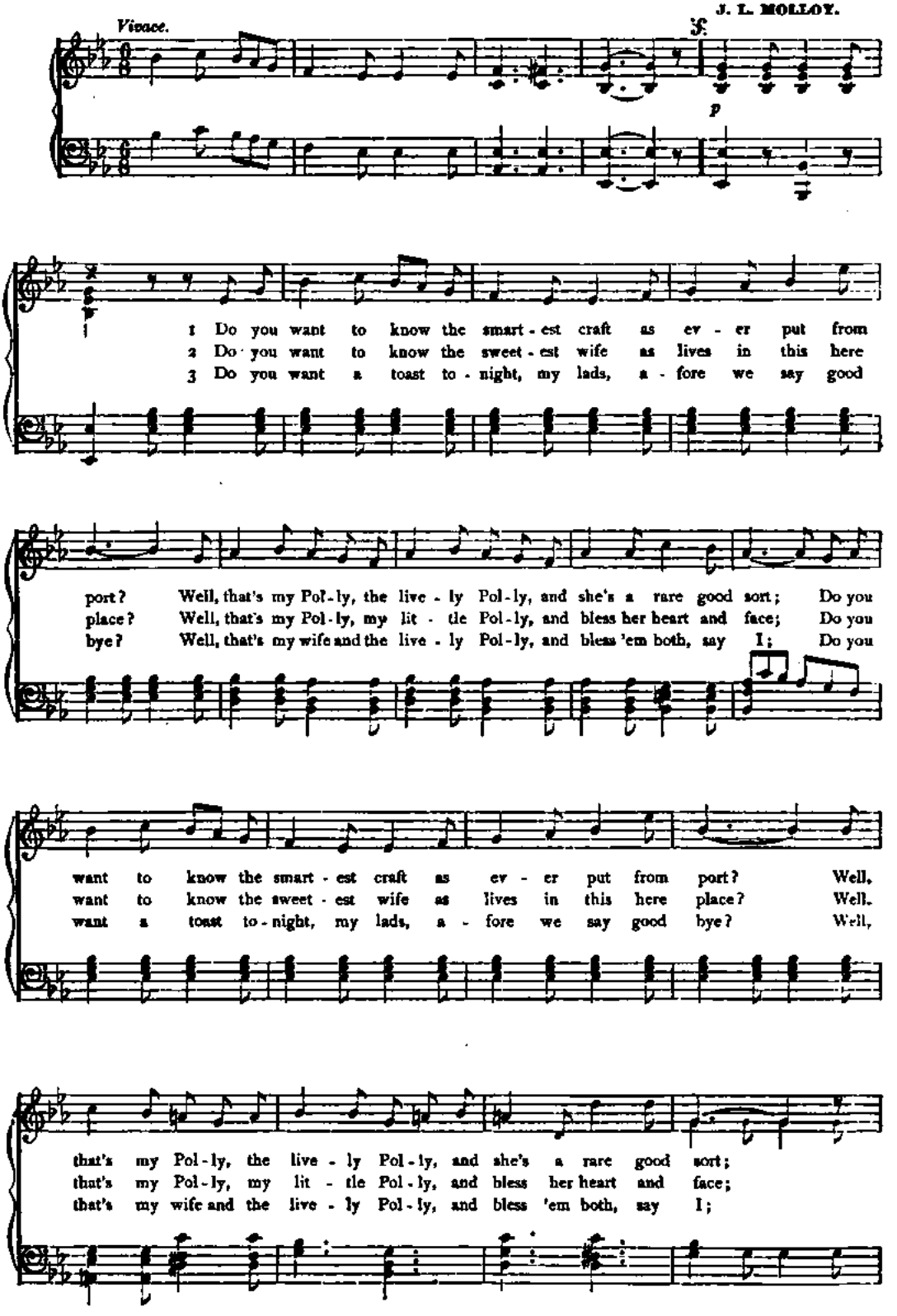

1 When Free-dom, from her moun-tain height Un-furl'd her stand-ard to the
2 Ma-jes-tic mon-arch of the cloud! Who rear'st a-loft thy re-gal
3 Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly, The sign of hope and tri-umph
4 Flag of the seas! on o-cean's wave Thy stars shall glit-ter o'er the
1 air, She tore the a-zure robe of night, And set the
2 form, To hear the temp-est trump-ing loud, And see the
3 high! When speaks the sig-nal trum-pet's tone, And the long
4 brave, When death, ca-reer-ing on the gale, Sweeps dark-ly
1 stars of glo-ry there! She min-gled with its
2 light-ning lan-ces driven, When strides the war-rior
3 line comes gleam-ing on; Ere yet the life-blood,
4 round the bel-lied sail: And fright-ed waves rush
1 gor-geous dies The milk-y Bald-rick of the skies, And
2 of the storm, And rolls the thun-der drum of heav'n! 'Twas
3 warm and wet, Has dimm'd the glist'n-ing bay-o-net— Each
4 wild-ly back; Be-fore the broad-side's reel-ing rack; The
1 striped its pure ce-les-tial white With streak-ings from the
2 Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given To guard the ban-ner
3 sol-dier's eye shall bright-ly turn To where thy me-teor
4 dy-ing wan-d'rer of the sea Shall look at once to
1 morn-ing light! Then, from her man-sion in the sun, She
2 of the free! To hov-er in the sul-phur smoke, To
3 glo-ries burn. Flag of the free heart's on-ly home, By
4 heav'n and thee. For-ev-er float that stand-ard sheet! Where
1 call'd her ea-gle bear-er down, . . . And gave in-to his
2 ward a-way the bat-tle stroke, . . . And bid its blend-ings
3 an-gel hands to val-or given! . . . Thy stars have lit the
4 breathes the foe but falls be-fore us, With free-dom's soil be-
1 might-y hand The sym-bol of . . . . her chos-en land.
2 shine a-far Like rain-bows on . . . . the clouds of war,
3 wel-kin dome And all thy hues . . . were born in heaven.
4 neath our feet, And free-dom's ban-ner stream-ing o'er us.

THE PILOT.

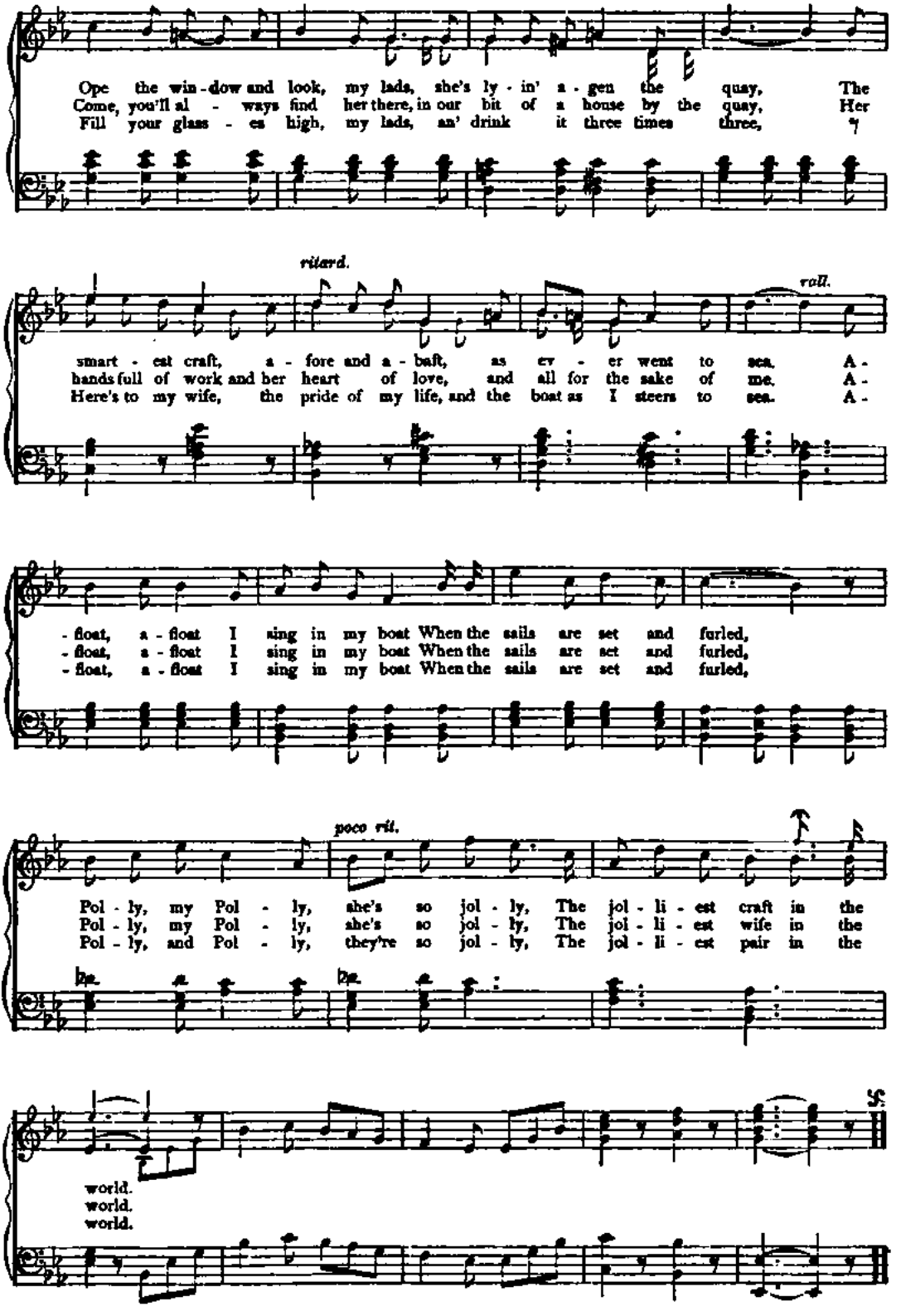
S. NELSON.

Andante con express.
p
FINE.
1 Oh, Pi - lot! 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the deep, I'll
2 Oh! Pi - lot, dan - gers oft - en met We all are apt to slight, And
3 On such a night the sea engulph'd My Father's life - less form; My
pp
come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to sleep. Go
thou hast known these rag - ing waves, But to sub - due their might; It
on - ly broth - er's boat went down In just so wild a storm. And
down! the sail - or cried, go down, This is no place for thee; Fear
is not ap - a - thy, he cried, That gives this strength to me; Fear
such, per - haps, may be my fate, But still I say to thee, Fear
D.C.
not! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wher - ev - er thou may'st be.
not! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wher - ev - er thou may'st be.
not! but trust in Prov - i - dence, Wher - ev - er thou may'st be.

POLLY.

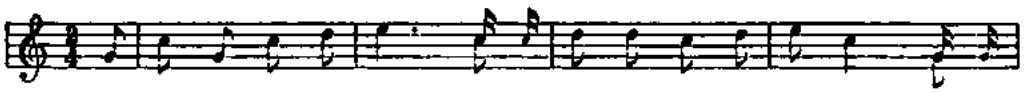
J. L. MOLLOY.

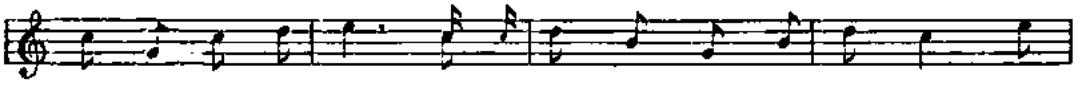
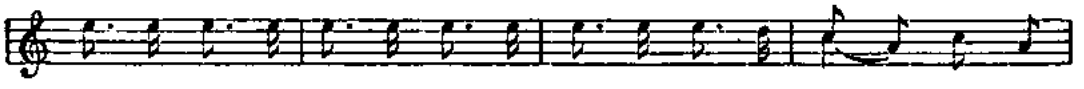

Vivace.
p
1 Do you want to know the smart - est craft as ev - er put from
2 Do you want to know the sweet - est wife as lives in this here
3 Do you want a toast to - night, my lads, a - fore we say good
port? Well, that's my Pol - ly, the live - ly Pol - ly, and she's a rare good sort; Do you
place? Well, that's my Pol - ly, my lit - tle Pol - ly, and bless her heart and face; Do you
bye? Well, that's my wife and the live - ly Pol - ly, and bless 'em both, say I; Do you
want to know the smart - est craft as ev - er put from port? Well,
want to know the sweet - est wife as lives in this here place? Well,
want a toast to - night, my lads, a - fore we say good bye? Well,
that's my Pol - ly, the live - ly Pol - ly, and she's a rare good sort;
that's my Pol - ly, my lit - tle Pol - ly, and bless her heart and face;
that's my wife and the live - ly Pol - ly, and bless 'em both, say I;

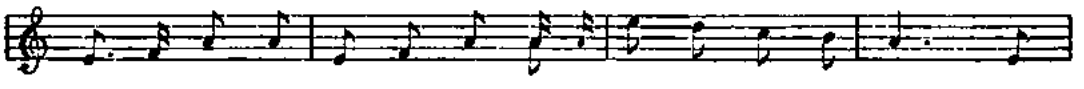
POLLY.—Concluded.

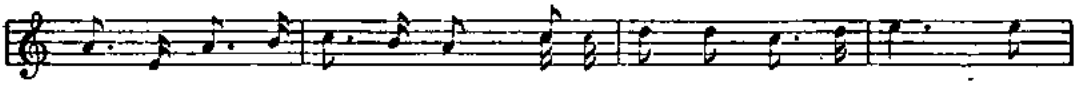
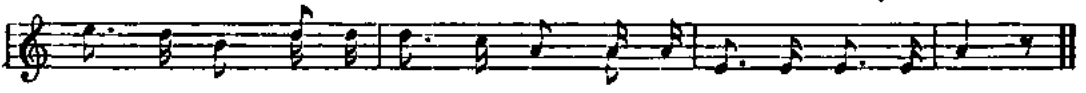

Ope the win-dow and look, my lads, she's ly-in' a-gen the quay, The
Come, you'll al-ways find her there, in our bit of a house by the quay, Her
Fill your glass-es high, my lads, an' drink it three times three, 'y
ritard.
rall.
smart-est craft, a-fore and a-baft, as ev-er went to sea. A-
hands full of work and her heart of love, and all for the sake of me. A-
Here's to my wife, the pride of my life, and the boat as I steers to sea. A-
-float, a-float I sing in my boat When the sails are set and furled,
-float, a-float I sing in my boat When the sails are set and furled,
-float, a-float I sing in my boat When the sails are set and furled,
poco rit.
Pol-ly, my Pol-ly, she's so jol-ly, The jol-li-est craft in the
Pol-ly, my Pol-ly, she's so jol-ly, The jol-li-est wife in the
Pol-ly, and Pol-ly, they're so jol-ly, The jol-li-est pair in the
world.
world.
world.

I LOVE TO ROAM.

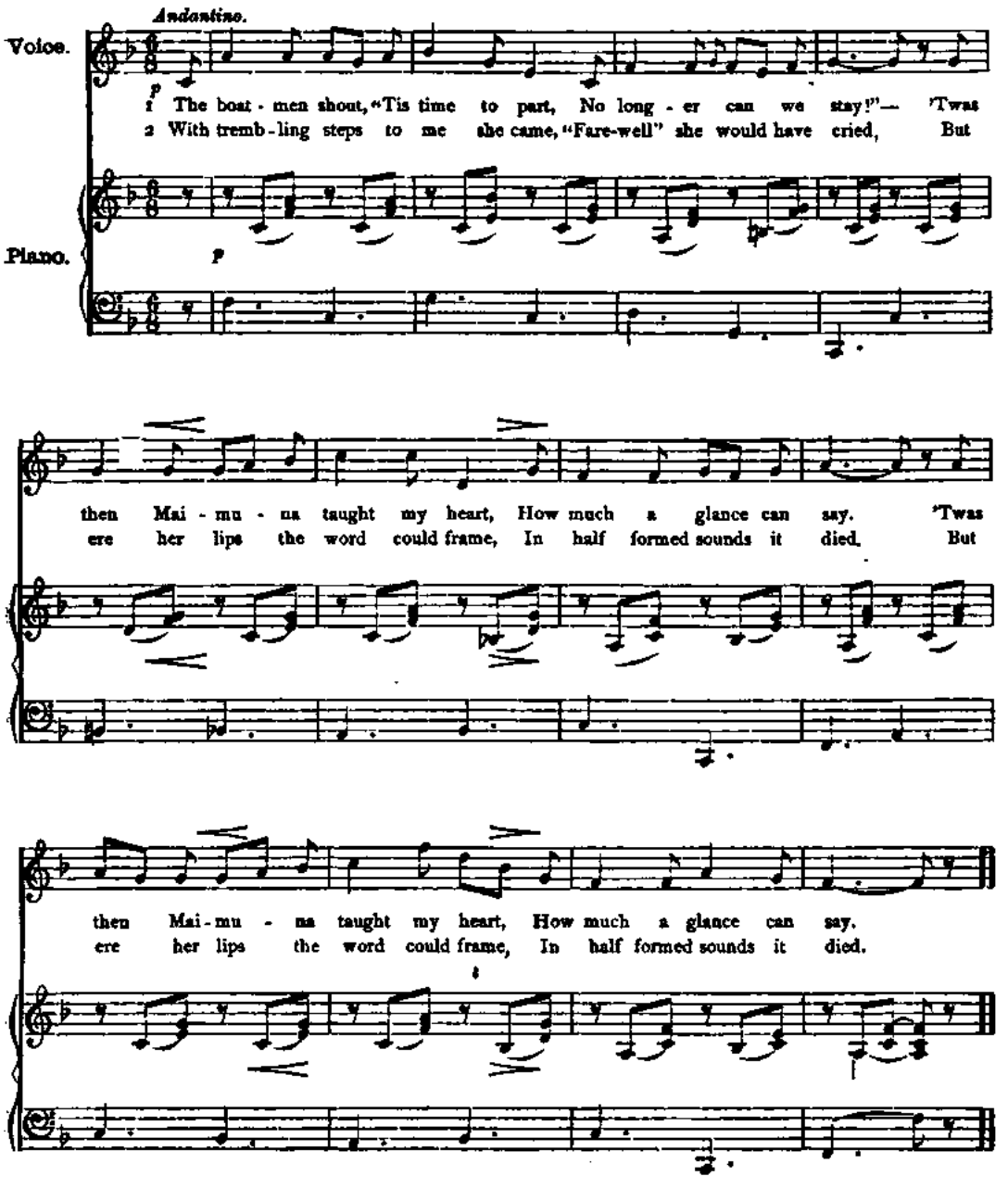


1 I love, I love to roam O'er the broad At - lan - tic bil - low, It has
2 The ro - sy morn - ing gleams Far bright - est on the o - cean, Its
3 Be - neath the heav - ing wave, Se - rene - ly rest my fa - ther, A -

ev - er been my home And shall rock my dy - ing pil - low; There's
ro - sy light - ning - beams Flash with the bil - low's mo - tion; And
- round his cor - al grave The sway - ing sea - weeds gath - er; Gay

joy up - on the liv - ing deep That lands - men nev - er knew to list - en
when at night the stars a - bove Are im - aged in the deep they seem so
sil - ver locks a - dorned his crown For twen - ty years or more, But his



to the pip - ing wild - wind's roar, And the groan - ing wave be - low; I
like the tremb - ling eyes of love Which tho' tear - ful nev - er weep, And
head was bald when he went down His fin - al home t'ex - plore; A

can - not live up - on the shore, It is no home for me, My
when the trou - bled bil - lows roar, And the storms be - gin to sweep, Then
bold - er sail - or nev - er rode A - live up - on the main; And

home is 'mid the joy - ous roar Of the ev - er roll - ing sea.
I re - joice that I'm not on shore, For my home is on the deep.
when I sink be - neath the flood I'll be with him a - gain.

ADIEU TO MAIMUNA.

Words from the Arabic. Music: The Broken Ring.

Andantino.
Voice.
Piano.
1 The boat - men shout, "Tis time to part, No long - er can we stay!"— 'Twas
2 With tremb - ling steps to me she came, "Fare-well" she would have cried, But
then Mai - mu - na taught my heart, How much a glance can say. 'Twas
ere her lips the word could frame, In half formed sounds it died. But
then Mai - mu - na taught my heart, How much a glance can say.
ere her lips the word could frame, In half formed sounds it died.

3

Through | tear-dimm'd eyes beam'd | looks of love,
Her | arms she round me | flung:
As | clings the breeze on | sighing grove,
Up- | on my breast she | hung.
As | clings the breeze on | sighing grove
Up- | on my breast she | hung.

4

My | willing arms em- | braced the maid,
My | heart with rapture | beat;
While | she but wept the | more, and said:
"Would | we had never | met!"
While | she but wept the more, and said:
"Would | we had never | met!"

LITTLE JACK;

OR,

THE OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

LOUIS DIEHL.

Moderato.

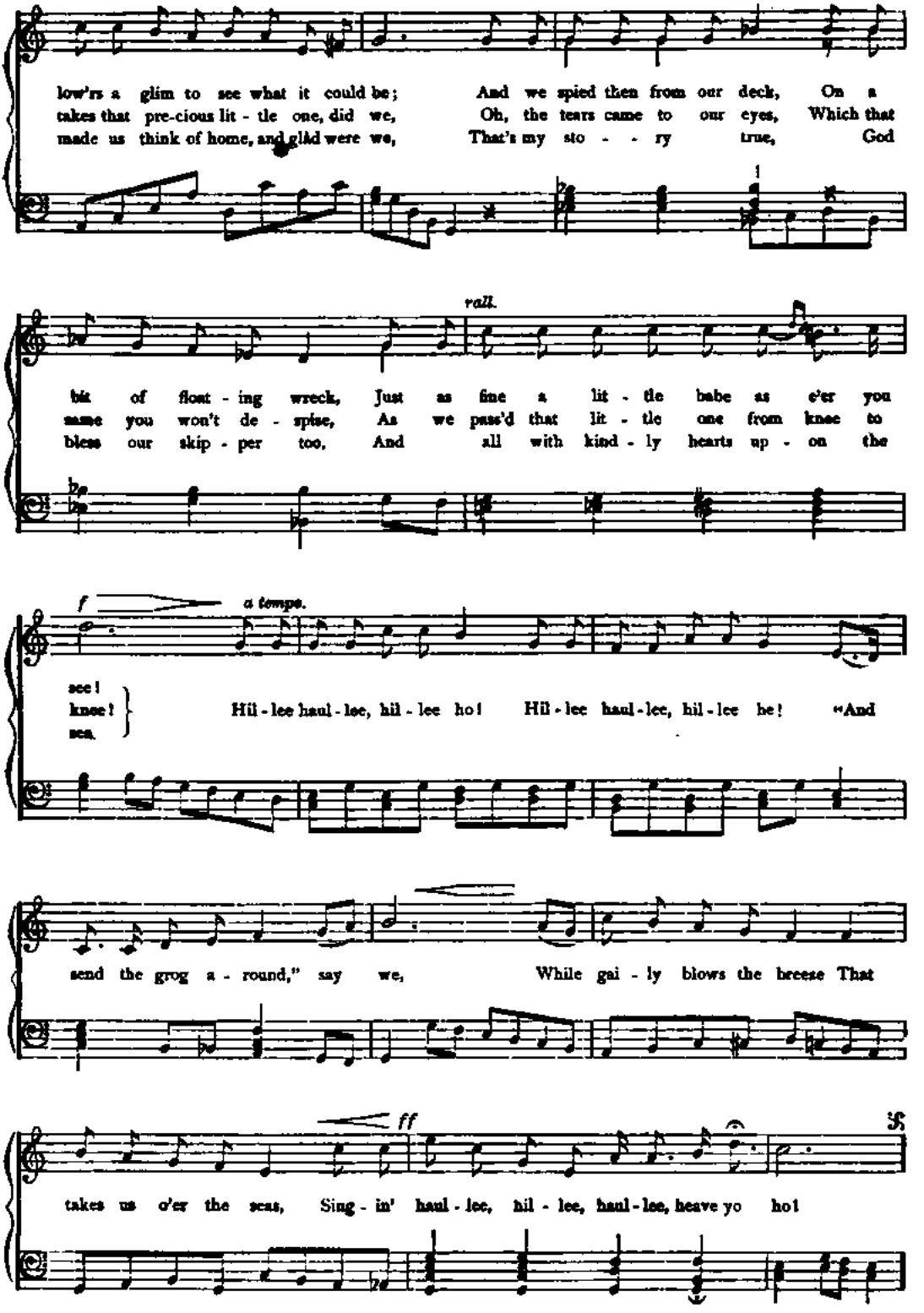
1 Jol - ly mates that go to sea, Come list - en un - to me, A
2 Tight - ly lash'd un - to a spar, That babe had drift - ed far, But
3 Then our skip - per sees the boy, And kiss - es him with joy, And

true and hon - est yarn I'm going to spin; It was off the span - ish main, And
what is strun - ger still, I've got to tell, For up - on its moth - er's breast That
swears he'll take him for his own! We names him lit - tle Jack, And

in the night and rain, We heard a ba - by's cry, as sure as sin! So
lit - tle one did rest— The moth - er dead, the ba - by 'live and well! A
pet - ting he don't lack, Does that poor wee or - phan lone; Tho'

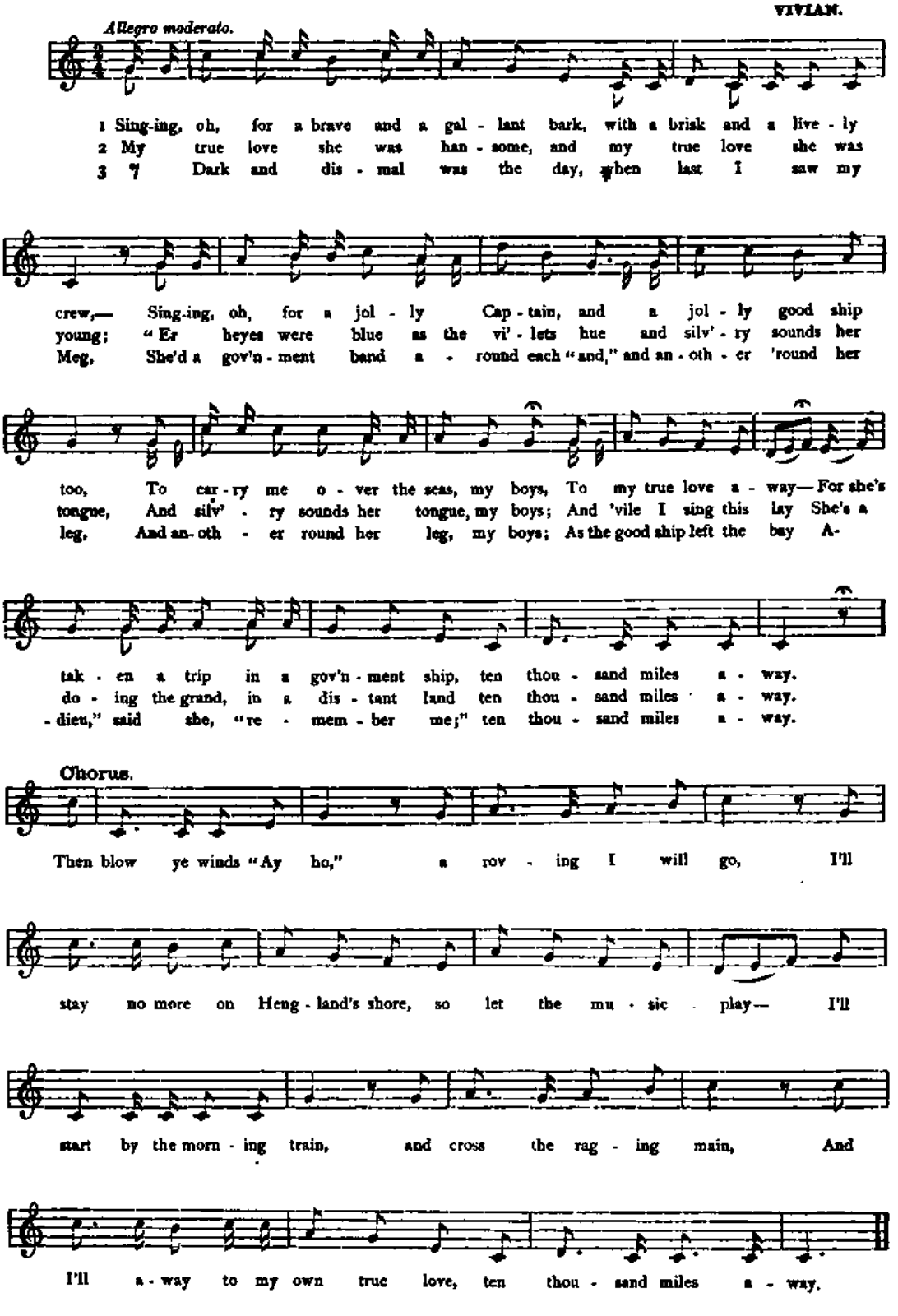
dolce meno mosso. *a tempo.*

far from a - ny coast, We thought it was a ghost, But we
boat we low - er'd aft, And board - ed that queer craft; Then we
we're a rough old set, Some were fa - thers, don't for - get; It

LITTLE JACK.—Concluded.

low'rs a glim to see what it could be; And we spied then from our deck, On a
takes that pre-cious lit - tle one, did we, Oh, the tears came to our eyes, Which that
made us think of home, and glad were we, That's my sto - - ry true, God
rall.
bit of float - ing wreck, Just as fine a lit - tle babe as e'er you
name you won't de - spise, As we pass'd that lit - tle one from knee to
bless our skip - per too, And all with kind - ly hearts up - on the
f
a tempo.
see!
knee!
sea.
Hil - lee haul - lee, hil - lee ho! Hil - lee haul - lee, hil - lee he! "And
send the grog a - round," say we, While gai - ly blows the breeze That
ff
takes us o'er the seas, Sing - in' haul - lee, hil - lee, haul - lee, heave yo ho!

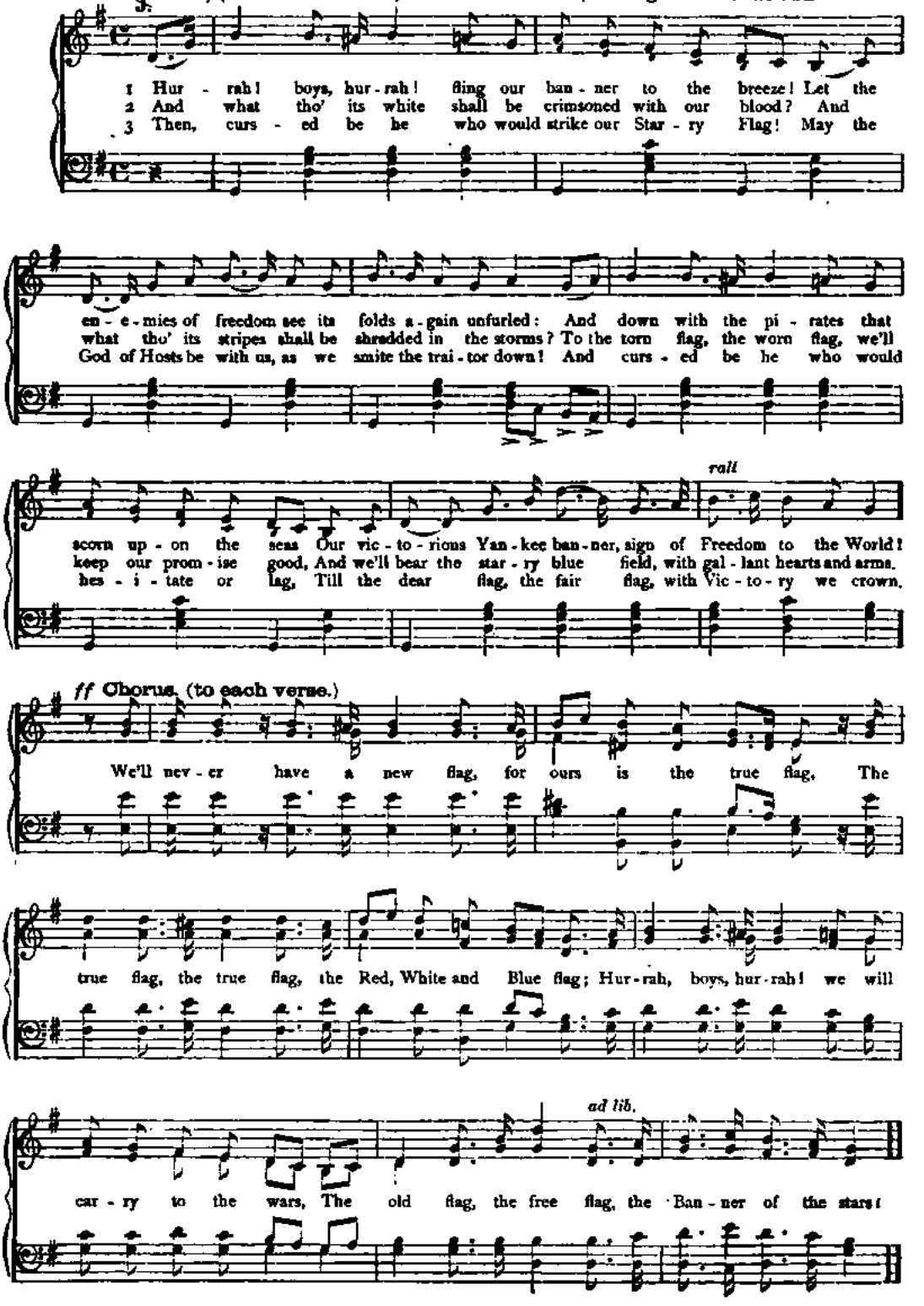
TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

VIVIAN.

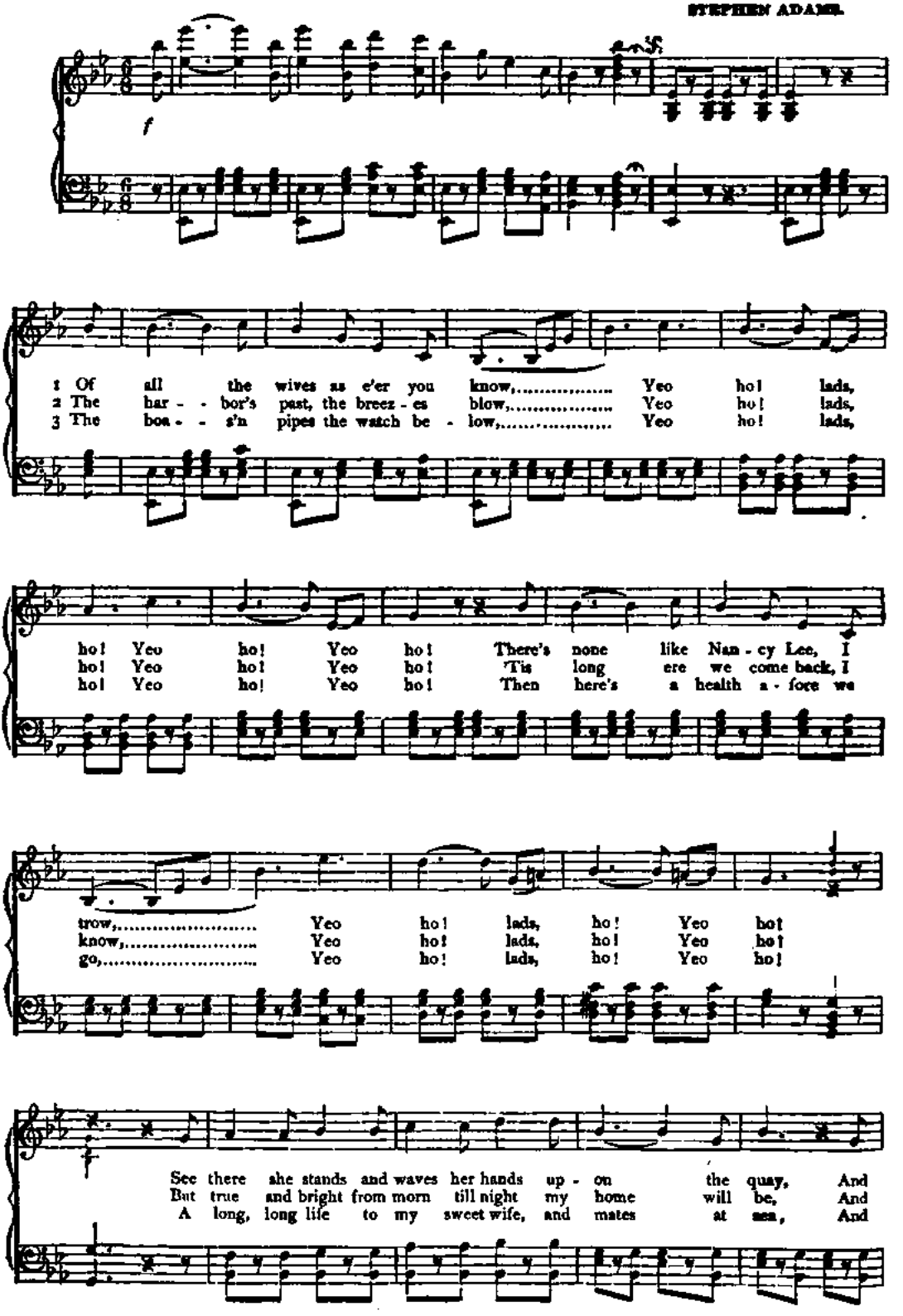
Allegro moderato.

1 Sing-ing, oh, for a brave and a gal - lant bark, with a brisk and a live - ly
2 My true love she was han - some, and my true love she was
3 Dark and dis - mal was the day, when last I saw my
crew,— Sing-ing, oh, for a jol - ly Cap - tain, and a jol - ly good ship
young; "Er heyes were blue as the vi' - lets hue and silv' - ry sounds her
Meg, She'd a gov'n - ment band a - round each "and," and an - oth - er 'round her
too, To car - ry me o - ver the seas, my boys, To my true love a - way— For she's
tongue, And silv' - ry sounds her tongue, my boys; And 'vile I sing this lay She's a
leg, And an - oth - er round her leg, my boys; As the good ship left the bay A-
tak - en a trip in a gov'n - ment ship, ten thou - sand miles a - way.
do - ing the grand, in a dis - tant land ten thou - sand miles a - way.
- dieu," said she, "re - mem - ber me;" ten thou - sand miles a - way.
Chorus.
Then blow ye winds "Ay ho," a rov - ing I will go, I'll
stay no more on Heng - land's shore, so let the mu - sic play— I'll
start by the morn - ing train, and cross the rag - ing main, And
I'll a - way to my own true love, ten thou - sand miles a - way.

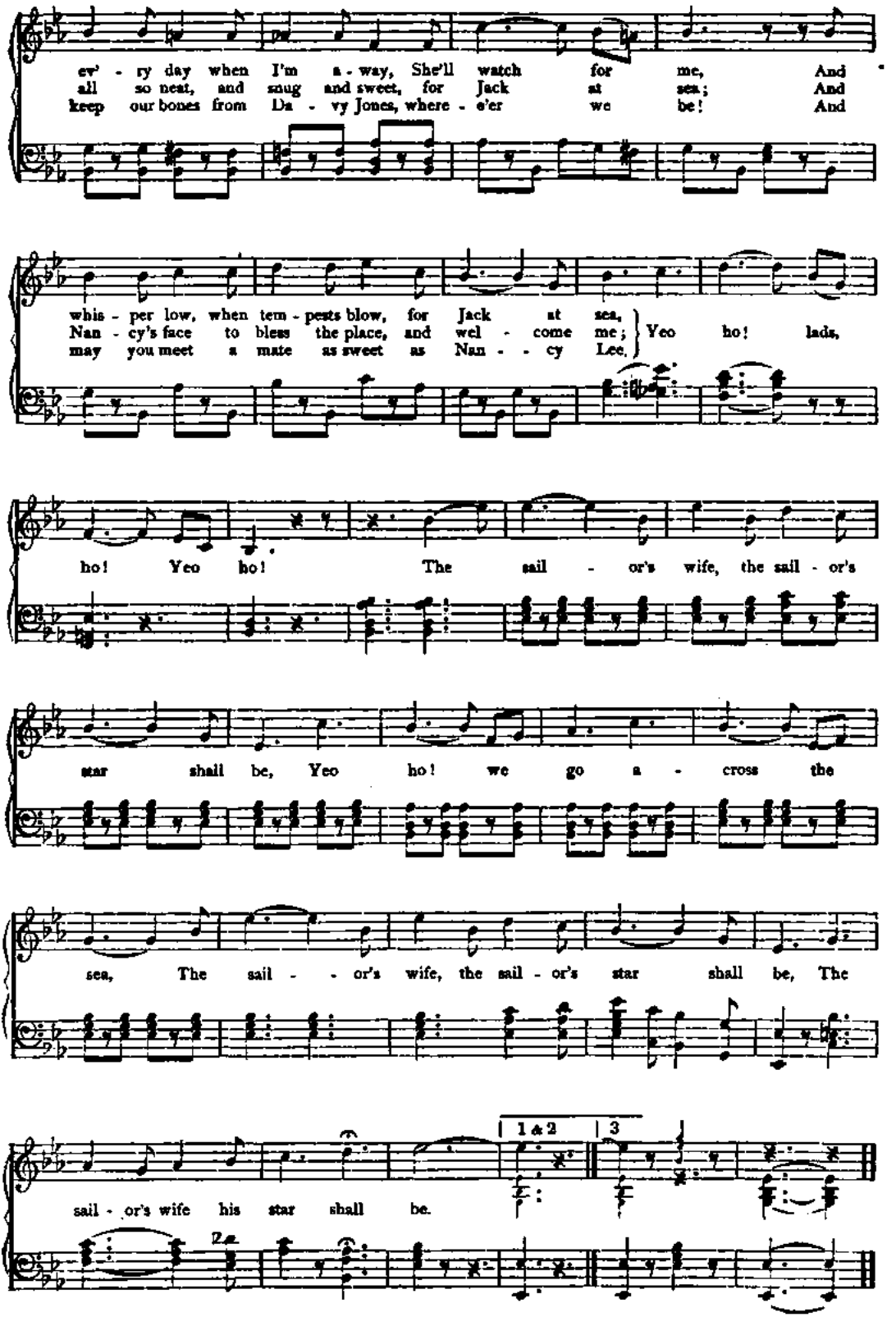
THE BANNER OF THE STARS.

Written by Capt. R. W. RAYMOND.

f Solo, (or what is better, Chorus in unison), with great enthusiasm.

1 Hur - rah! boys, hur - rah! fling our ban - ner to the breeze! Let the
2 And what tho' its white shall be crimsoned with our blood? And
3 Then, curs - ed be he who would strike our Star - ry Flag! May the
en - e - mies of freedom see its folds a - gain unfurled: And down with the pi - rates that
what tho' its stripes shall be shredded in the storms? To the torn flag, the worn flag, we'll
God of Hosts be with us, as we smite the trai - tor down! And curs - ed be he who would
rall
scorn up - on the seas Our vic - to - rious Yan - kee ban - ner, sign of Freedom to the World!
keep our prom - ise good, And we'll bear the star - ry blue field, with gal - lant hearts and arms.
hes - i - tate or lag, Till the dear flag, the fair flag, with Vic - to - ry we crown.
ff Chorus. (to each verse.)
We'll nev - er have a new flag, for ours is the true flag, The
true flag, the true flag, the Red, White and Blue flag; Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah! we will
ad lib.
car - ry to the wars, The old flag, the free flag, the Ban - ner of the stars!

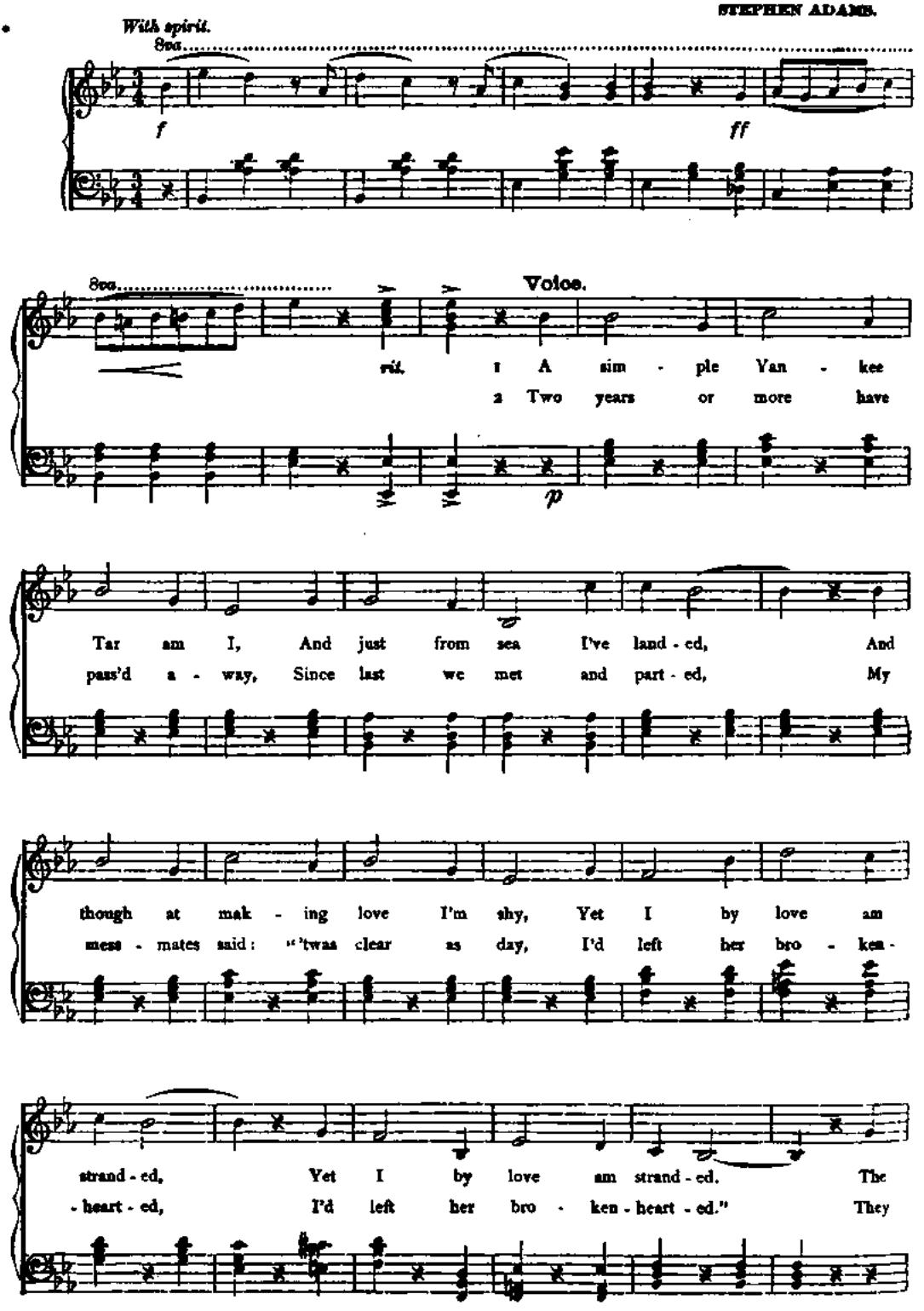
NANCY LEE.

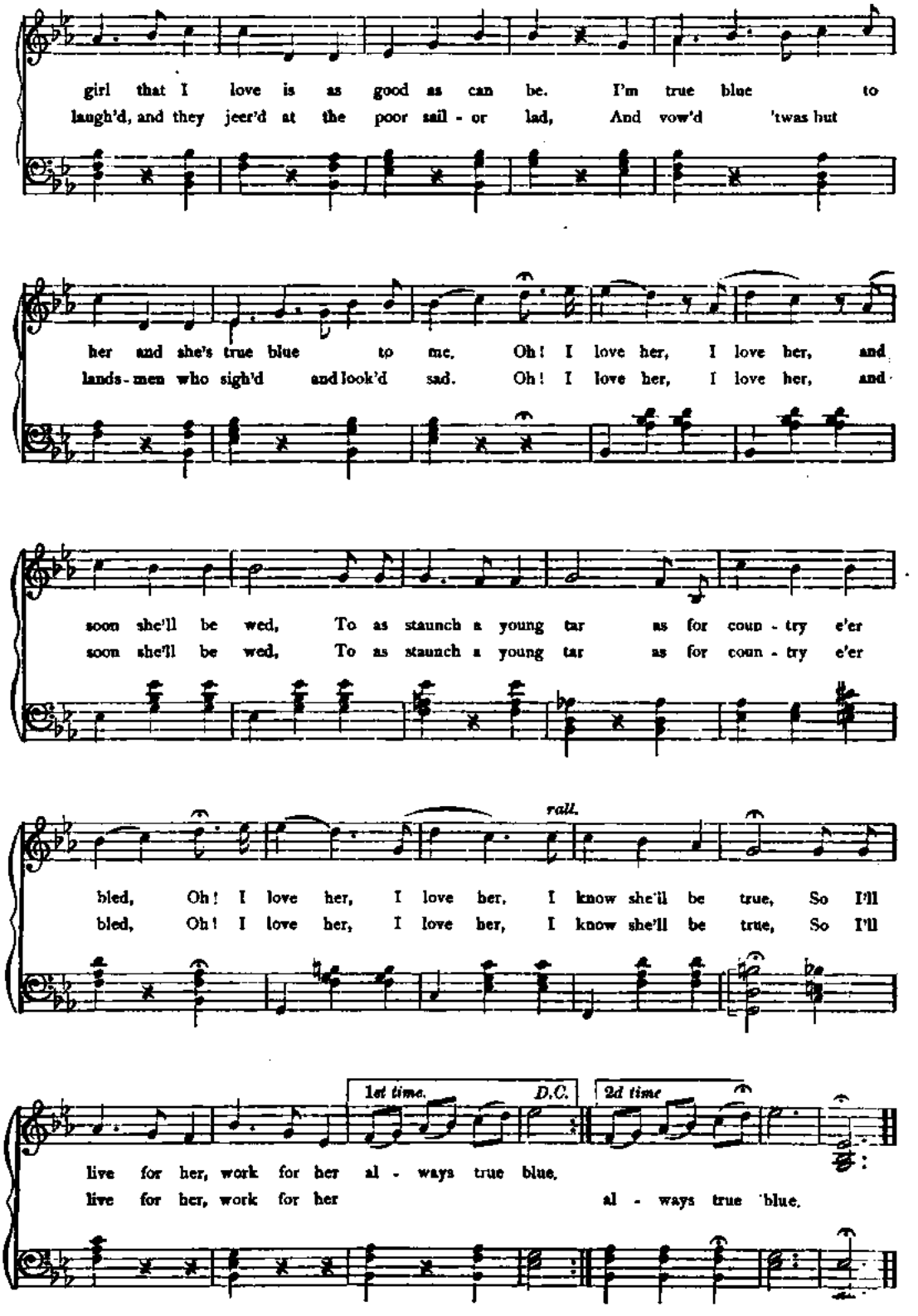
STEPHEN ADAMS.

1 Of all the wives as e'er you know,..... Yeo ho! lads,
2 The har - - bor's past, the breez - es blow,..... Yeo ho! lads,
3 The boa - - s'n pipes the watch be - low,..... Yeo ho! lads,
ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I
ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I
ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho! Then here's a health a - fore we
trow,..... Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho!
know,..... Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho!
go,..... Yeo ho! lads, ho! Yeo ho!
See there she stands and waves her hands up - on the quay, And
But true and bright from morn till night my home will be, And
A long, long life to my sweet wife, and mates at sea, And

NANCY LEE.—Concluded.

ev' - ry day when I'm a - way, She'll watch for me, And
all so neat, and snug and sweet, for Jack at sea; And
keep our bones from Da - vy Jones, where - e'er we be! And
whis - per low, when tem - pests blow, for Jack at sea,
Nan - cy's face to bless the place, and wel - come me;
may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - - cy Lee.
Yeo ho! lads,
ho! Yeo ho! The sail - or's wife, the sail - or's
star shall be, Yeo ho! we go a - cross the
sea, The sail - - or's wife, the sail - or's star shall be, The
1 & 2
3
sail - or's wife his star shall be.
2d

TRUE BLUE.

STEPHEN ADAMS.


With spirit.
8va
f
ff
8va
Voice.
rit.
1 A sim - ple Yan - kee
2 Two years or more have
p
Tar am I, And just from sea I've land - ed, And
pass'd a - way, Since last we met and part - ed, My
though at mak - ing love I'm shy, Yet I by love am
mess - mates said: "'twas clear as day, I'd left her bro - ken -
strand - ed, Yet I by love am strand - ed. The
- heart - ed, I'd left her bro - ken - heart - ed." They

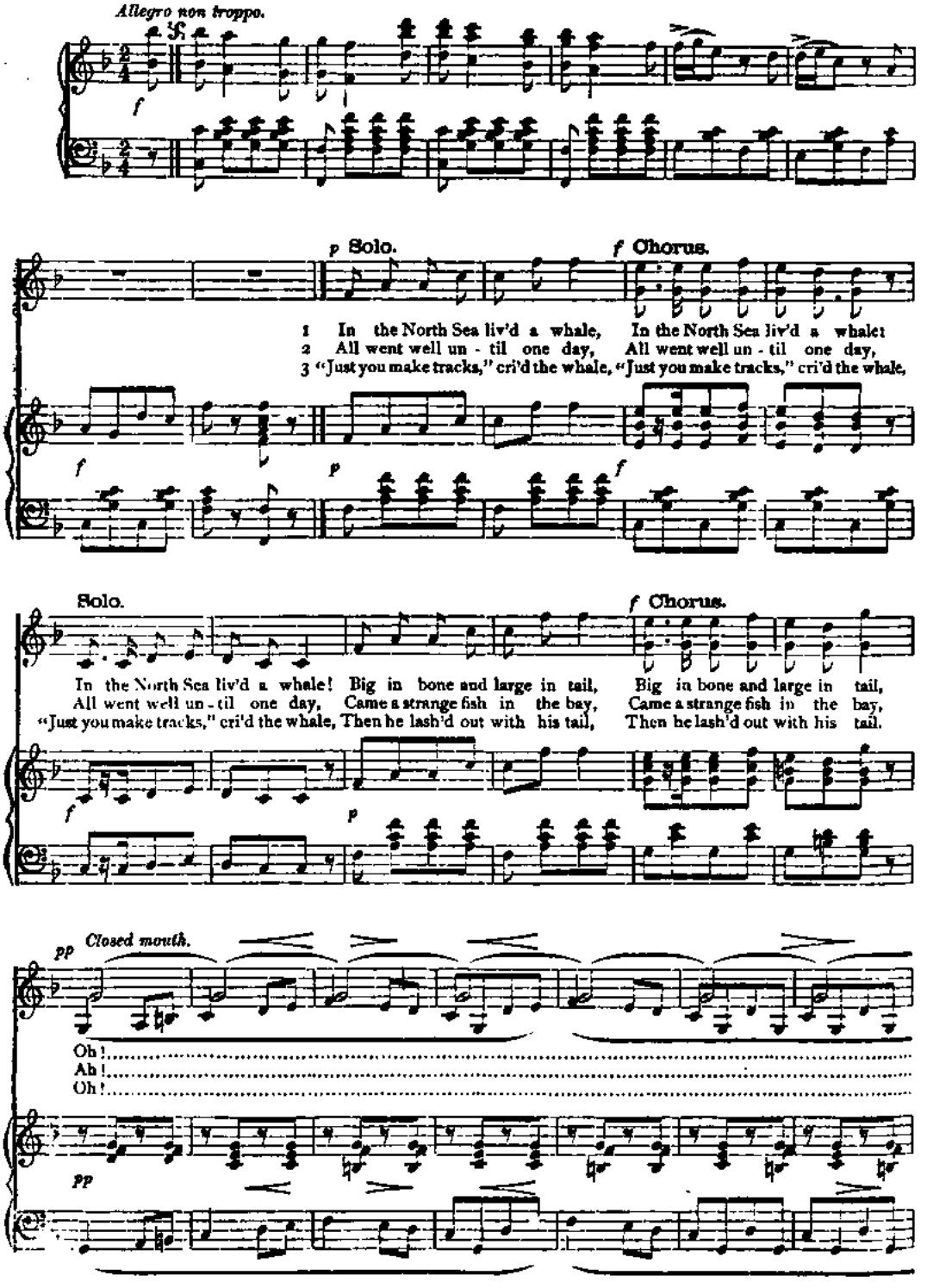
TRUE BLUE.—Concluded.

girl that I love is as good as can be. I'm true blue to
laugh'd, and they jeer'd at the poor sail - or lad, And vow'd 'twas but
her and she's true blue to me. Oh! I love her, I love her, and
lands - men who sigh'd and look'd sad. Oh! I love her, I love her, and
soon she'll be wed, To as staunch a young tar as for coun - try e'er
soon she'll be wed, To as staunch a young tar as for coun - try e'er
rall.
bled, Oh! I love her, I love her, I know she'll be true, So I'll
bled, Oh! I love her, I love her, I know she'll be true, So I'll
1st time.
D.C.
2d time
live for her, work for her al - ways true blue.
live for her, work for her al - ways true blue.

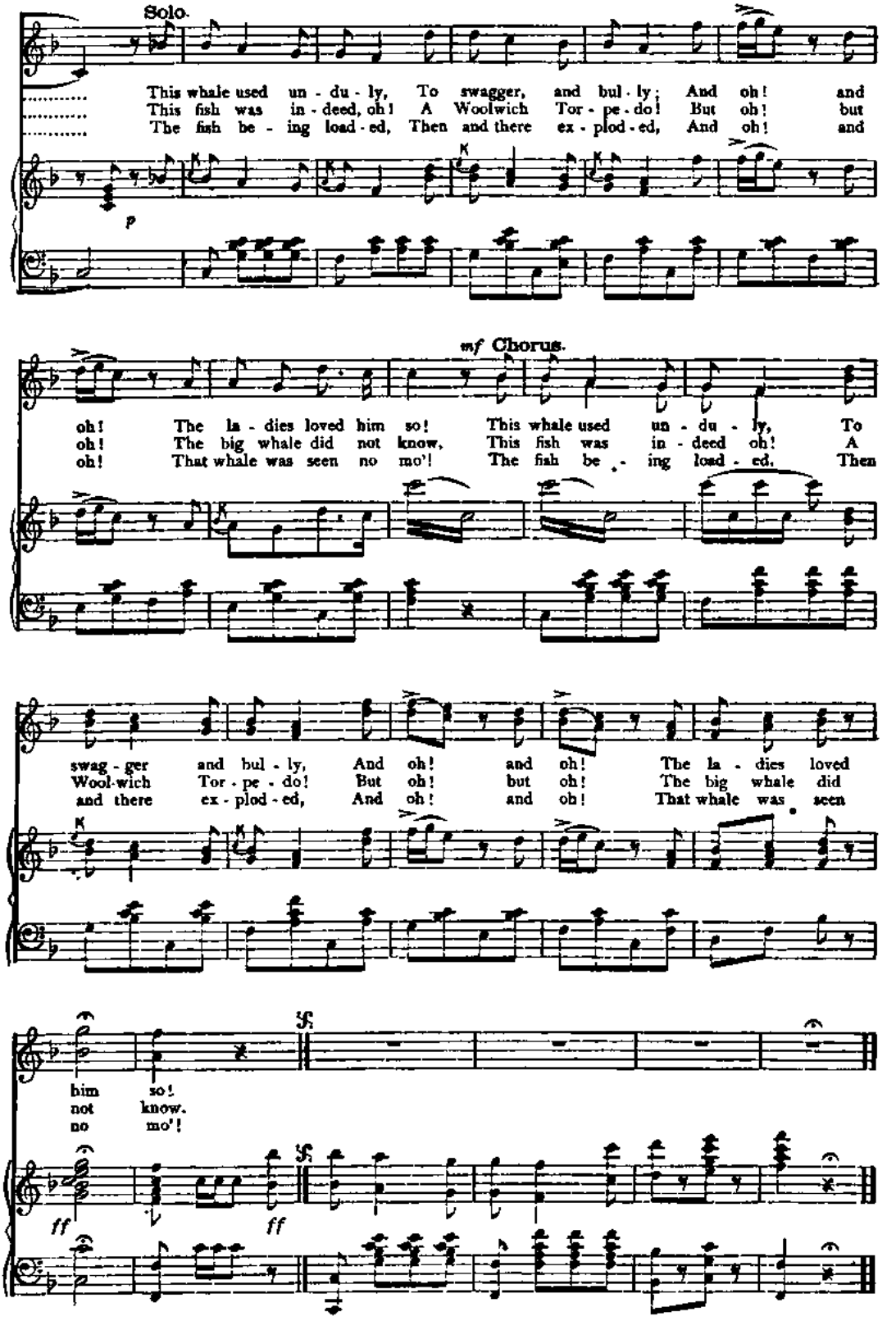
THE TORPEDO AND THE WHALE.

A "SHELL" OF OCEAN.

LEGEND.

From the Opera "Olivette." AUDRAN.

Allegro non troppo.

f
p Solo.
f Chorus.
1 In the North Sea liv'd a whale, In the North Sea liv'd a whale!
2 All went well un - til one day, All went well un - til one day,
3 "Just you make tracks," cri'd the whale, "Just you make tracks," cri'd the whale,
Solo.
f Chorus.
In the North Sea liv'd a whale! Big in bone and large in tail, Big in bone and large in tail,
All went well un - til one day, Came a strange fish in the bay, Came a strange fish in the bay,
"Just you make tracks," cri'd the whale, Then he lash'd out with his tail, Then he lash'd out with his tail.
pp Closed mouth.
Oh!
Ah!
Oh!
pp

The Torpedo and the Whale.—Concluded.

Solo.
This whale used un - du - ly, To swagger, and bul - ly; And oh! and
This fish was in - deed, oh! A Woolwich Tor - pe - do! But oh! but
The fish be - ing load - ed, Then and there ex - plod - ed, And oh! and
p
mf Chorus.
oh! The la - dies loved him so! This whale used un - du - ly, To
oh! The big whale did not know, This fish was in - deed oh! A
oh! That whale was seen no mo'! The fish be - ing load - ed, Then
swag - ger and bul - ly, And oh! and oh! The la - dies loved
Wool-wich Tor - pe - do! But oh! but oh! The big whale did
and there ex - plod - ed, And oh! and oh! That whale was seen
him so!
not know.
no mo'!
ff
ff

POOR JACK.

DIBDIN. G. HOGARTH.

Allegretto.

f

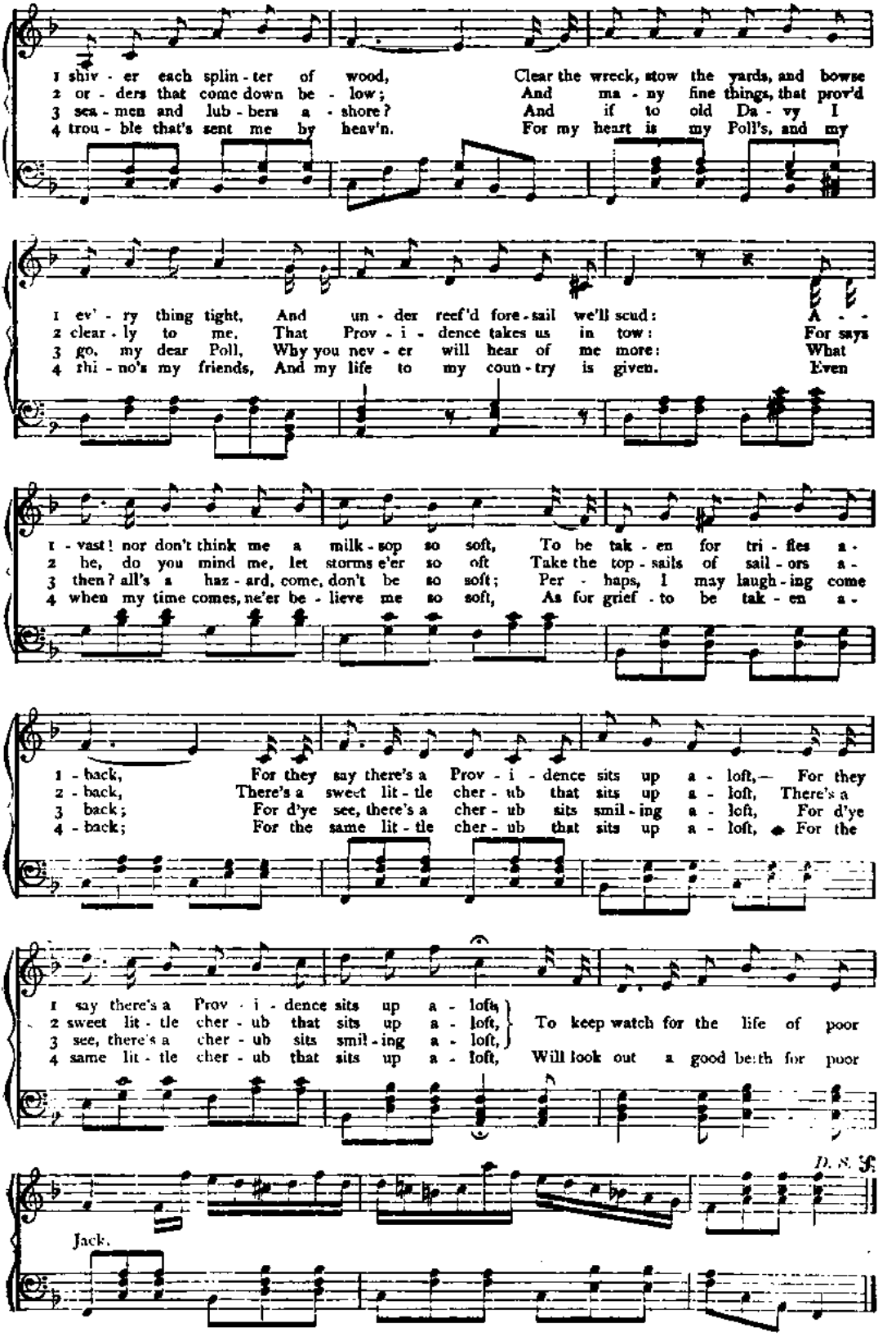
1 Go pat - ter to lub-bers and swabs, do ye see, 'Bout dan - ger, and fear, and the
2 Why I heard our good Chaplain pa - la - ver one day 'Bout souls, heav - en, mer - cy, and
3 I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry, When last we weigh'd an - chor for
4 D'ye mind me, a sail - or should be ev' - ry inch All as one as a piece of the

1 like; A tight wa - ter boat and good sea - room give me, And
3 such; And my tim - bers! what lin - go he'd coil and be - lay, Why 'twas
3 sea,— What ar - gu - fies sniv' - ling and pip - ing your eye? Why,
4 ship, And with her brave the world with - out off' - ring to flinch, From the

1 t'ent to a lit - tle I'll strike! Though the tem - pest top - gal - lant masts
2 just all as one as High Dutch; For he said how a spar - row can't
3 what a crack'd fool you must be! Can't you see the world's wide and there's
4 mo - ment the an - chor's a - trip, As for me, in all weath - ers, all

1 smack smooth should smite, And shiv - er each splin - ter of wood; And
2 foun - der, d'ye see, Without or - ders that come down be - low; With - out
3 room for us all, Both for sea - men and lub - bers a - shore? Both for
4 times, sides, and ends, Naught's a trou - ble that's sent me by heav'n, Naught's a

POOR JACK.—Concluded.


1 shiv - er each splin - ter of wood, Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse
2 or - ders that come down be - low; And ma - ny fine things, that prov'd
3 sea - men and lub - bers a - shore? And if to old Da - vy I
4 trou - ble that's sent me by heav'n. For my heart is my Poll's, and my
1 ev' - ry thing tight, And un - der reef'd fore - sail we'll scud: A - -
2 clear - ly to me, That Prov - i - dence takes us in tow: For says
3 go, my dear Poll, Why you nev - er will hear of me more: What
4 thi - no's my friends, And my life to my coun - try is given. Even
1 - vast! nor don't think me a milk - sop so soft, To be tak - en for tri - fles a -
2 be, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft Take the top - sails of sail - ors a -
3 then? all's a haz - ard, come, don't be so soft; Per - haps, I may laugh - ing come
4 when my time comes, ne'er be - lieve me so soft, As for grief - to be tak - en a -
1 - back, For they say there's a Prov - i - dence sits up a - loft,— For they
2 - back, There's a sweet lit - tle cher - ub that sits up a - loft, There's a
3 back; For d'ye see, there's a cher - ub sits smil - ing a - loft, For d'ye
4 - back; For the same lit - tle cher - ub that sits up a - loft, For the
1 say there's a Prov - i - dence sits up a - loft,
2 sweet lit - tle cher - ub that sits up a - loft,
3 see, there's a cher - ub sits smil - ing a - loft,
4 same lit - tle cher - ub that sits up a - loft,
To keep watch for the life of poor
Will look out a good berth for poor
D. S.
Jack.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

Written and Composed by **JOHN READ.**

Moderato.

f

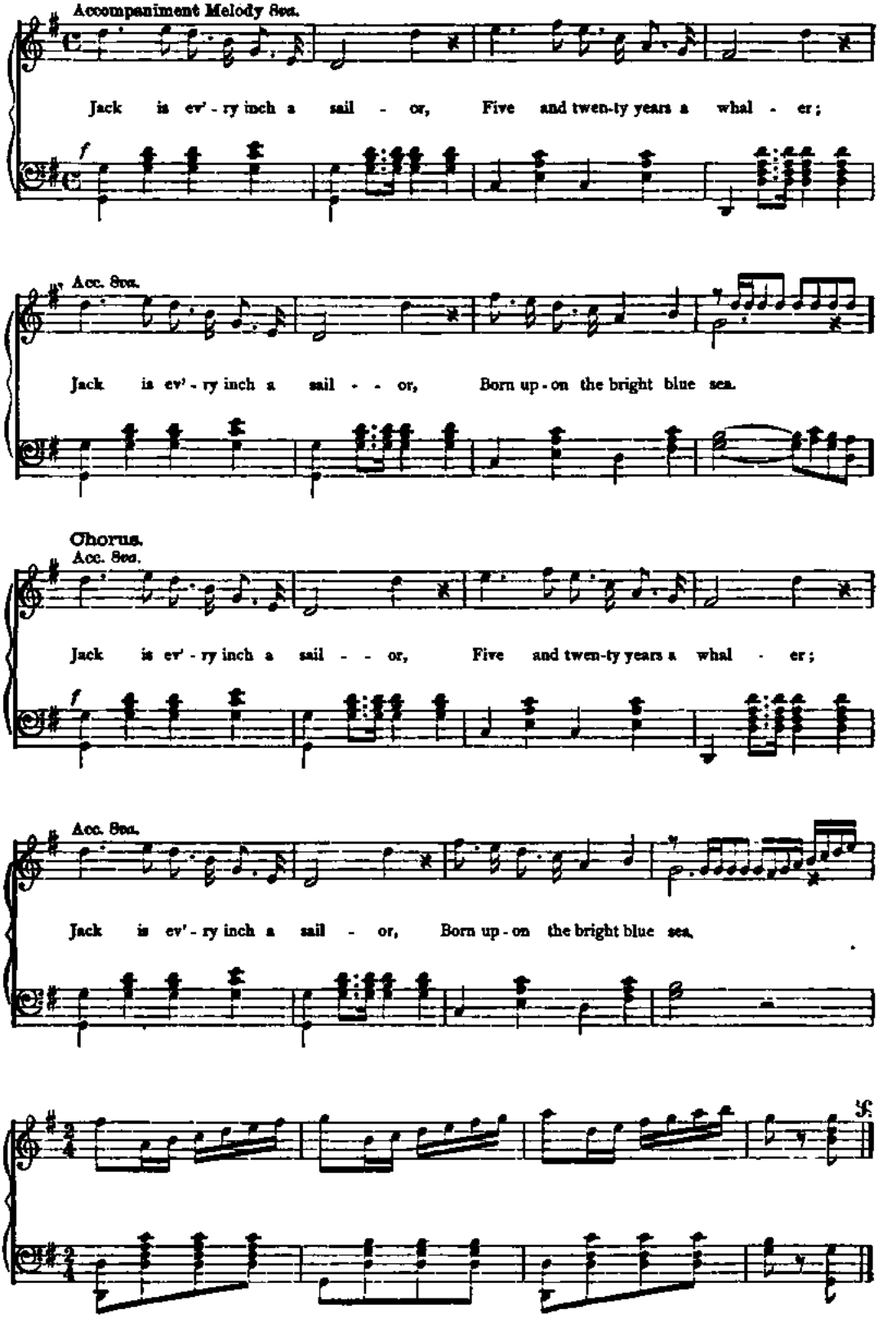
1 My Un - cle Jack is what some peo - ple call a jol - ly tar, And
2 On a storm - y night it's my de - light to mix a glass of grog, And
3 "One night" said he, "while out at sea there came a dread - ful gale, Which
4 So if you wish to pass a pleas - ant hour or two a - way, Just

1 I should think that he was born be - neath a luck - y star; If
2 then get Jack to spin a yarn be - fore the burn - ing log, And
3 wash'd me o - ver - board and I was swal - low'd by a whale, And
4 call and see old Un - cle Jack, and then I think you'll say: "He's

1 all is true that he's gone through, a won - der he must be,— He's
2 aft - er you've been lis - ten - ing to all that he has said, You
3 there I liv'd for twen - ty days a wan - der - ing a - bout, Then
4 ev' - ry inch a sail - or and as jol - ly as can be, For

1 ev' - ry inch a sail - or, and was born up - on the sea.
2 feel so fright - en'd that you can - not go a - lone to bed.
3 seized the whale right by the tail and turn'd him in - side out."
4 ma - ny years a whal - er, quite a he - ro of the sea."

(*Spoken after third verse.*)—I said to my friend, who was siting by my side, there is no mistake about it.

Every inch a Sailor.—Concluded.

Accompaniment Melody 8va.
Jack is ev' - ry inch a sail - or, Five and twen-ty years a whal - er;
Acc. 8va.
Jack is ev' - ry inch a sail - - or, Born up - on the bright blue sea.
Chorus.
Acc. 8va.
Jack is ev' - ry inch a sail - - or, Five and twen-ty years a whal - er;
Acc. 8va.
Jack is ev' - ry inch a sail - or, Born up - on the bright blue sea.

JACK RATLIN.

DIBDIN. G. HOGARTH.

Moderato.

mf *f*

F.

1 Jack Rat - lin was the a - blest sea - man, None like him could hand, reef, and
2 The song, the jest, the flow - ing li - quor— For none of these had Jack re-
3 The same ex - press the crew com-mand - ed Once more to view their na - tive

steer, No dang'rous toil but he'd en - coun - ter, With skill, and in contempt of
- gard; He, while his messmates were ca - rous - ing, High sit - ing on the pend - ant
land; A - mong the rest, brought Jack some tid - ings, Would it had been his love's fair

fear; In fight a lion;— the bat - tle end - ed, Meek as the bleat - - ing lamb he'd
yard, Would think up - on his fair one's beau-ties, Swear nev - er from such chains to
hand; Oh fate! her death de - faced the let - ter, In - stant his pulse for - got to

prove; Thus Jack had man - ners, courage, mer - it, Yet did he sigh, and all for love.
rove; That tru - ly he'd a-dore them liv - ing, And, dy-ing, sigh,— to end his love.
move; With quiv'ring lips and eyes up - lift - ed, He heav'd a sigh,— and died for love.

D. S. F.

LIFE'S WEATHER-GUAGE.

DIBDIN. H. WEST.

FINE.

1 I'm for Tom Til - ler's golden
2 "A tar," cried Tom, "to peace a
3 The gold he gets does good to
4 The thing is this,— in ev'-ry

1 max-im, Who stud-ies life in ev'-ry stage; He'll tell you plain - ly, if you
2 stran-ger, Fore fortune's tem - pest cuts and drives, No sin-gle mo - ment free from
3 oth-ers, Tho' he at ran - dom lets it fly, For, as man-kind are all his
4 sta-tion, We're born for plea - sure and for trouble, And if you strike to each vex-

1 ax him, Content's this life's best weather - gauge, Content's this life's best weather-
2 dan-ger, The same as ev' - - ry man that lives, The same as ev' - - ry man that
3 brothers, He keeps it in the fam-i - ly, He keeps it in the fam-i-
4 - a - tion, Good Hope's true Cape you'll nev-er double, Good Hope's true Cape you'll nev-er

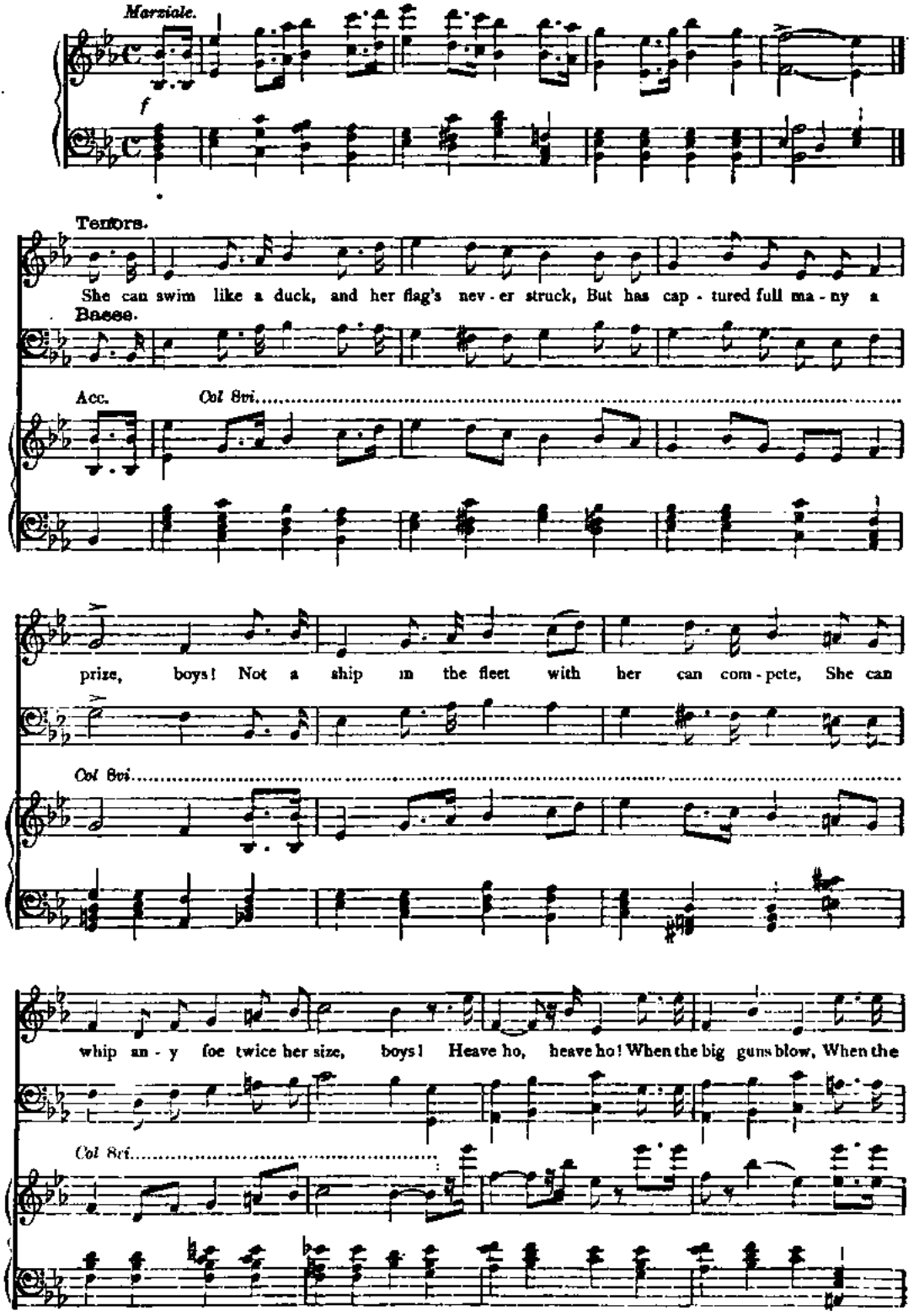
1 - gauge. I own, Tom had but lit - tle learning, Such as you flats pick up at
2 lives: In toil and per - il he his part takes, Stands fire, and hur - - ri-cane, and
4 - ly, Hairbreath es - capes each hour he weathers, No mo-ment he can call his
4 double, But take the good and e - vil cheerly, And sum up cred - - i - tor and

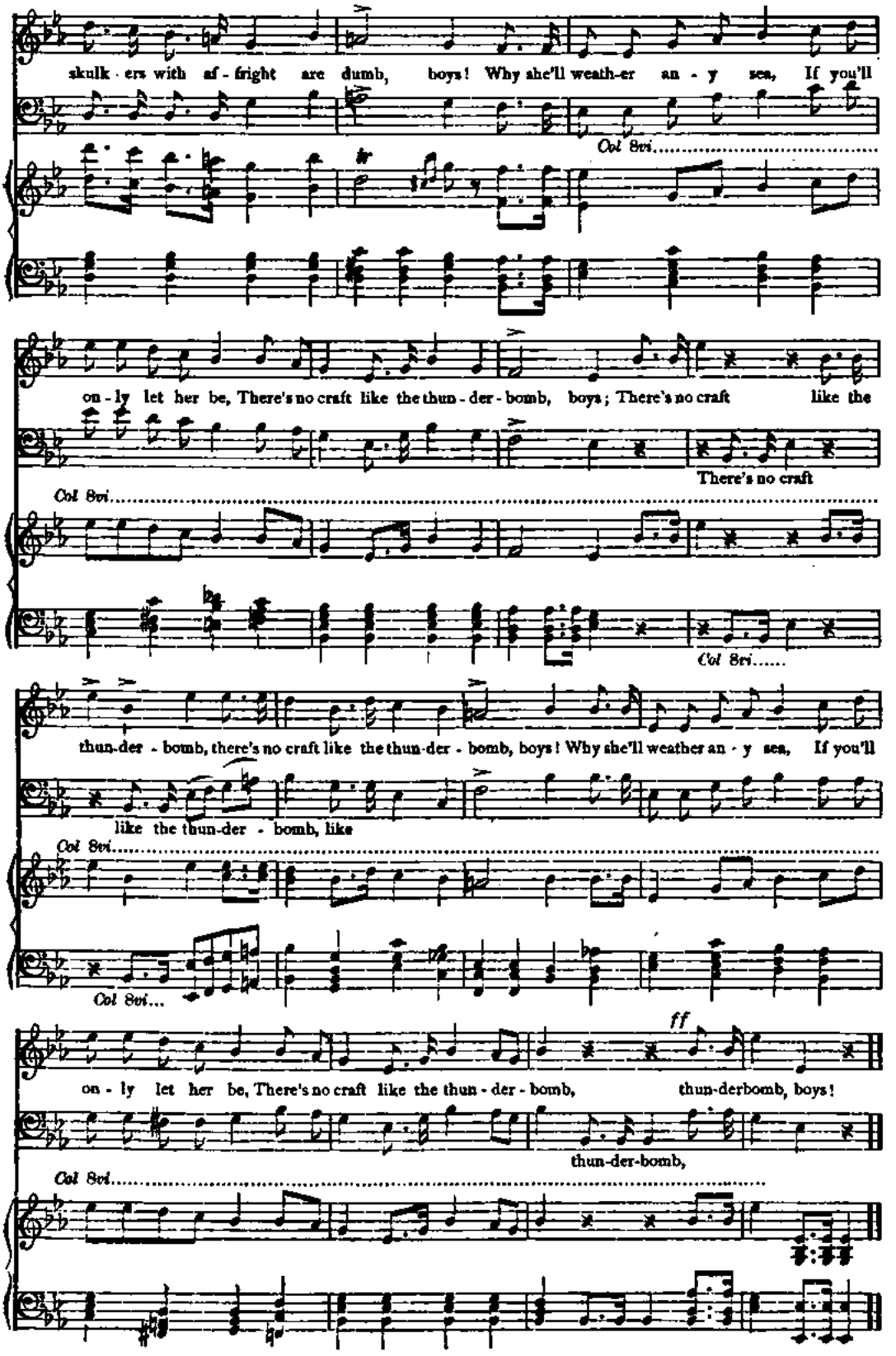
D. C.

1 school: Yet he is cun - ning and dis-cerning, And tho' no com - j'rer, Tom's no fool,
2 shot; He has his qualms, headaches and heartaches, And where's the lub - ber that has not?
3 own; And thus are men put to their tethers, Up from the cot - - tage to the throne,
4 debtor. If in this world they use you queerly, Be hon-est, and you'll find a better!

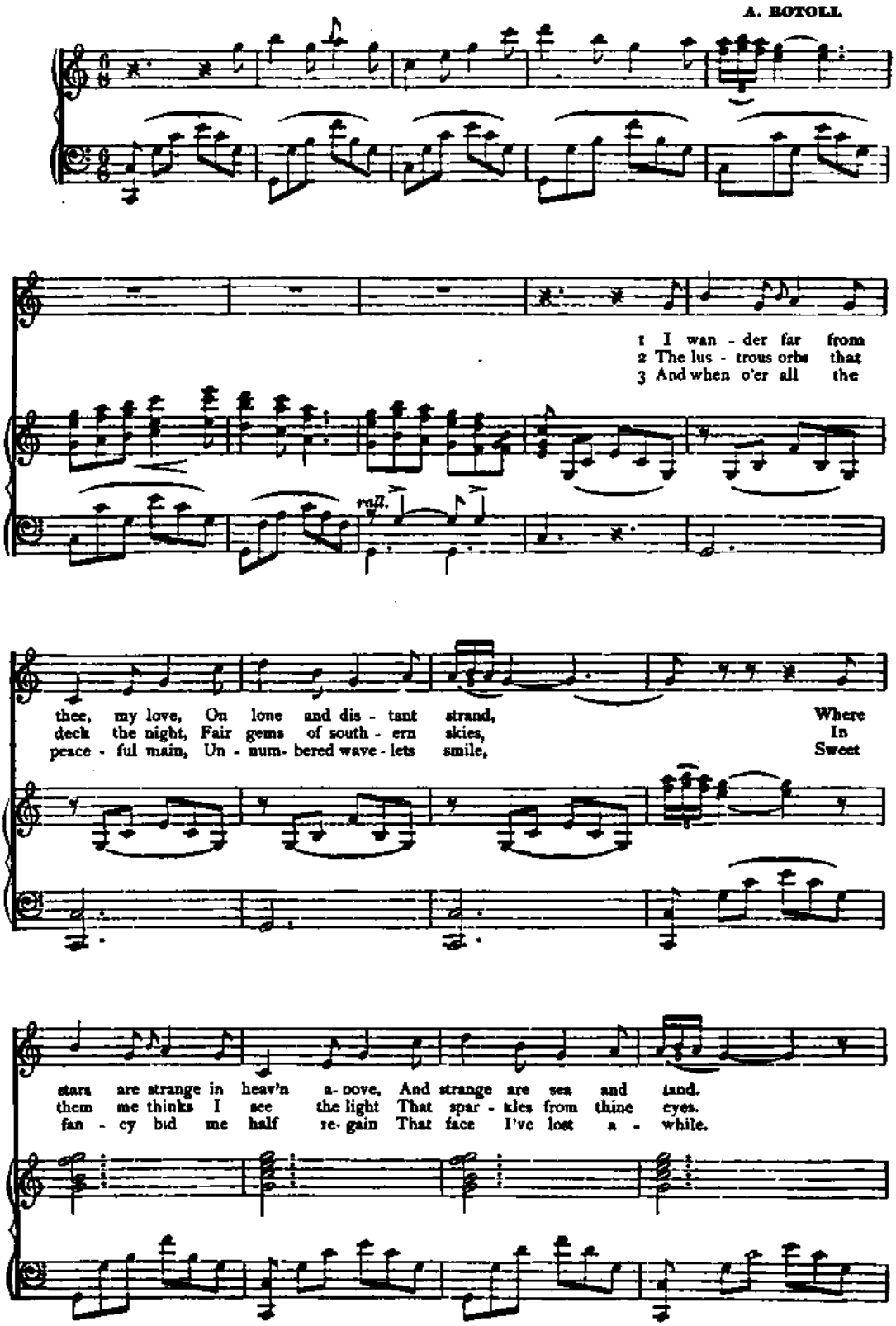
THE GALLANT THUNDERBOMB.

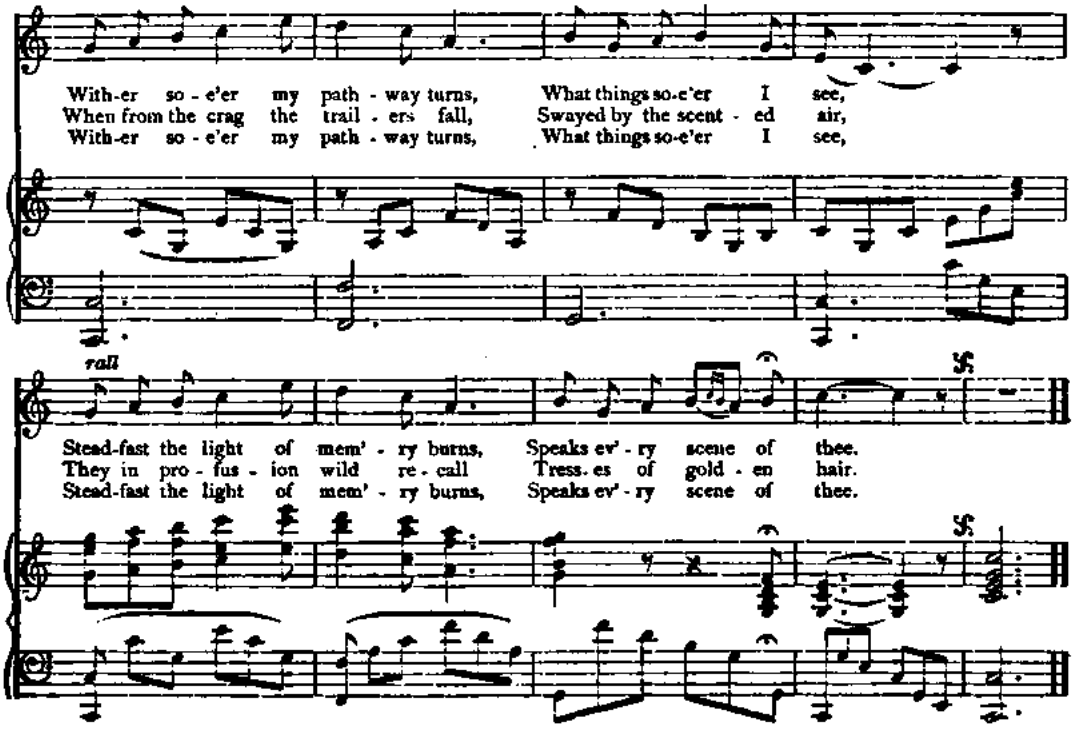
SAILOR'S CHORUS.

"Billie Taylor." SOLOMON.

Marziale.
f
Tenors.
She can swim like a duck, and her flag's nev - er struck, But has cap - tured full ma - ny a
Basses.
Acc.
Col 8vi.
prize, boys! Not a ship in the fleet with her can com - pete, She can
Col 8vi.
whip an - y foe twice her size, boys! Heave ho, heave ho! When the big guns blow, When the
Col 8vi.

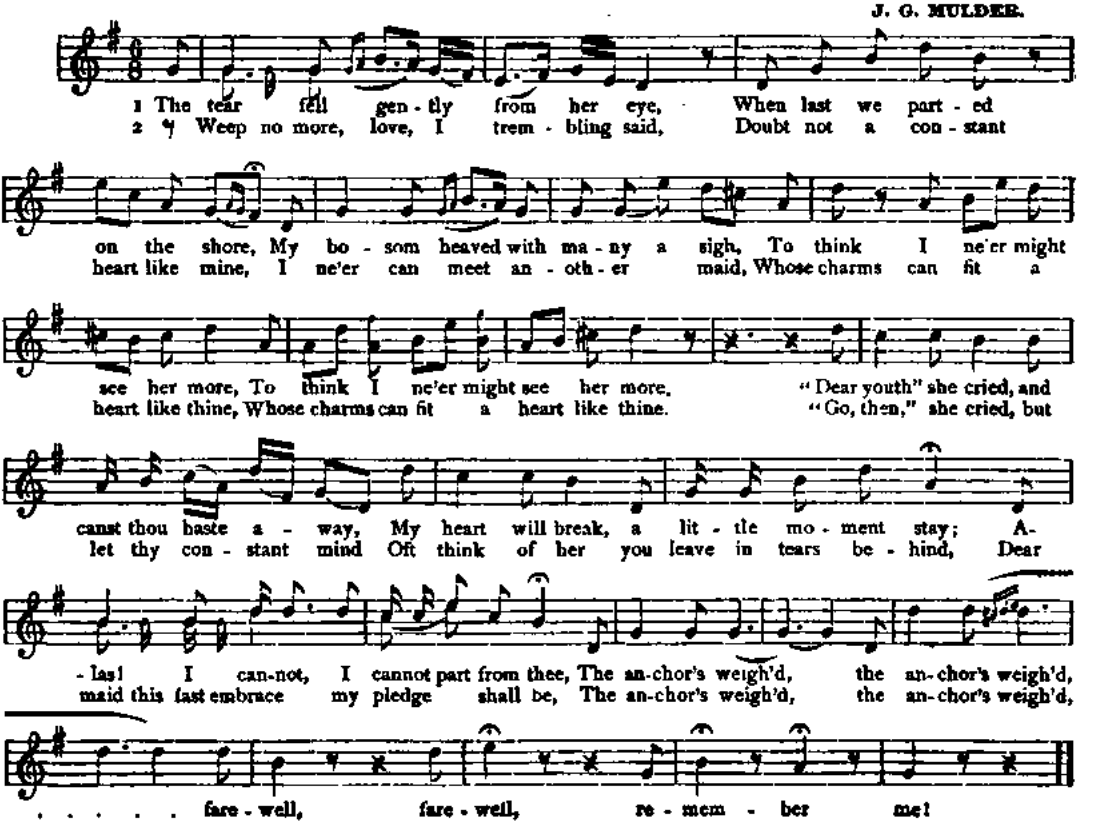
The Gallant Thunderbomb.—Concluded.

skulk - ers with af - fright are dumb, boys! Why she'll weath-er an - y sea, If you'll
Col 8vi.
on - ly let her be, There's no craft like the thun - der - bomb, boys; There's no craft like the
There's no craft
Col 8vi.
Col 8vi.....
thun-der - bomb, there's no craft like the thun-der - bomb, boys! Why she'll weather an - y sea, If you'll
like the thun-der - bomb, like
Col 8vi.
Col 8vi...
ff
on - ly let her be, There's no craft like the thun - der - bomb, thun-derbomb, boys!
thun-der-bomb,
Col 8vi.

THE LIGHT OF MEMORY.

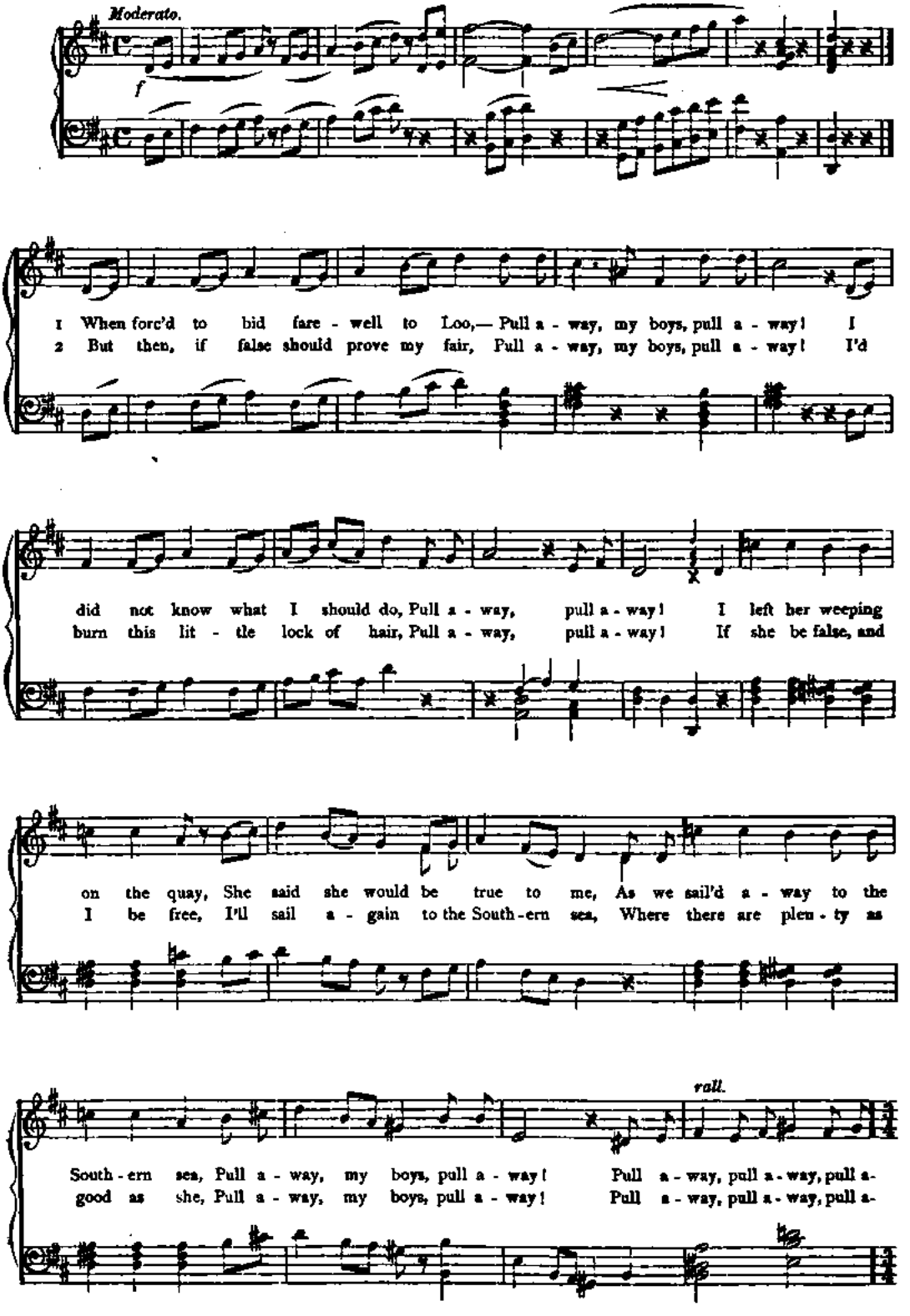
A. EOTOLL.

1 I wan - der far from
2 The lus - trous orbs that
3 And when o'er all the
rall.
thee, my love, On lone and dis - tant strand, Where
deck the night, Fair gems of south - ern skies, In
peace - ful main, Un - num- bered wave - lets smile, Sweet
stars are strange in heav'n a- bove, And strange are sea and land.
them me thinks I see the light That spar - kles from thine eyes.
fan - cy bid me half re- gain That face I've lost a - while.

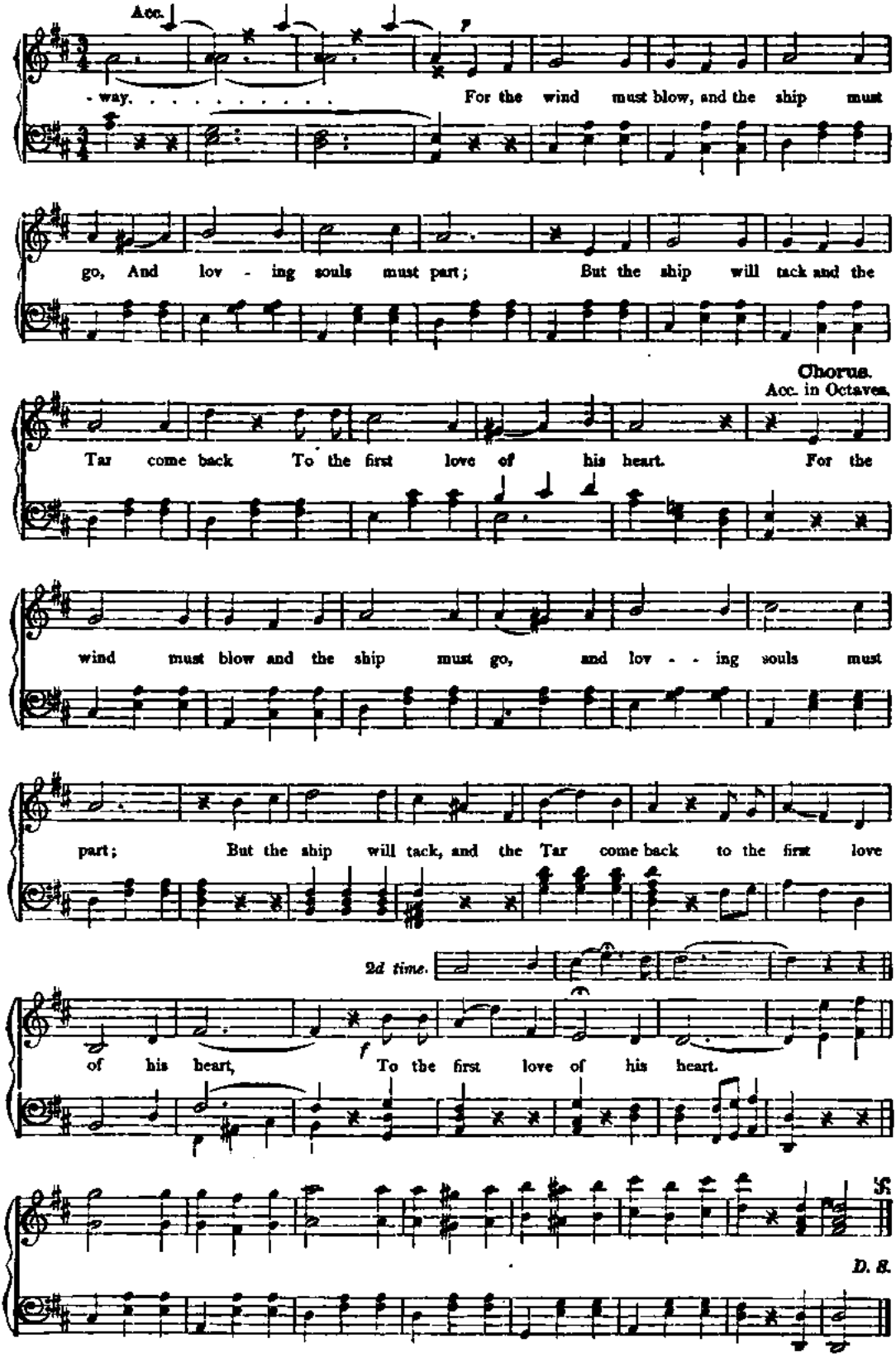
The Light of Memory.—Concluded.

With-er so - e'er my path - way turns, What things so-e'er I see,
When from the crag the trail - ers fall, Swayed by the scent - ed air,
With-er so - e'er my path - way turns, What things so-e'er I see,
rall
Stead-fast the light of mem' - ry burns, Speaks ev' - ry scene of thee.
They in pro - fus - ion wild re - call Tress - es of gold - en hair.
Stead-fast the light of mem' - ry burns, Speaks ev' - ry scene of thee.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

J. G. MULDER.

1 The tear fell gen - tly from her eye, When last we part - ed
2 ¶ Weep no more, love, I trem - bling said, Doubt not a con - stant
on the shore, My bo - som heaved with ma - ny a sigh, To think I ne'er might
heart like mine, I ne'er can meet an - oth - er maid, Whose charms can fit a
see her more, To think I ne'er might see her more. "Dear youth" she cried, and
heart like thine, Whose charms can fit a heart like thine. "Go, then," she cried, but
canst thou haste a - way, My heart will break, a lit - tle mo - ment stay; A-
let thy con - stant mind Oft think of her you leave in tears be - hind, Dear
- las! I can-not, I cannot part from thee, The an-chor's weigh'd, the an-chor's weigh'd,
maid this fast embrace my pledge shall be, The an-chor's weigh'd, the an-chor's weigh'd,
. . . . . fare - well, fare - well, re - mem - ber me!

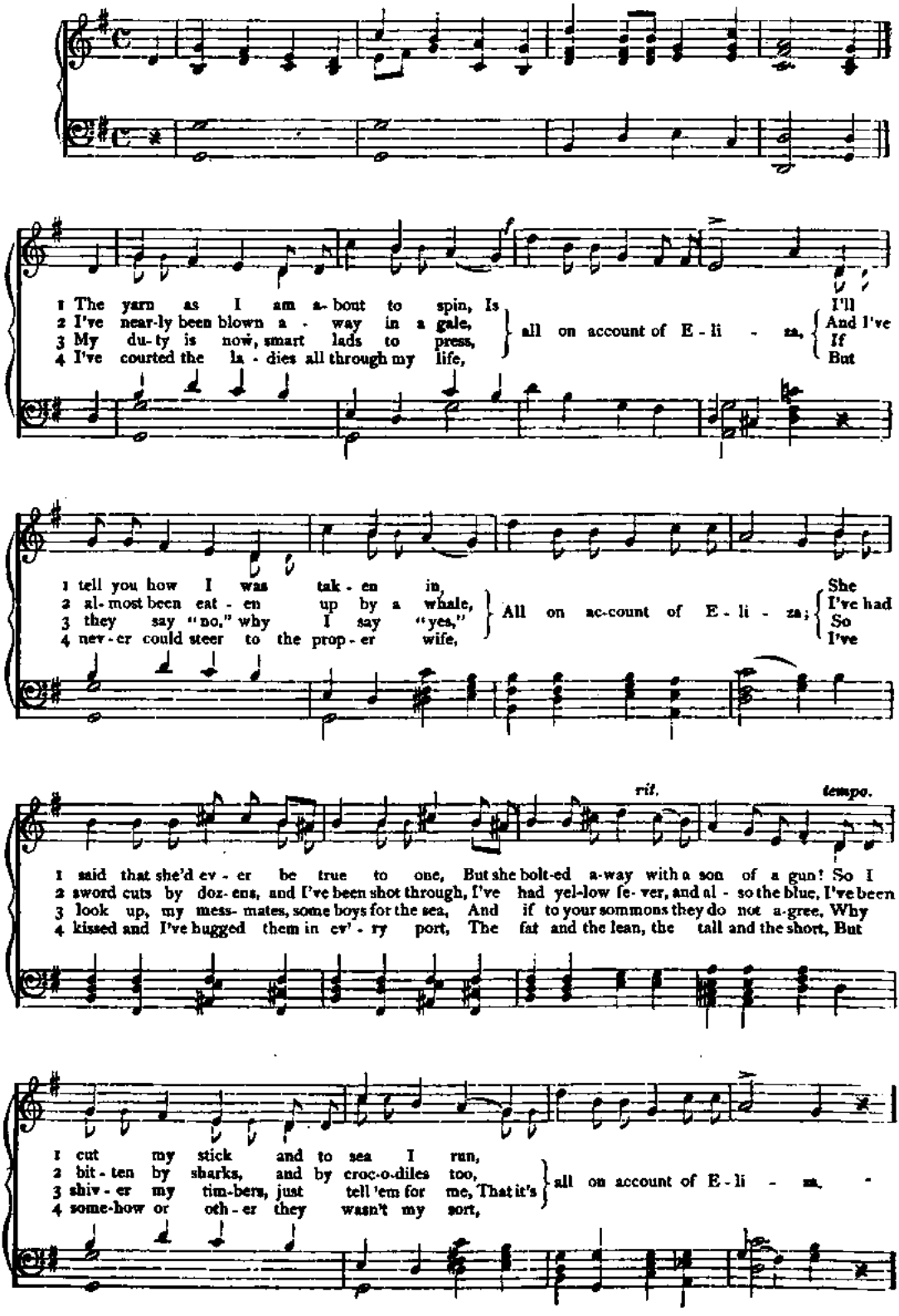
THE TAR'S FAREWELL.

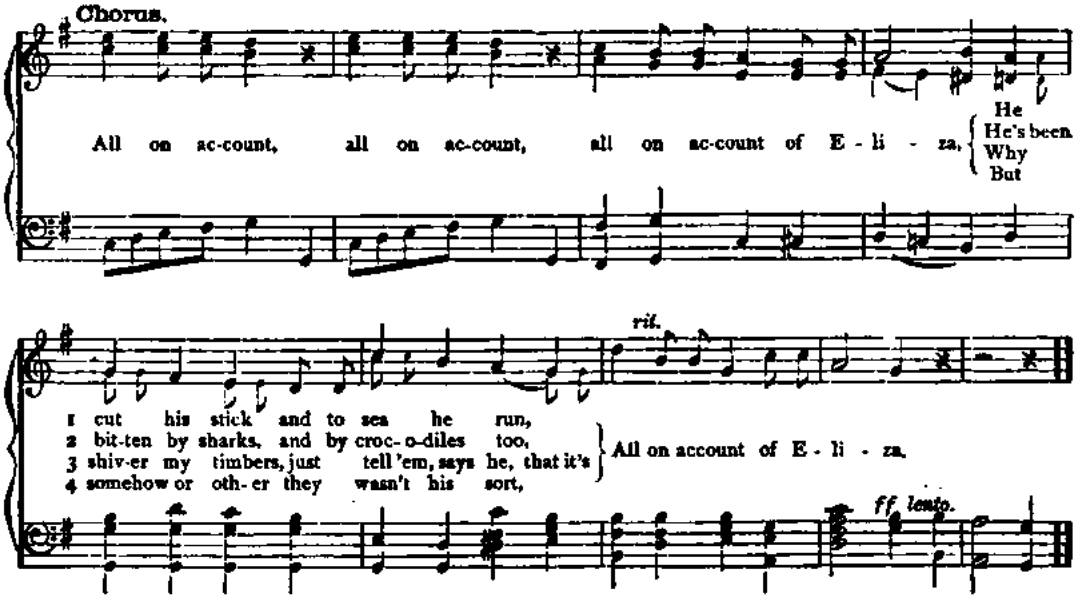
STEPHEN ADAMS.

Moderato.
f
1 When forc'd to bid fare - well to Loo,— Pull a - way, my boys, pull a - way! I
2 But then, if false should prove my fair, Pull a - way, my boys, pull a - way! I'd
did not know what I should do, Pull a - way, pull a - way! I left her weeping
burn this lit - tle lock of hair, Pull a - way, pull a - way! If she be false, and
on the quay, She said she would be true to me, As we sail'd a - way to the
I be free, I'll sail a - gain to the South - ern sea, Where there are plen - ty as
rall.
South - ern sea, Pull a - way, my boys, pull a - way! Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a-
good as she, Pull a - way, my boys, pull a - way! Pull a - way, pull a - way, pull a-

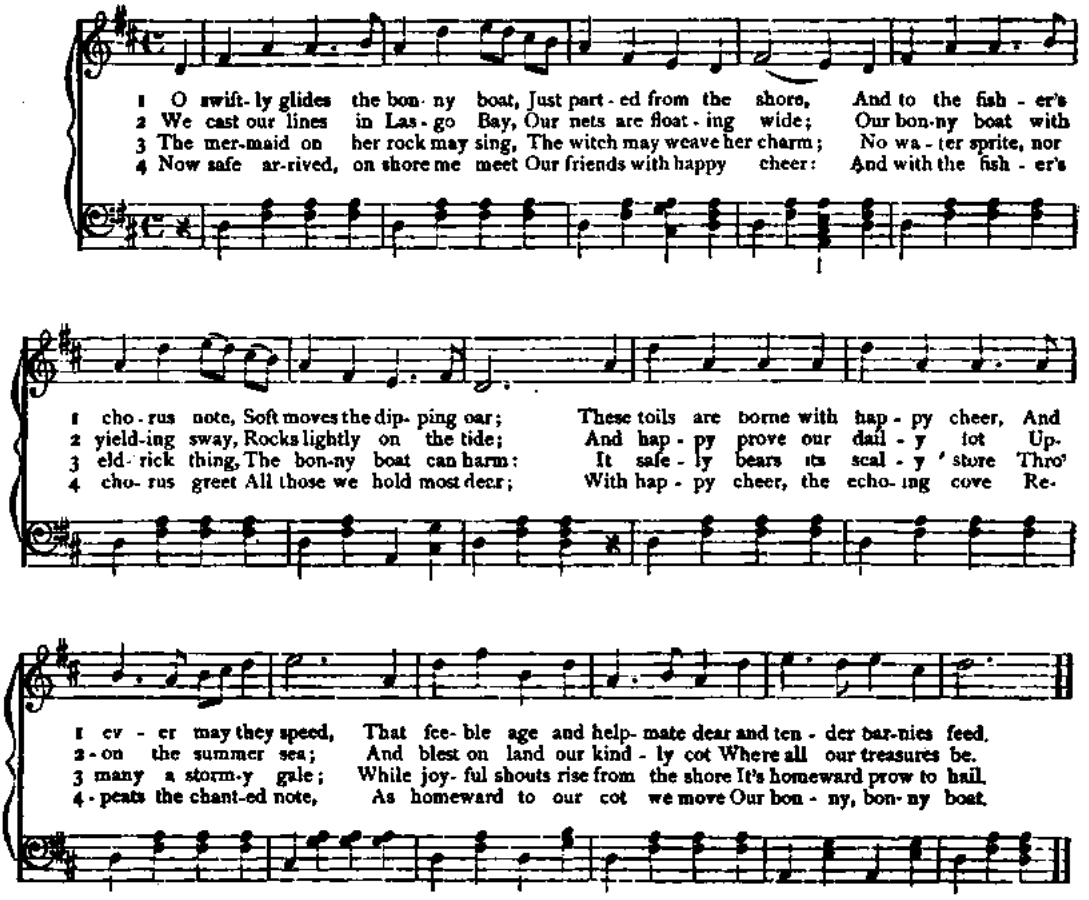
The Tar's Farewell.—Concluded.

Acc.
- way.
For the wind must blow, and the ship must
go, And lov - ing souls must part; But the ship will tack and the
Chorus.
Acc. in Octaves.
Tar come back To the first love of his heart. For the
wind must blow and the ship must go, and lov - - ing souls must
part; But the ship will tack, and the Tar come back to the first love
2d time.
of his heart, To the first love of his heart.
D. S.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA.

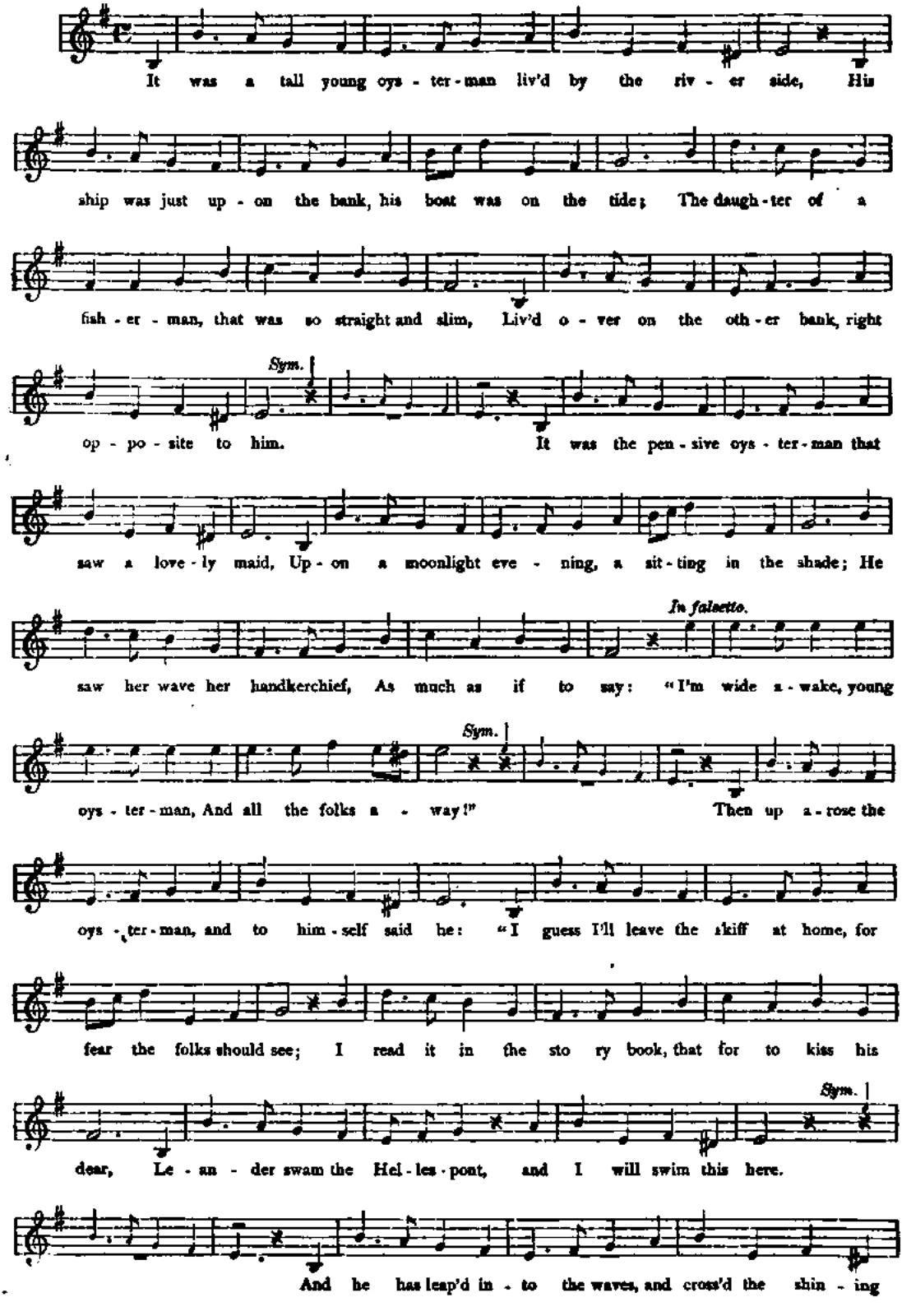
"Hilloo Taylor." SOLOMON.

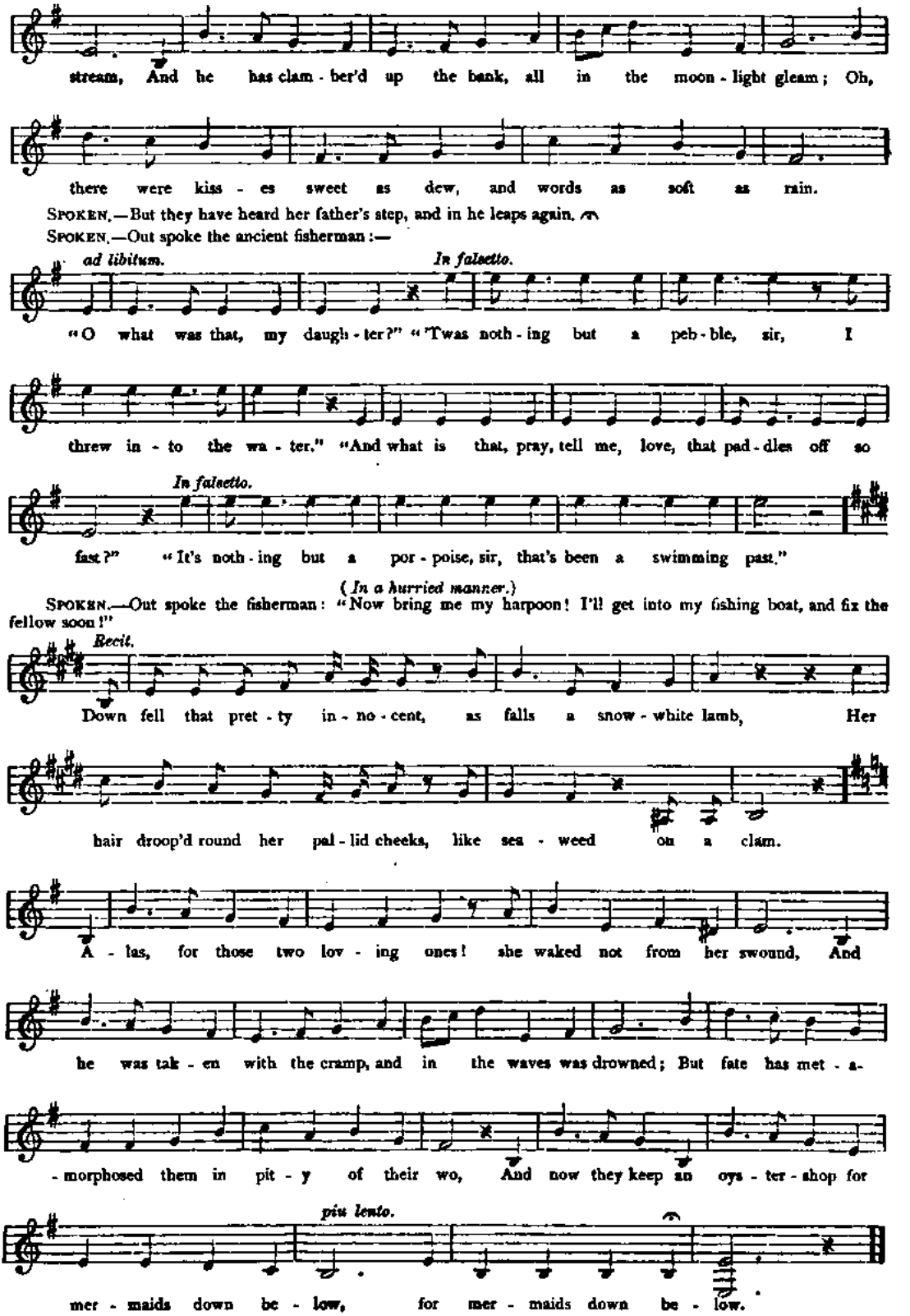

1 The yarn as I am a-bout to spin, Is
2 I've near-ly been blown a - way in a gale,
3 My du-ty is now, smart lads to press,
4 I've courted the la - dies all through my life,
all on account of E - li - za, I'll And I've If But
1 tell you how I was tak - en in,
2 al-most been eat - en up by a whale,
3 they say "no," why I say "yes,"
4 nev-er could steer to the prop-er wife,
All on ac-count of E - li - za; She I've had So I've
rit.
tempo.
1 said that she'd ev - er be true to one, But she bolt-ed a-way with a son of a gun! So I
2 sword cuts by doz-ens, and I've been shot through, I've had yel-low fe-ver, and al - so the blue, I've been
3 look up, my mess-mates, some boys for the sea, And if to your sommons they do not a-gree, Why
4 kissed and I've hugged them in ev' - ry port, The fat and the lean, the tall and the short, But
1 cut my stick and to sea I run,
2 bit - ten by sharks, and by croc-o-diles too,
3 shiv - er my tim-bers, just tell 'em for me, That it's
4 some-how or oth - er they wasn't my sort,
all on account of E - li - za.

All on Account of Eliza.—Concluded.

Chorus.
All on ac-count, all on ac-count, all on ac-count of E - li - za, He / He's been / Why / But
rit.
1 cut his stick and to sea he run,
2 bit-ten by sharks, and by croc-o-diles too,
3 shiv-er my timbers, just tell 'em, says he, that it's
4 somehow or oth-er they wasn't his sort,
All on account of E - li - za.
ff. lento.

BONNY BOAT.

1 O swift-ly glides the bon-ny boat, Just part-ed from the shore, And to the fish-er's
2 We cast our lines in Las-go Bay, Our nets are float-ing wide; Our bon-ny boat with
3 The mer-maid on her rock may sing, The witch may weave her charm; No wa-ter sprite, nor
4 Now safe ar-rived, on shore me meet Our friends with happy cheer: And with the fish-er's
1 cho-rus note, Soft moves the dip-ping oar; These toils are borne with hap-py cheer, And
2 yield-ing sway, Rocks lightly on the tide; And hap-py prove our dail-y lot Up-
3 eld-rick thing, The bon-ny boat can harm: It safe-ly bears its scal-y store Thro'
4 cho-rus greet All those we hold most dear; With hap-py cheer, the echo-ing cove Re-
1 ev-er may they speed, That fee-ble age and help-mate dear and ten-der bar-nies feed.
2 on the summer sea; And blest on land our kind-ly cot Where all our treasures be.
3 many a storm-y gale; While joy-ful shouts rise from the shore It's homeward prow to hail.
4 peats the chant-ed note, As homeward to our cot we move Our bon-ny, bon-ny boat.

BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

J. L. HATTON.

It was a tall young oys - ter - man liv'd by the riv - er side, His
ship was just up - on the bank, his boat was on the tide; The daugh - ter of a
fish - er - man, that was so straight and slim, Liv'd o - ver on the oth - er bank, right
Sym.
op - po - site to him. It was the pen - sive oys - ter - man that
saw a love - ly maid, Up - on a moonlight eve - ning, a sit - ting in the shade; He
In falsetto.
saw her wave her handkerchief, As much as if to say: "I'm wide a - wake, young
Sym.
oys - ter - man, And all the folks a - way!" Then up a - rose the
oys - ter - man, and to him - self said he: "I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for
fear the folks should see; I read it in the sto ry book, that for to kiss his
Sym.
dear, Le - an - der swam the Hel - les - pont, and I will swim this here.
And he has leap'd in - to the waves, and cross'd the shin - ing

Ballad of the Oysterman.—Concluded.

stream, And he has clam - ber'd up the bank, all in the moon - light gleam; Oh,
there were kiss - es sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain.
SPOKEN.—But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again.
SPOKEN.—Out spoke the ancient fisherman:—
ad libitum.
In falsetto.
"O what was that, my daugh - ter?" "'Twas noth - ing but a peb - ble, sir, I
threw in - to the wa - ter." "And what is that, pray, tell me, love, that pad - dles off so
In falsetto.
fast?" "It's noth - ing but a por - poise, sir, that's been a swimming past."
(In a hurried manner.)
SPOKEN.—Out spoke the fisherman: "Now bring me my harpoon! I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon!"
Recit.
Down fell that pret - ty in - no - cent, as falls a snow - white lamb, Her
hair droop'd round her pal - lid cheeks, like sea - weed on a clam.
A - las, for those two lov - ing ones! she waked not from her swound, And
he was tak - en with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned; But fate has met - a-
- morphosed them in pit - y of their wo, And now they keep an oys - ter - shop for
piu lento.
mer - maids down be - low, for mer - maids down be - low.

THE BEST BOWER ANCHOR.

H. WEST.

Moderato. DIBDIN.

8va

FINE.

1 I have oft-en-times thought it a won-der-some thing, That landsmen should pit - y us
2 Mayn't a tile from a house, or a tum - ble down stairs, Or a fall from a horse, or a
3 We all of grim death shall some-time make the port, He'll be sure to fetch up our lee

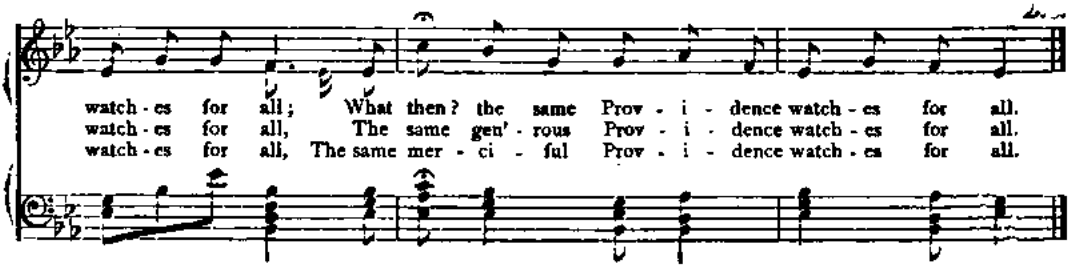
tars, And talk of the hardships that hur - ri - canes bring, And quicksands and tempests, and
blow, Or a sur-feit, you know, take him back un - a - wares, More specious, when groggy, or
way; And lit - tle it mat - ters if life's long or short, Whether sev- en years hence, or to-

wars: The id - iots for - get they're as bad off as we, That they run as much dan - ger or
so? May'nt fev - ers and a - gues, and gout, and such things, Prove than battles more worse, or as
day, We're all born to die, there's no harm to be said; 'Tis he who dies best, do you

more,— In what re - spect saf - er than we are at sea, I'd ask, are your lubbers a-
bad? We hearties at sea are as hap - py as kings, We've no sick-ness, be - sides, if we
see, And I ax which is no - blest—to die in one's bed, Or de - fend - ing the flag of the

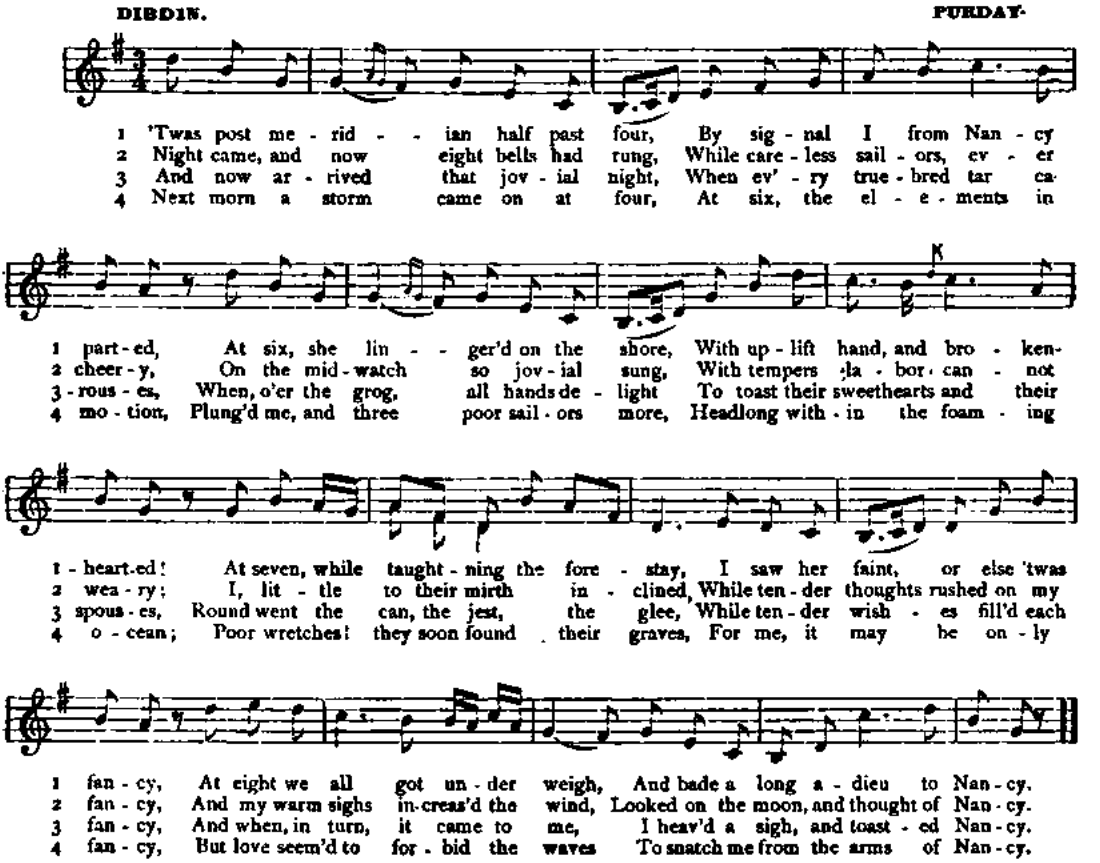
- shore? No, no! when death comes, we shall all hear him call; What then, the same Prov-i - dence
had, Death will come when he will, what then? let him call: The same gen'rous Prov-i - dence
free? On - ly just do your du - ty, you'll find, should death call, The same mer-ci - ful Prov-i - dence

The Best Bower Anchor.—Concluded.


watch - es for all; What then? the same Prov - i - dence watch - es for all.
watch - es for all, The same gen' - rous Prov - i - dence watch - es for all.
watch - es for all, The same mer - ci - ful Prov - i - dence watch - es for all.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

DIBDIN. PURDAY.


1 'Twas post me - rid - - ian half past four, By sig - nal I from Nan - cy
2 Night came, and now eight bells had rung, While care - less sail - ors, ev - er
3 And now ar - rived that jov - ial night, When ev' - ry true - bred tar ca-
4 Next morn a storm came on at four, At six, the el - e - ments in
1 part - ed, At six, she lin - - ger'd on the shore, With up - lift hand, and bro - ken-
2 cheer - y, On the mid - watch so jov - ial sung, With tempers la - bor can - not
3 - rous - es, When, o'er the grog, all hands de - light To toast their sweethearts and their
4 mo - tion, Plung'd me, and three poor sail - ors more, Headlong with - in the foam - ing
1 - heart - ed! At seven, while taught - ning the fore - stay, I saw her faint, or else 'twas
2 wea - ry; I, lit - tle to their mirth in - clined, While ten - der thoughts rushed on my
3 spous - es, Round went the can, the jest, the glee, While ten - der wish - es fill'd each
4 o - cean; Poor wretches! they soon found their graves, For me, it may be on - ly
1 fan - cy, At eight we all got un - der weigh, And bade a long a - dieu to Nan - cy.
2 fan - cy, And my warm sighs in - creas'd the wind, Looked on the moon, and thought of Nan - cy.
3 fan - cy, And when, in turn, it came to me, I heav'd a sigh, and toast - ed Nan - cy.
4 fan - cy, But love seem'd to for - bid the waves To snatch me from the arms of Nan - cy.

5

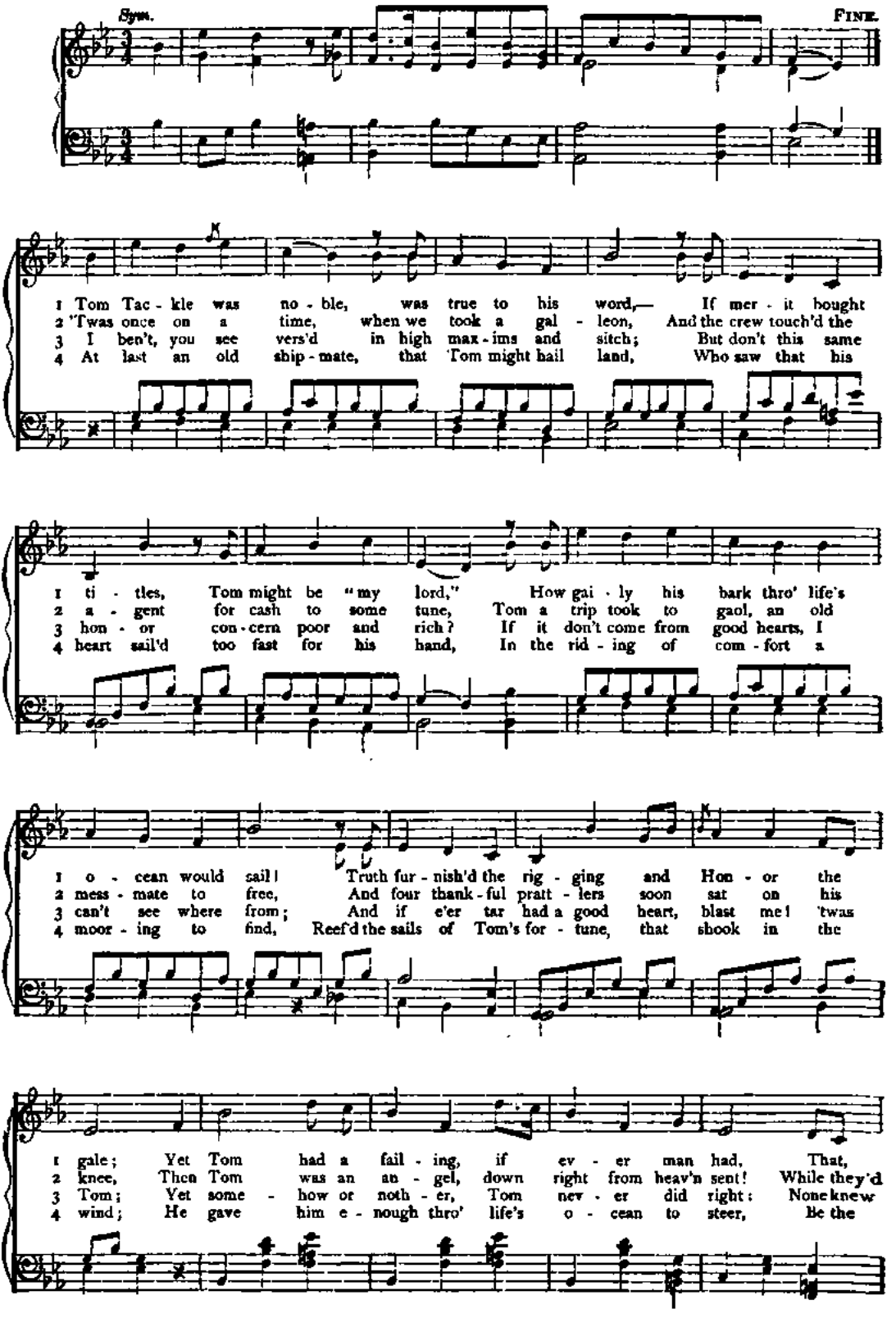
Scarce the foul|hurricane was|clear'd,
Scarce winds and|waves had ceased to|rattle,
When a bold|enemy ap-|pear'd,
And, dauntless,|we prepared for|battle:
And now, while|some loved friend or|wife,
Like lightning,|rush'd on ev'ry|fancy,
To Provi-|dence I trusted|life,
Put up a|pray'r, and thought of|Nancy!

6

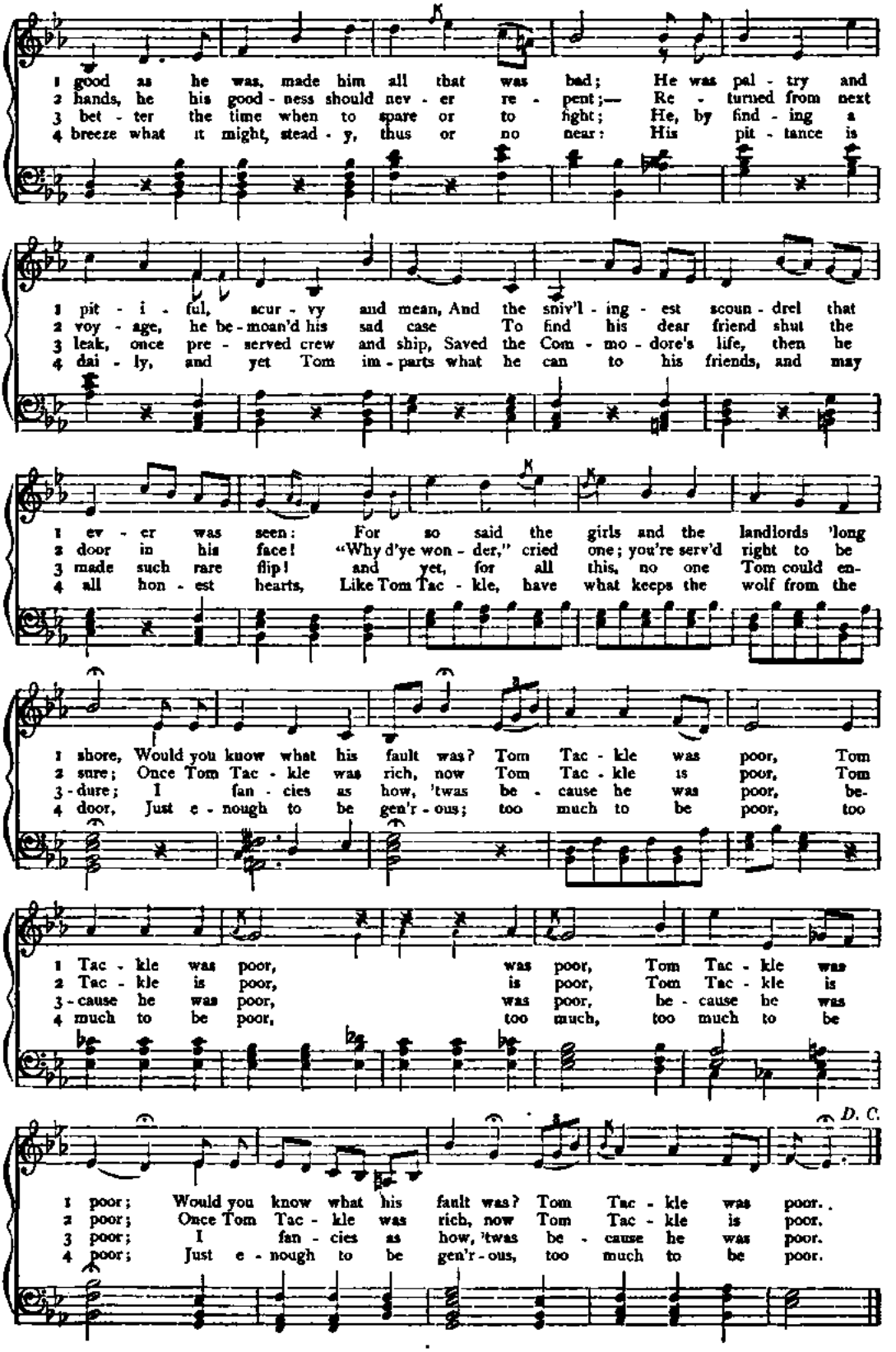
At last, 'twas|in the month of|May,
The crew, it|being lovely|weather,
At three, A.|M. discover'd|day,
And England's|chalky cliffs to-|gether;
At seven, up|channel, how we|bore,
While hopes and|fears rush'd on my|fancy;
At twelve I|gaily jump'd a-|shore,
And to my|throbbing heart press'd|Nancy.

TOM TACKLE.

DIBDIN. G. HOGARTH.

Sym. FINE.

1 Tom Tac - kle was no - ble, was true to his word,— If mer - it bought
2 'Twas once on a time, when we took a gal - leon, And the crew touch'd the
3 I ben't, you see vers'd in high max - ims and sitch; But don't this same
4 At last an old ship - mate, that Tom might hail land, Who saw that his
1 ti - tles, Tom might be "my lord," How gai - ly his bark thro' life's
2 a - gent for cash to some tune, Tom a trip took to gaol, an old
3 hon - or con - cern poor and rich? If it don't come from good hearts, I
4 heart sail'd too fast for his hand, In the rid - ing of com - fort a
1 o - cean would sail! Truth fur - nish'd the rig - ging and Hon - or the
2 mess - mate to free, And four thank - ful pratt - lers soon sat on his
3 can't see where from; And if e'er tar had a good heart, blast me! 'twas
4 moor - ing to find, Reef'd the sails of Tom's for - tune, that shook in the
1 gale; Yet Tom had a fail - ing, if ev - er man had, That,
2 knee, Then Tom was an an - gel, down right from heav'n sent! While they'd
3 Tom; Yet some - how or noth - er, Tom nev - er did right: None knew
4 wind; He gave him e - nough thro' life's o - cean to steer, Be the

TOM TACKLE.—Concluded.


1 good as he was, made him all that was bad; He was pal - try and
2 hands, he his good - ness should nev - er re - pent;— Re - turned from next
3 bet - ter the time when to spare or to fight; He, by find - ing a
4 breeze what it might, stead - y, thus or no near: His pit - tance is
1 pit - i - ful, scur - vy and mean, And the sniv'l - ing - est scoun - drel that
2 voy - age, he be - moan'd his sad case To find his dear friend shut the
3 leak, once pre - served crew and ship, Saved the Com - mo - dore's life, then he
4 dai - ly, and yet Tom im - parts what he can to his friends, and may
1 ev - er was seen: For so said the girls and the landlords 'long
2 door in his face! "Why d'ye won - der," cried one; you're serv'd right to be
3 made such rare flip! and yet, for all this, no one Tom could en-
4 all hon - est hearts, Like Tom Tac - kle, have what keeps the wolf from the
1 shore, Would you know what his fault was? Tom Tac - kle was poor, Tom
2 sure; Once Tom Tac - kle was rich, now Tom Tac - kle is poor, Tom
3 - dure; I fan - cies as how, 'twas be - cause he was poor, be-
4 door, Just e - nough to be gen'r - ous; too much to be poor, too
1 Tac - kle was poor, was poor, Tom Tac - kle was
2 Tac - kle is poor, is poor, Tom Tac - kle is
3 - cause he was poor, was poor, be - cause he was
4 much to be poor, too much, too much to be
D. C.
1 poor; Would you know what his fault was? Tom Tac - kle was poor.
2 poor; Once Tom Tac - kle was rich, now Tom Tac - kle is poor.
3 poor; I fan - cies as how, 'twas be - cause he was poor.
4 poor; Just e - nough to be gen'r - ous, too much to be poor.

THE NANCY.

DIBDIN. H. WEST.

Allegretto.

mf

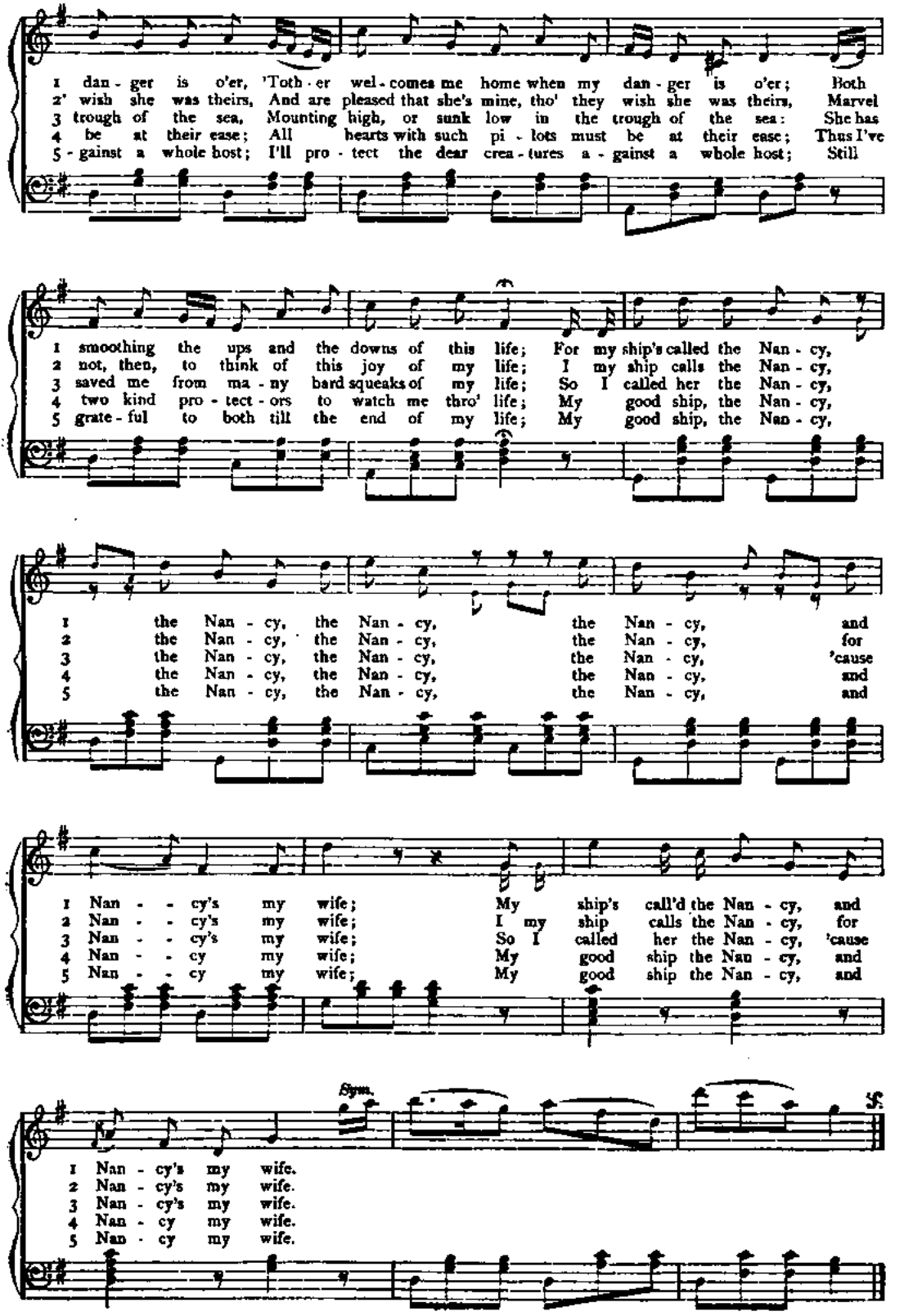
1 May hap you have heard that, as dear as their lives, All
2 When Nan - cy, my wife, o'er the lawn scuds so neat, And so
3 As for Nan - cy, my ves - sel, but see her in trim, She
4 When so sweet in the dance care - less glides my heart's queen, She
5 Then these hands from pro - tect - ing them, who shall de - bar, Ne'er in-

1 true - heart - ed tars love their ships and their wives, To their du - ty like pitch stick - ing
2 light, the proud grass scarce - ly yields to her feet; So rigg'd out and so love - ly t'ent
3 seems thro' the o - cean to fly, and not swim; Fore the wind like a dol - phin, she
4 sets out, and sets in, far best on the green; So, of all the grand fleet my gay
5 - grat - i - tude lurk'd in the heart of a tar; Why ev' - ry thing fe - male from

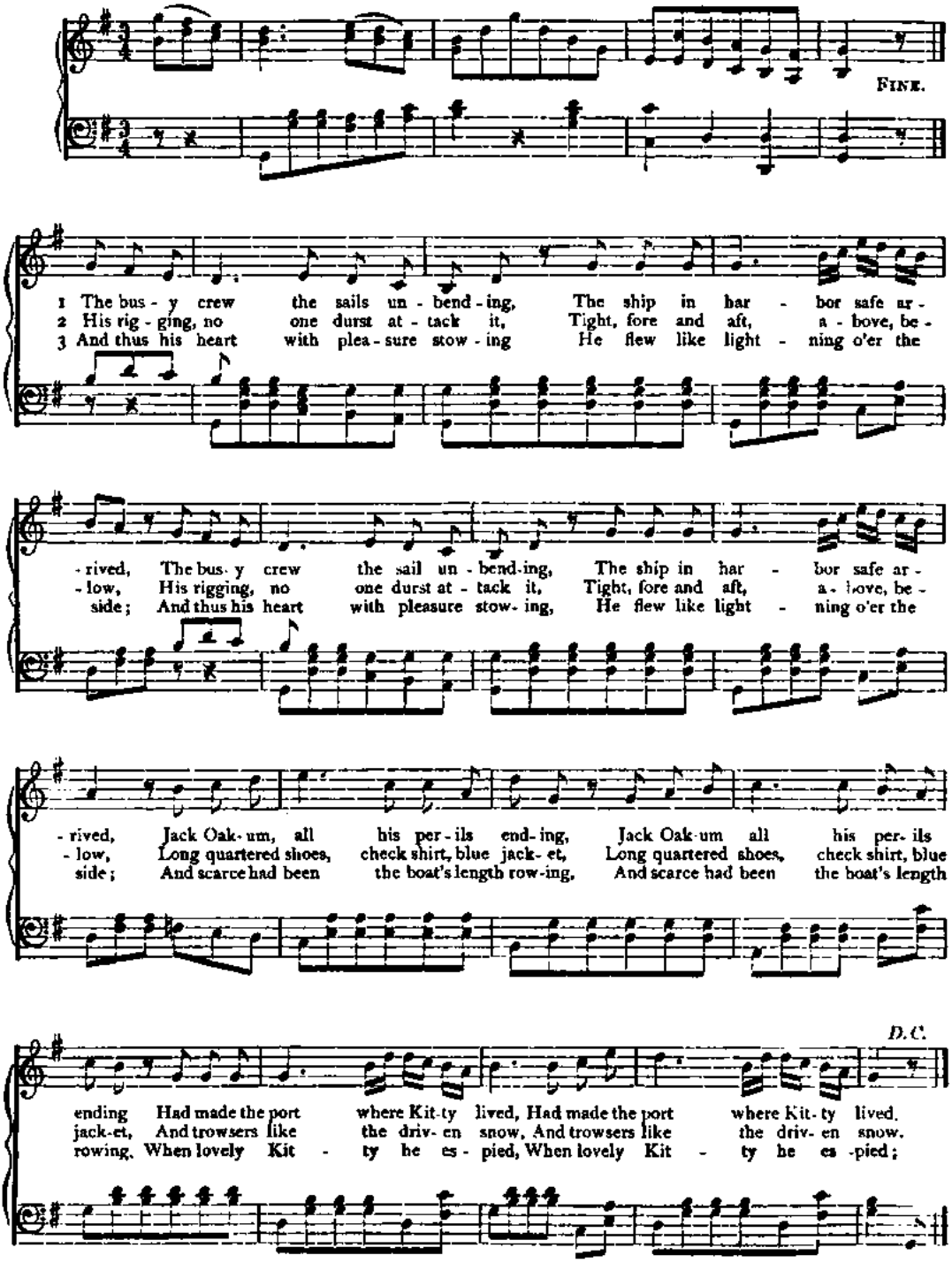
1 close till they die; And who e'er wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for why, One thro'
2 en - sy to trace Which is red - dest; her top knot, her shoes, or her face; While the
3 mer - ri - ly plays; She goes an - y how well, but she looks best in stays. Scudding,
4 ves - sel's the flow'r, She out sails the whole tote by a knot in an hour, Then they
5 per - il to save Is the no - blest dis - tinc - tion that hon - ors the brave! With a

1 dan - gers and storms brings me safe - ly a - shore, 'Toth - er wel - comes me home when my
2 neigh - bors, to see her, for - get all their cares And are pleased that she's mine, tho' they
3 try - ing, or tack - ing, 'tis all one to she, Mount - ing high, or sunk low in the
4 both sail so cheer - ful thro' life's vary - ing breeze, All hearts with such pi - lots must
5 rag, or a tim - ber, or com - pass, I boast, I'll pro - tect the dear crea - tures a -

THE NANCY.—Concluded.


1 dan - ger is o'er, 'Toth - er wel - comes me home when my dan - ger is o'er; Both
2 wish she was theirs, And are pleased that she's mine, tho' they wish she was theirs, Marvel
3 trough of the sea, Mounting high, or sunk low in the trough of the sea: She has
4 be at their ease; All hearts with such pi - lots must be at their ease; Thus I've
5 - gainst a whole host; I'll pro - tect the dear crea - tures a - gainst a whole host; Still
1 smoothing the ups and the downs of this life; For my ship's called the Nan - cy,
2 not, then, to think of this joy of my life; I my ship calls the Nan - cy,
3 saved me from ma - ny hard squeaks of my life; So I called her the Nan - cy,
4 two kind pro - tect - ors to watch me thro' life; My good ship, the Nan - cy,
5 grate - ful to both till the end of my life; My good ship, the Nan - cy,
1 the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, and
2 the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, for
3 the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, 'cause
4 the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, and
5 the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, the Nan - cy, and
1 Nan - - cy's my wife; My ship's call'd the Nan - cy, and
2 Nan - - cy's my wife; I my ship calls the Nan - cy, for
3 Nan - - cy's my wife; So I called her the Nan - cy, 'cause
4 Nan - - cy my wife; My good ship the Nan - cy, and
5 Nan - - cy my wife; My good ship the Nan - cy, and
Sym.
1 Nan - cy's my wife.
2 Nan - cy's my wife.
3 Nan - cy's my wife.
4 Nan - cy my wife.
5 Nan - cy my wife.

THE MEETING.

DIBDIN. PURDAY.

FINE.
1 The bus - y crew the sails un - bend - ing, The ship in har - bor safe ar -
2 His rig - ging, no one durst at - tack it, Tight, fore and aft, a - bove, be -
3 And thus his heart with plea - sure stow - ing He flew like light - ning o'er the
- rived, The bus - y crew the sail un - bend-ing, The ship in har - bor safe ar -
- low, His rigging, no one durst at - tack it, Tight, fore and aft, a - bove, be -
side; And thus his heart with pleasure stow - ing, He flew like light - ning o'er the
- rived, Jack Oak - um, all his per - ils end - ing, Jack Oak - um all his per - ils
- low, Long quartered shoes, check shirt, blue jack - et, Long quartered shoes, check shirt, blue
side; And scarce had been the boat's length row - ing, And scarce had been the boat's length
D.C.
ending Had made the port where Kit - ty lived, Had made the port where Kit - ty lived.
jack-et, And trowsers like the driv - en snow, And trowsers like the driv - en snow.
rowing, When lovely Kit - ty he es - pied, When lovely Kit - ty he es - pied;

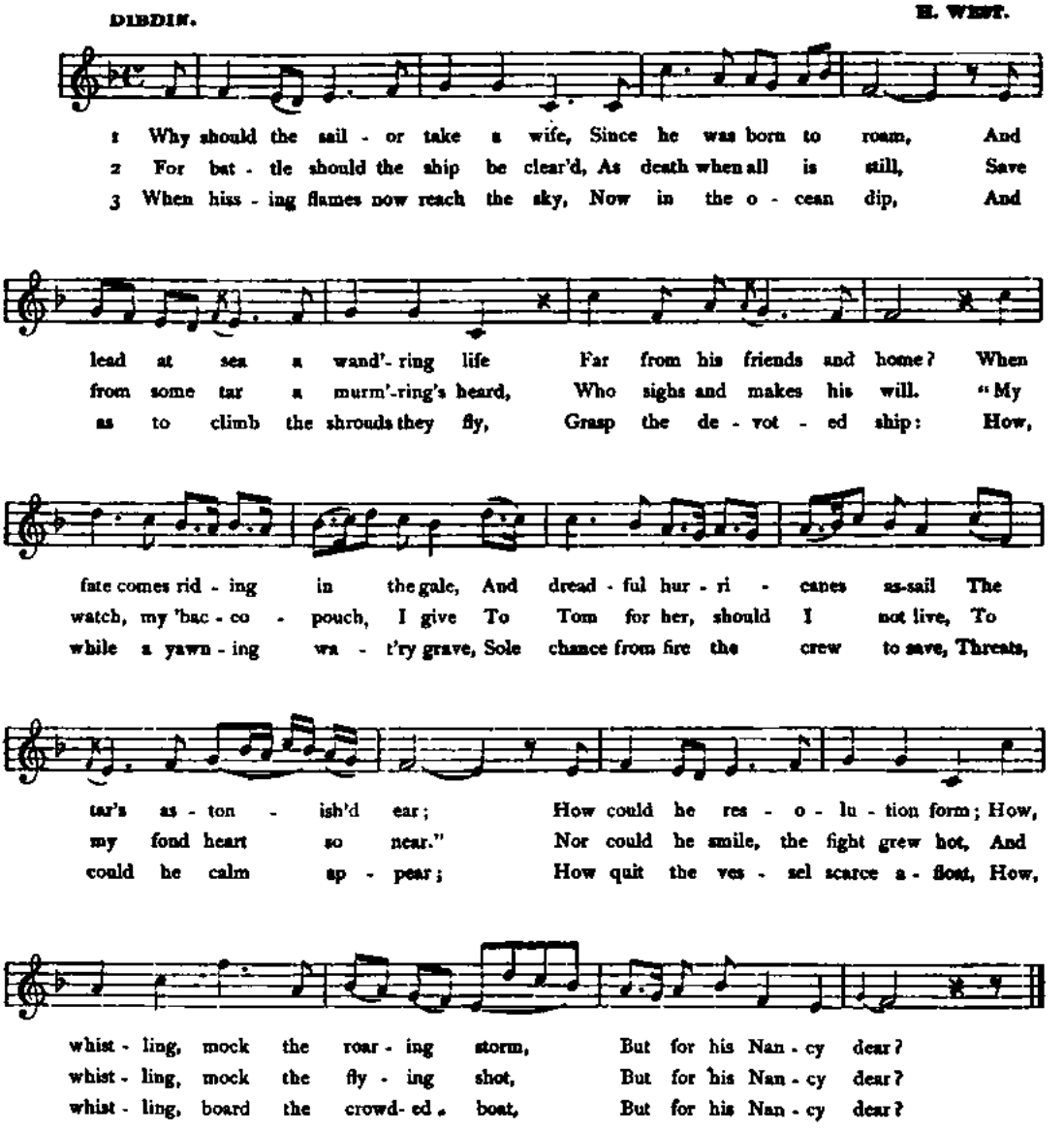
4

‖: A flowing | pennant gaily | flutter'd
From her bright | hat all made of | straw: ‖
‖: Red, like her | cheeks, when first she | utter'd : ‖
‖: "Sure, 'twas my | sailor that I | saw." :‖

5

‖: And now the | thronging crew sur- | round her,
And now se- | cure from all a- | larms, :‖
‖: Swift as a | ball from a nine | pounder :‖
‖: They dart in- | to each other's | arms. :‖

NANCY DEAR.

DIBDIN. H. WEST.

1 Why should the sail - or take a wife, Since he was born to roam, And lead at sea a wand'-ring life Far from his friends and home? When
2 For bat - tle should the ship be clear'd, As death when all is still, Save from some tar a murm'-ring's heard, Who sighs and makes his will. "My
3 When hiss - ing flames now reach the sky, Now in the o - cean dip, And as to climb the shrouds they fly, Grasp the de - vot - ed ship: How,
fate comes rid - ing in the gale, And dread - ful hur - ri - canes as-sail The tar's as - ton - ish'd ear; How could he res - o - lu - tion form; How,
watch, my 'bac - co - pouch, I give To Tom for her, should I not live, To my fond heart so near." Nor could he smile, the fight grew hot, And
while a yawn - ing wa - t'ry grave, Sole chance from fire the crew to save, Threats, could he calm ap - pear; How quit the ves - sel scarce a - float, How,
whist - ling, mock the roar - ing storm, But for his Nan - cy dear?
whist - ling, mock the fly - ing shot, But for his Nan - cy dear?
whist - ling, board the crowd- ed boat, But for his Nan - cy dear?

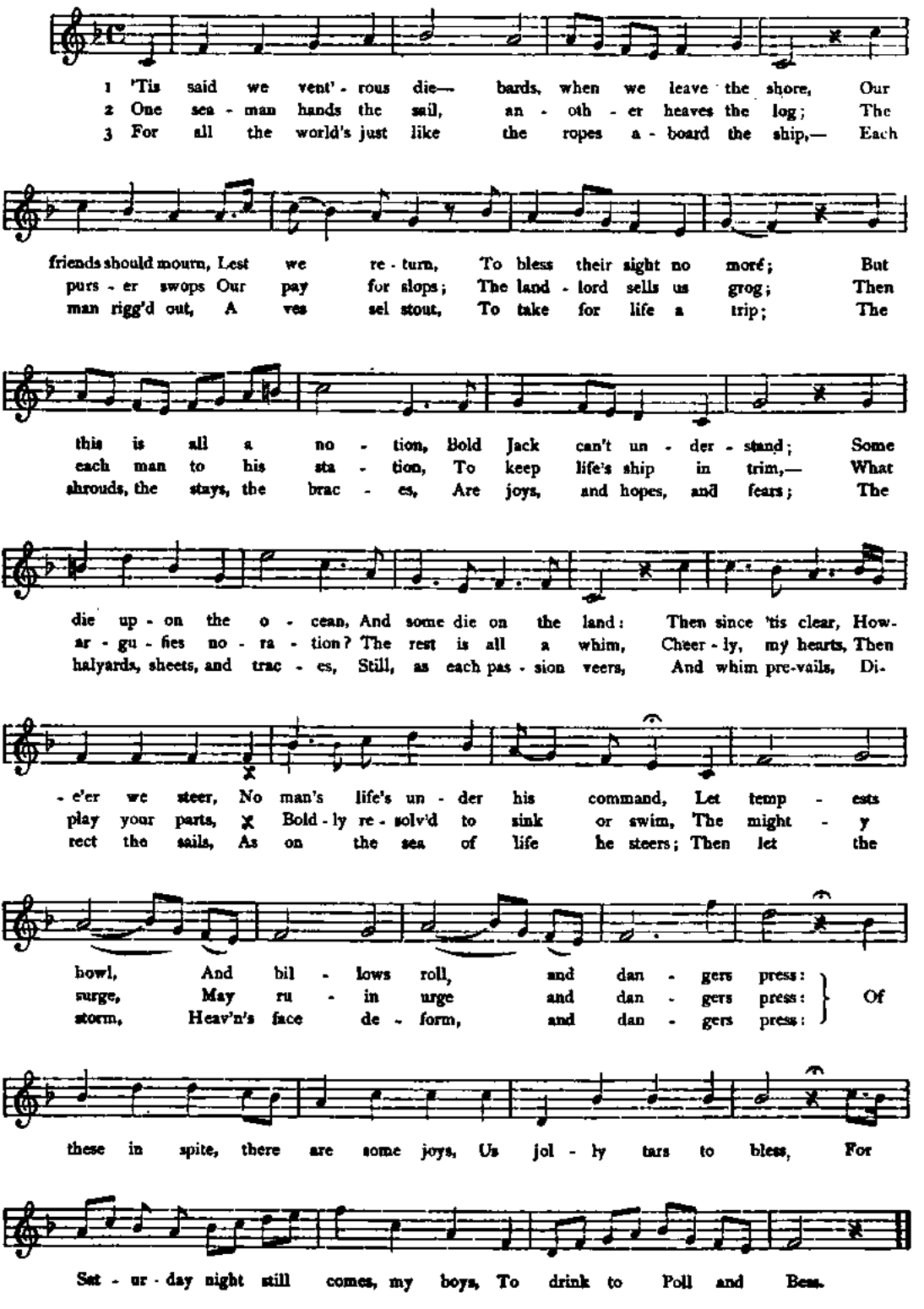
4

When | shipwreck'd, many | leagues from home,
The | remnant of the | crew
Be- | wail some Dick, or | Jack, or Tom,
Who | well they loved and | knew;
And | while by strangers | kindly fed,
Who, | as they hear the | story spread
Their | hospitable | cheer,—
How | could he on such | mis'ry think,
Yet, | whistling, push a- | bout the drink,
But | for his Nancy | dear?

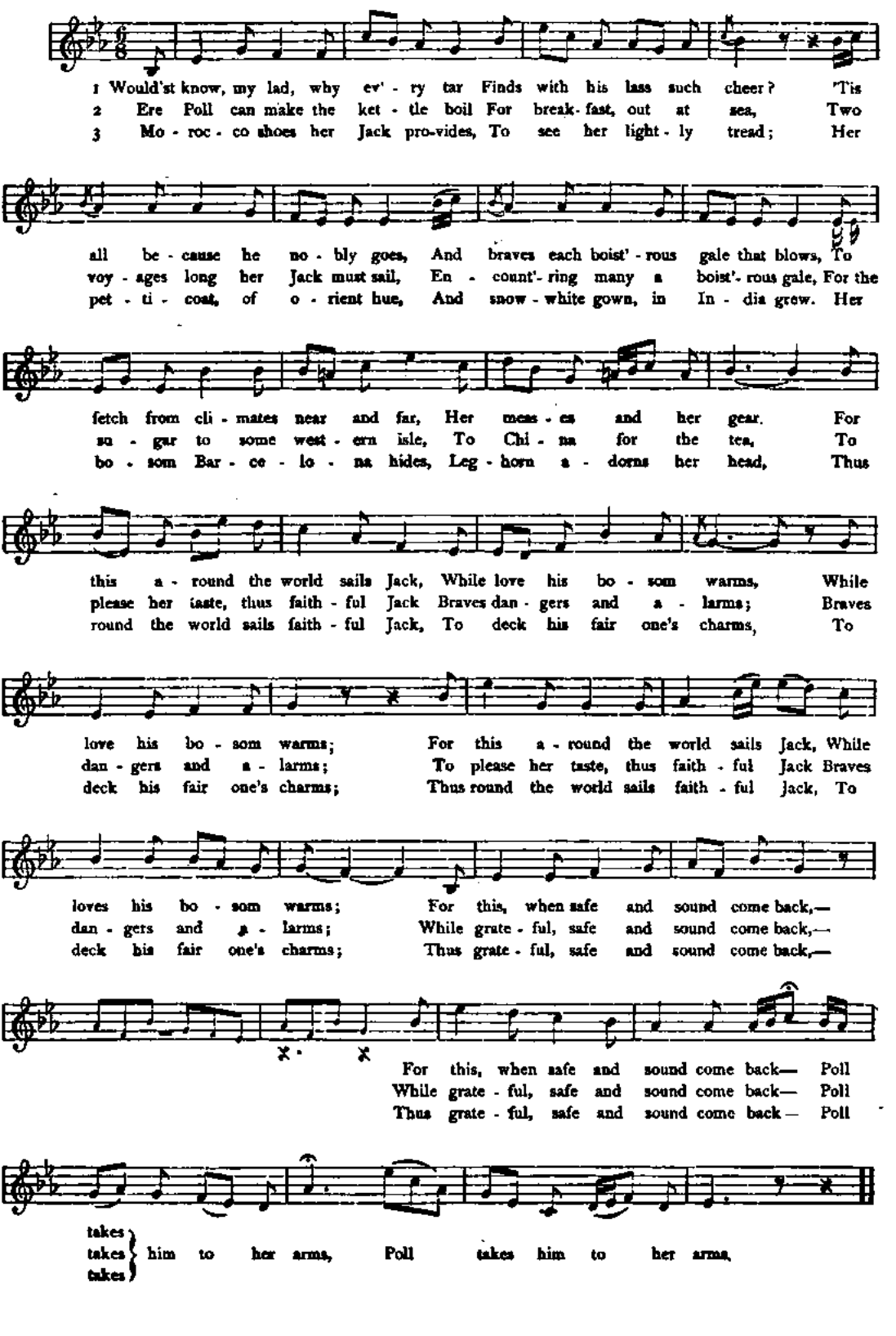
5

And | last, when hungry, | faint and sore,
Thro' | danger and de- | lay,
Forced, | hard extreme, from | door to door
To | beg his vagrant | way;—
But | see! his toils are | all forgot;
Hark, | hark! within the | humble cot
In | accents sweet and | clear
She | sings the subject | of her pain—
He, | whistling, echoes | back the strain
He | taught his Nancy | dear.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

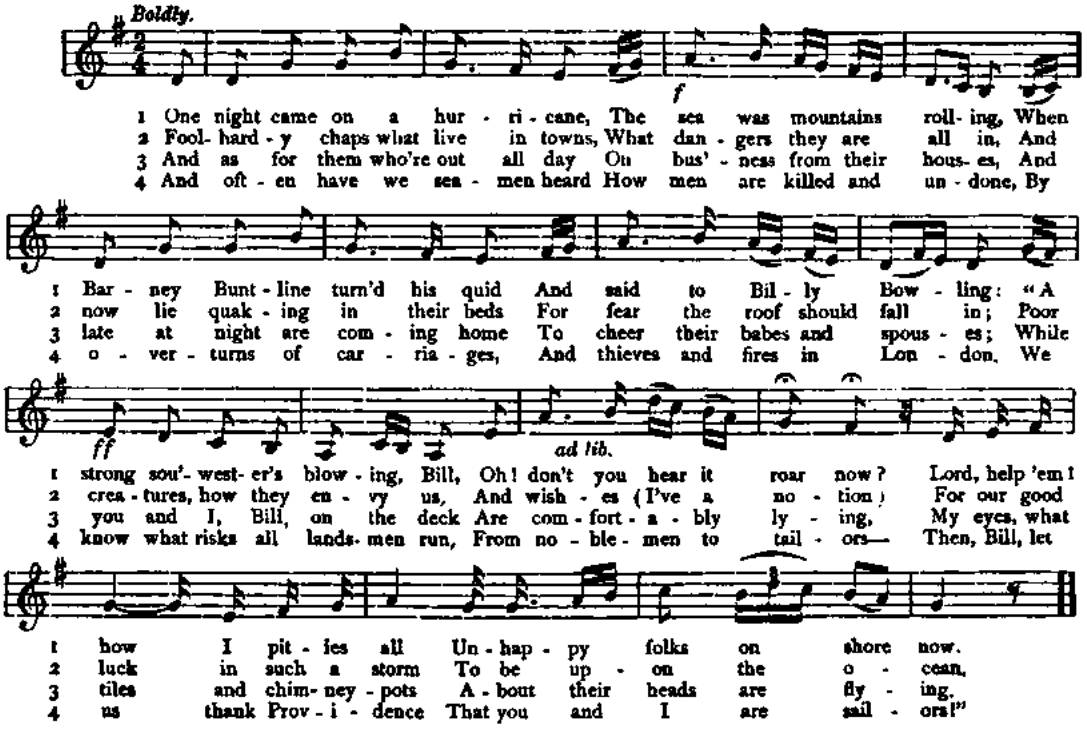
DIBDIN. PURDAY.

1 'Tis said we vent'-rous die— bards, when we leave the shore, Our
friends should mourn, Lest we re-turn, To bless their sight no more; But
this is all a no-tion, Bold Jack can't un-der-stand; Some
die up-on the o-cean, And some die on the land: Then since 'tis clear, How-
- e'er we steer, No man's life's un-der his command, Let temp-ests
howl, And bil-lows roll, and dan-gers press:
2 One sea-man hands the sail, an-oth-er heaves the log; The
purs-er swops Our pay for slops; The land-lord sells us grog; Then
these in spite, there are some joys, Us jol-ly tars to bless, For
3 For all the world's just like the ropes a-board the ship,— Each
man rigg'd out, A ves-sel stout, To take for life a trip; The
each man to his sta-tion, To keep life's ship in trim,— What
ar-gu-fies no-ra-tion? The rest is all a whim, Cheer-ly, my hearts, Then
play your parts, Bold-ly re-solv'd to sink or swim, The might-y
surge, May ru-in urge and dan-gers press:
Sat-ur-day night still comes, my boys, To drink to Poll and Bess.
shrouds, the stays, the brac-es, Are joys, and hopes, and fears; The
halyards, sheets, and trac-es, Still, as each pas-sion veers, And whim pre-vails, Di-
rect the sails, As on the sea of life he steers; Then let the
storm, Heav'n's face de-form, and dan-gers press:
Of

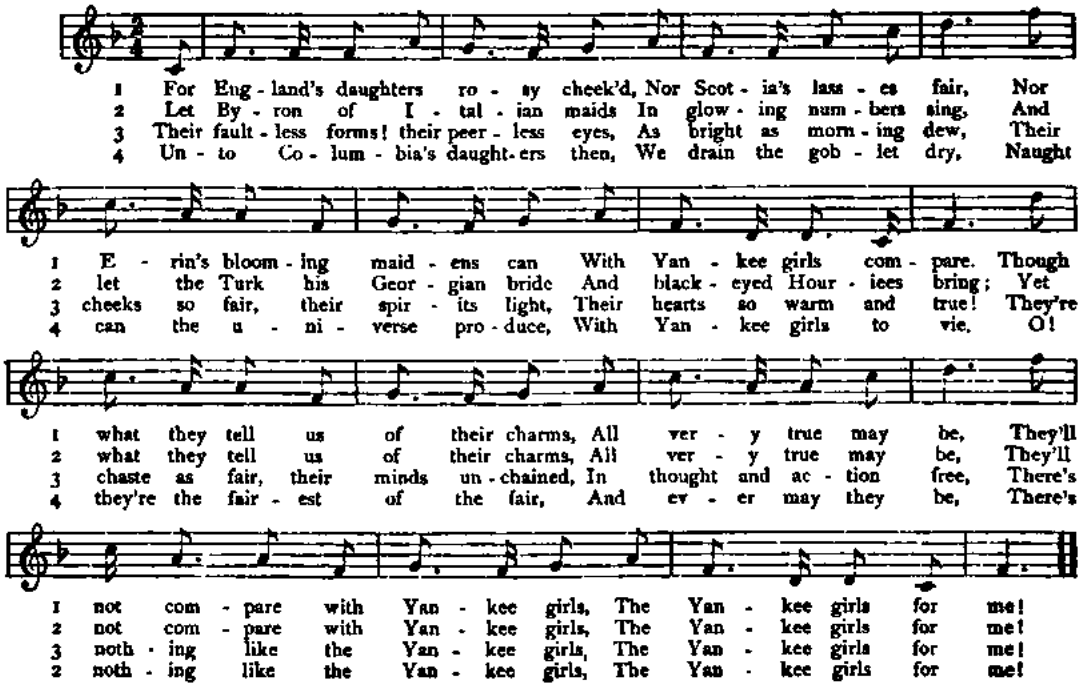
JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

DIBDIN. H. WEST.

1 Would'st know, my lad, why ev'-ry tar Finds with his lass such cheer? 'Tis
2 Ere Poll can make the ket-tle boil For break-fast, out at sea, Two
3 Mo-roc-co shoes her Jack pro-vides, To see her light-ly tread; Her
all be-cause he no-bly goes, And braves each boist'-rous gale that blows, To
voy-ages long her Jack must sail, En-count'-ring many a boist'-rous gale, For the
pet-ti-coat, of o-rient hue, And snow-white gown, in In-dia grew. Her
fetch from cli-mates near and far, Her mess-es and her gear. For
su-gar to some west-ern isle, To Chi-na for the tea, To
bo-som Bar-ce-lo-na hides, Leg-horn a-dorns her head, Thus
this a-round the world sails Jack, While love his bo-som warms, While
please her taste, thus faith-ful Jack Braves dan-gers and a-larms; Braves
round the world sails faith-ful Jack, To deck his fair one's charms, To
love his bo-som warms; For this a-round the world sails Jack, While
dan-gers and a-larms; To please her taste, thus faith-ful Jack Braves
deck his fair one's charms; Thus round the world sails faith-ful Jack, To
loves his bo-som warms; For this, when safe and sound come back,—
dan-gers and a-larms; While grate-ful, safe and sound come back,—
deck his fair one's charms; Thus grate-ful, safe and sound come back,—
For this, when safe and sound come back— Poll
While grate-ful, safe and sound come back— Poll
Thus grate-ful, safe and sound come back— Poll
takes
takes
takes
him to her arms, Poll takes him to her arms.

BARNEY BUNTLINE;

OR,

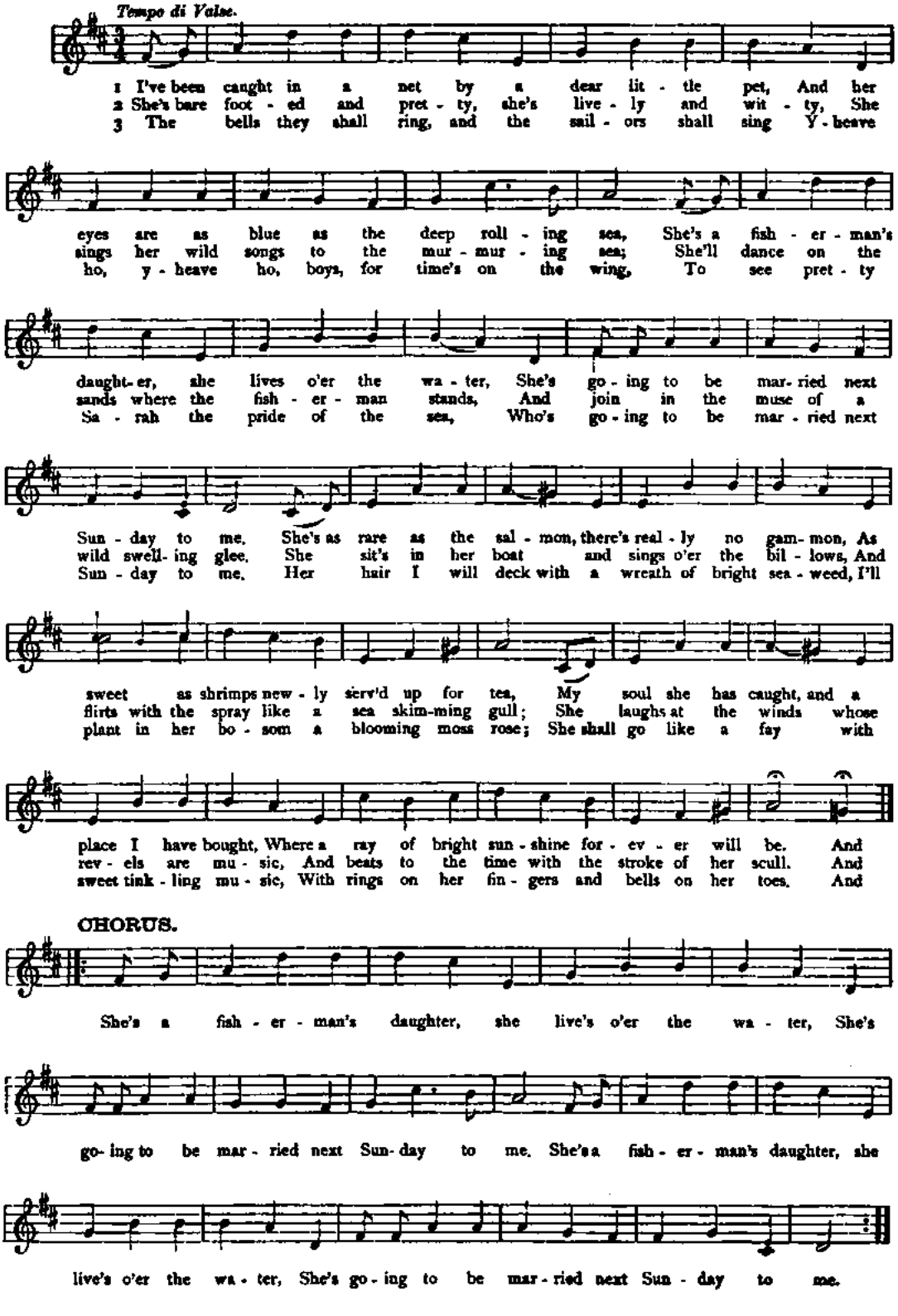
THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

Boldly.
f
1 One night came on a hur - ri - cane, The sea was mountains roll- ing, When
2 Fool- hard - y chaps what live in towns, What dan - gers they are all in, And
3 And as for them who're out all day On bus' - ness from their hous- es, And
4 And oft - en have we sea - men heard How men are killed and un - done, By
1 Bar - ney Bunt - line turn'd his quid And said to Bil - ly Bow - ling: "A
2 now lie quak - ing in their beds For fear the roof should fall in; Poor
3 late at night are com - ing home To cheer their babes and spous - es; While
4 o - ver - turns of car - ria - ges, And thieves and fires in Lon - don, We
ff
ad lib.
1 strong sou'- west- er's blow - ing, Bill, Oh! don't you hear it roar now? Lord, help 'em!
2 crea - tures, how they en - vy us, And wish - es (I've a no - tion) For our good
3 you and I, Bill, on the deck Are com - fort - a - bly ly - ing, My eyes, what
4 know what risks all lands- men run, From no - ble - men to tail - ors— Then, Bill, let
1 how I pit - ies all Un - hap - py folks on shore now.
2 luck in such a storm To be up - on the o - cean,
3 tiles and chim- ney - pots A - bout their heads are fly - ing.
4 us thank Prov - i - dence That you and I are sail - ors!"

THE YANKEE GIRLS.

1 For Eng - land's daughters ro - sy cheek'd, Nor Scot - ia's lass - es fair, Nor
2 Let By - ron of I - tal - ian maids In glow - ing num - bers sing, And
3 Their fault - less forms! their peer - less eyes, As bright as morn - ing dew, Their
4 Un - to Co - lum - bia's daught- ers then, We drain the gob - let dry, Naught
1 E - rin's bloom - ing maid - ens can With Yan - kee girls com - pare. Though
2 let the Turk his Geor - gian bride And black - eyed Hour - iees bring; Yet
3 cheeks so fair, their spir - its light, Their hearts so warm and true! They're
4 can the u - ni - verse pro - duce, With Yan - kee girls to vie, O!
1 what they tell us of their charms, All ver - y true may be, They'll
2 what they tell us of their charms, All ver - y true may be, They'll
3 chaste as fair, their minds un - chained, In thought and ac - tion free, There's
4 they're the fair - est of the fair, And ev - er may they be, There's
1 not com - pare with Yan - kee girls, The Yan - kee girls for me!
2 not com - pare with Yan - kee girls, The Yan - kee girls for me!
3 noth - ing like the Yan - kee girls, The Yan - kee girls for me!
2 noth - ing like the Yan - kee girls, The Yan - kee girls for me!

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Composed by SAM. HAGNALL.

Tempo di Valse.


1 I've been caught in a net by a dear lit - tle pet, And her eyes are as blue as the deep roll - ing sea, She's a fish - er - man's daught-er, she lives o'er the wa - ter, She's go - ing to be mar-ried next Sun - day to me. She's as rare as the sal - mon, there's real - ly no gam- mon, As sweet as shrimps new - ly serv'd up for tea, My soul she has caught, and a place I have bought, Where a ray of bright sun - shine for - ev - er will be. And
2 She's bare foot - ed and pret - ty, she's live - ly and wit - ty, She sings her wild songs to the mur - mur - ing sea; She'll dance on the sands where the fish - er - man stands, And join in the muse of a wild swell- ing glee. She sit's in her boat and sings o'er the bil - lows, And flirts with the spray like a sea skim-ming gull; She laughs at the winds whose rev - els are mu - sic, And beats to the time with the stroke of her scull. And
3 The bells they shall ring, and the sail - ors shall sing Y - heave ho, y - heave ho, boys, for time's on the wing, To see pret - ty Sa - rah the pride of the sea, Who's go - ing to be mar - ried next Sun - day to me. Her hair I will deck with a wreath of bright sea - weed, I'll plant in her bo - som a blooming moss rose; She shall go like a fay with sweet tink - ling mu - sic, With rings on her fin - gers and bells on her toes. And

CHORUS.

She's a fish - er - man's daughter, she live's o'er the wa - ter, She's go- ing to be mar - ried next Sun- day to me. She's a fish - er - man's daughter, she live's o'er the wa - ter, She's go - ing to be mar - ried next Sun - day to me.

THE "UNITED STATES" AND "MACEDONIAN."

1812. Tune, "Ye Tars of Columbia."

1

The banner of Freedom high floated unfurled,
While the silver-tipt surges in low homage curled,
Flashing bright round the bow of *Decatur's* brave bark,
In contest, an "eagle"—in chasing, a "lark."
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

2

All canvass expanded to woo the coy gale,
The ship cleared for action, in chase of a sail;
The foemen in view, every bosom beats high,
All eager for conquest, or ready to die.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

3

Now havoc stands ready, with optics of flame,
And battle-hounds "strain on the start" for the game;
The blood demons rise on the surge for their prey,
While Pity, rejected, awaits the dread fray.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

4

The gay floating streamers of Britain appear,
Waving light on the breeze as the stranger we near;
And now could the quick-sighted Yankee discern
"*Macedonian*," emblazoned at large on her stern.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

5

She wait'd our approach, and the contest began,
But to waste ammunition is no Yankee plan;
In awful suspense every match was withheld,
While the bull-dogs of Britain incessantly yelled.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

6

Unawed by her thunders, alongside we came,
While the foe seemed enwrapped in a mantle of flame;
When, prompt to the word, such a flood we return,
That Neptune, aghast, thought his trident would burn.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

The "United States" and "Macedonian."—Concluded.

7

Now the lightning of battle gleams horridly red,
With a tempest of iron and hail-storm of lead;
And our fire on the foe we so copiously poured,
His mizzen and topmasts soon went by the board.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

8

So fierce and so bright did our flashes aspire,
The thought that their cannon had set us on fire,
"The Yankee's in flames!"—every British tar hears,
And hails the false omen with three hearty cheers.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

9

In seventeen minutes they found their mistake,
And were glad to surrender and fall in our wake;
Her decks were with carnage and blood deluged o'er,
Where, welt'ring in blood lay an hundred and four.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

10

But though she was made so completely a wreck,
With blood they had scarcely encrimsoned our deck;
Only five valiant Yankees in the contest were slain,
And our ship in five minutes was fitted again.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

11

Let Britain no longer lay claim to the seas,
For the trident of Neptune is ours, if we please,
While *Hull* and *Decatur* and *Jones* are our boast,
We dare their whole navy to come on our coast.
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Will ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or we die."

12

Rise, tars of Columbia!—and share in the fame,
Which gilds *Hull's*, *Decatar's* and *Jones'* bright name;
Fill a bumper, and drink, "Here's success to the cause,
But *Decatur* supremely deserves our applause."
The bold *United States*,
Which four-and-forty rates,
Shall ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly,
Her motto is, "Glory! we conquer or we die."

The Wasp's Frolic.

From "Naval Songster," 1815.

1

'Twas on board the sloop-of-war "Wasp," boys,
We set sail from Delaware Bay,
To cruise on Columbia's fair coast, sirs,
Our rights to maintain on the sea.

2

Three days were not past on our station,
When the "Frolic" came up to our view;
Says Jones, "show the flag of our nation;"
Three cheers were then gave by our crew.

3

We boldly bore up to this Briton,
Whose cannon began for to roar;
The "Wasp" soon her stings from her side ran,
When we on them a broadside did pour.

4

Each sailor stood firm at his quarters,
'Twas minutes past forty and three,
When fifty bold Britons were slaughter'd,
Whilst our guns swept their masts in the sea.

5

Their breasts then with valor still glowing,
Acknowledged the battle we'd won,
On us then bright laurels bestowing,
When to leeward they fired a gun.

6

On their decks we the twenty guns counted,
With a crew for to answer the same;
Eighteen was the number we mounted,
Being served by the lads of true game.

7

With the "Frolic" in tow, we were standing,
All in for Columbia's fair shore;
But fate on our laurels was frowning,
Were taken by a seventy-four.

The Enterprise and Boxer.

From "Naval Songster," 1815.

1

Ho! all ye brave tars of Columbia,
That for your country do fight,
The rays of fam'd glory shines on you,
That are most brilliantly bright.

2

The *Enterprise* brig of our Navy,
With a crew undaunted and brave,
Fell in with the British brig *Boxer*,
And she box'd her men to their grave.

3

Loud roar'd the *Enterprise* cannon,
And death to the *Boxer* was hurl'd;
Her guns spoke the rights of our seamen,
And echoed Free Trade to the world!

4

Their valor for boxing then ceased,
Acknowledg'd the battle we'd won;
Their ship being so much disabled,
She quickly stopt firing a gun.

5

Johnny Bull, send no more of your *Boxers*
Unto Columbia's fair shore,
Lest they get their daylights knock'd out,
And can't see their homes any more.

6

Our Rights we will never surrender,
While a ship can float on the main;
Free Trade is the Right we contend for,
This Right we still will maintain.

Our Navy.

1813. Tune, "Hail Liberty."

1

On wings of glory, swift as light,
The sound of battle came,
The gallant Hull in glorious fight,
Has won the wreaths of fame.
Let brave Columbia's noble band,
With hearts united rise,
Swear to protect their native land,
Till sacred Freedom dies.

2

Let brave Decatur's dauntless breast
With patriot ardor glow,
And in the garb of victory drest,
Triumphant, blast the foe.
Let brave, etc.

3

And Rogers, with his gallant crew,
O'er the wide ocean ride,
To prove their loyal spirit true,
And crush old Albion's pride.
Let brave, etc.

4

Then hail another *Guerriere* there,
With roaring broadsides, hail,
And while the thunder rends the air,
See Britain's sons turn pale.
Let brave, etc.

5

The day is ours, my boys, huzza!
The great Commander cries,
While all responsive roar huzza!
With pleasure-sparkling eyes.
Let brave, etc,

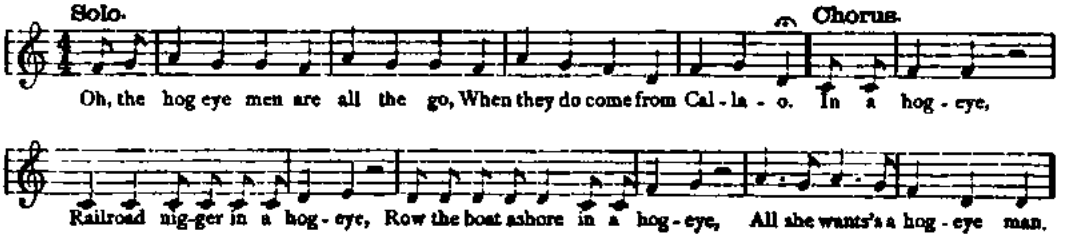
6

Thus shall Columbia's fame be spread,
Her Heaven-born Eagle soar,
Her deeds of glory shall be read,
When tyrants are no more.
Let brave, etc.

SHANTY SONGS.

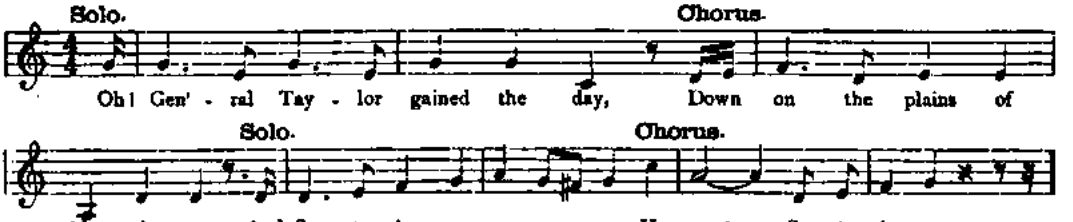
not included

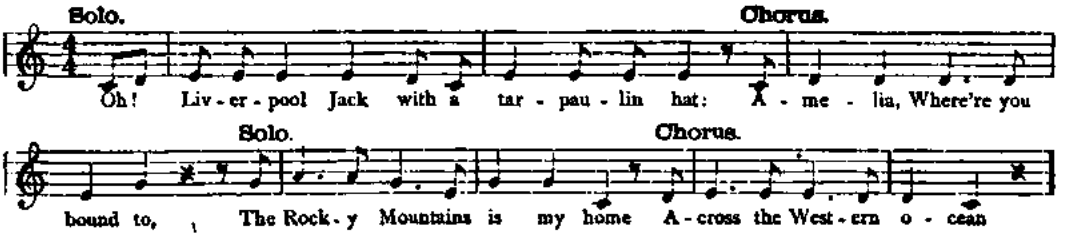
OH, THE HOGEYE MEN ARE ALL THE GO.


Solo.
Chorus.
Oh, the hog eye men are all the go, When they do come from Cal-la-o. In a hog-eye,
Railroad nig-ger in a hog-eye, Row the boat ashore in a hog-eye, All she wants's a hog-eye man.

different

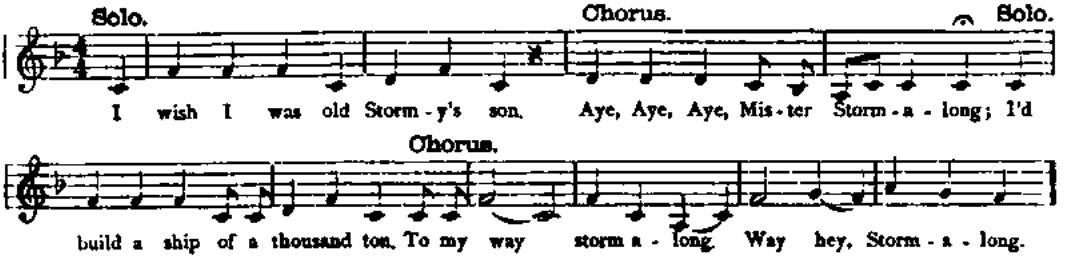
OH! GEN'RAL TAYLOR GAINED THE DAY.


Solo.
Chorus.
Oh! Gen'-ral Tay-lor gained the day, Down on the plains of
Solo.
Chorus.
Mex-i-co; And San-ta An-na ran a-way, Hur-ray! San-ta An-na.

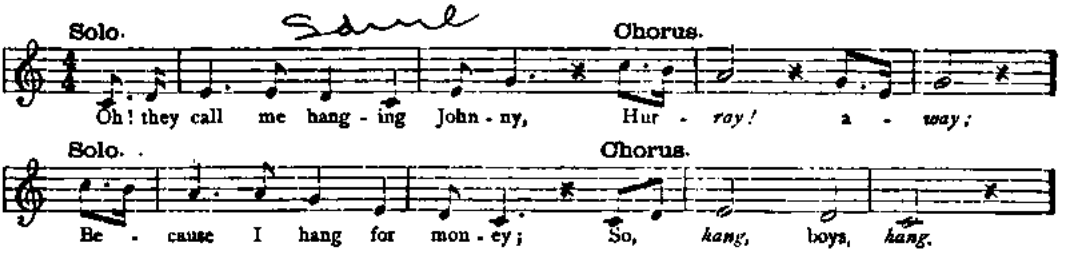
OH! LIVERPOOL JACK.

Solo.
Chorus.
Oh! Liv-er-pool Jack with a tar-pau-lin hat: A-me-lia, Where're you
Solo.
Chorus.
bound to, The Rock-y Mountains is my home A-cross the West-ern o-cean

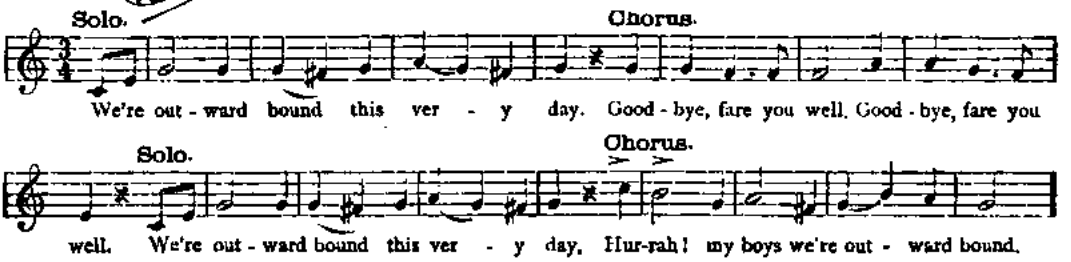
different

I WISH I WAS OLD STORMY'S SON.

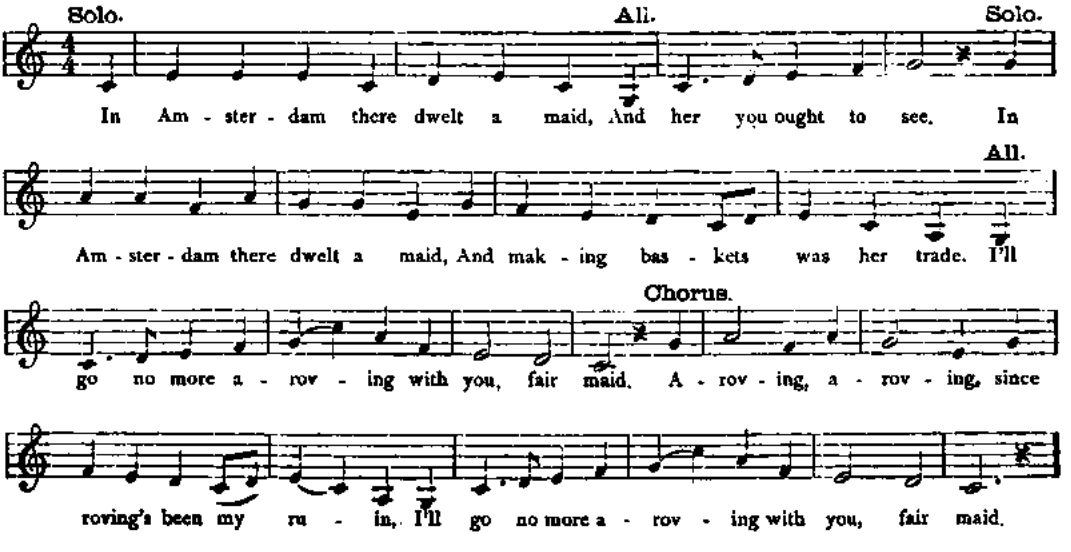

Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
I wish I was old Storm-y's son. Aye, Aye, Aye, Mis-ter Storm-a-long; I'd
Chorus.
build a ship of a thousand ton. To my way storm a-long Way hey, Storm-a-long.

SHANTY SONGS.

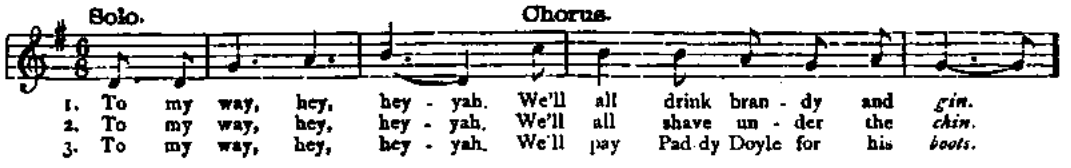
OH! THEY CALL ME HANGING JOHNNY.

FOR "SHEETING HOME" TOPSAILS.

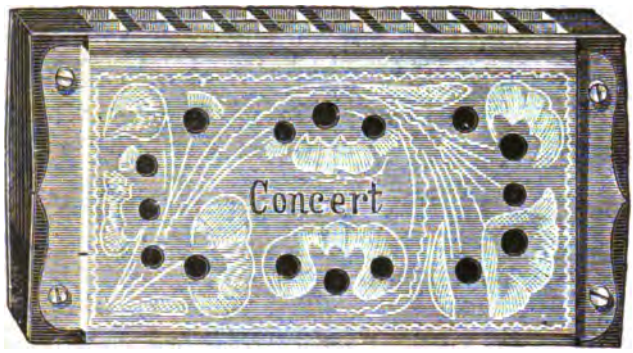

Solo.
Chorus.
We're out - ward bound this ver - y day. Good - bye, fare you well. Good - bye, fare you
Solo.
Chorus.
well. We're out - ward bound this ver - y day. Hur-rah! my boys we're out - ward bound.

LEE-GANGWAY CHORUS.


Solo.
All.
Solo.
In Am - ster - dam there dwelt a maid, And her you ought to see. In
All.
Am - ster - dam there dwelt a maid, And mak - ing bas - kets was her trade. I'll
Chorus.
go no more a - rov - ing with you, fair maid. A - rov - ing, a - rov - ing, since
roving's been my ru - in, I'll go no more a - rov - ing with you, fair maid.

FOR "ROUSING UP" THE BUNT OF A SAIL.


Solo.
Chorus.
1. To my way, hey, hey - yah. We'll all drink bran - dy and gin.
2. To my way, hey, hey - yah. We'll all shave un - der the chin.
3. To my way, hey, hey - yah. We'll pay Pad-dy Doyle for his boots.



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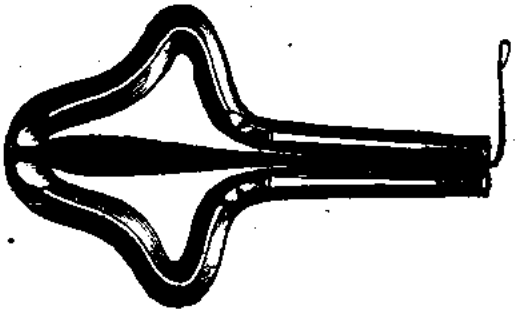

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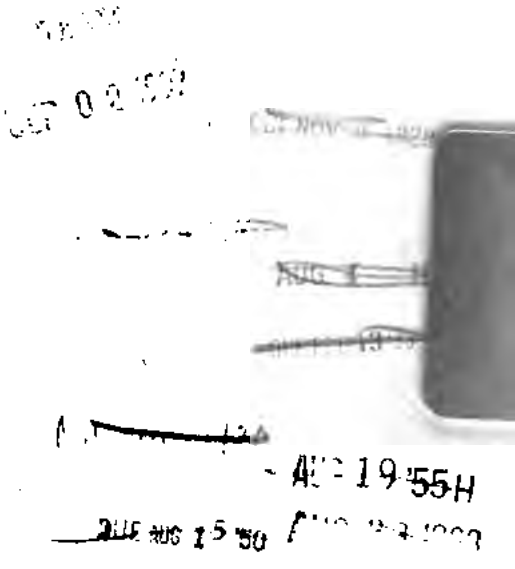

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